

GOOD NEW YEAR TO ONE AND ALL.

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG, CAN.

JANUARY 1914

PRICE TEN CENTS



1914



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from

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Thus, among certain beneficiaries this year

One expecting	\$1,000	will receive	\$1,044.45
Another expecting	50	" "	53.05
" "	250	" "	275.80
" "	50	" "	55.15
" "	50	" "	56.35
" "	250	" "	293.70
" "	1,000	" "	1,162.45
" "	250	" "	299.70
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WINNIPEG

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All men suffering from Varicocele, Weakening Drains, Nervous Debility, Depression, Brain Fog, Neurasthenia, Bladder Weakness, and all forms of Seminal Weakness or Premature Decline of the Vital Powers, etc., should test the unique Restorative properties of

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XV.

Published Monthly

No. 1.

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF The Western Home Monthly is \$1 a year or three years for \$2 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash, or the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two-cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers

The year 1913 has now passed into history. It has been a good year for us because you have given the Western Home Monthly the most friendly welcome—because you have recognized its success and took a personal pride in its advancement. We hope that you will begin the New Year by sending the magazine to your friends. We want them all on our list of "constant readers," and we can promise that neither you nor they will be disappointed in what the twelve issues of the New Year will offer.

publishers make bold to further ask the co-operation of its readers to not only make it Canada's greatest magazine but the leading magazine of the Continent. All things are possible to the Canadian West and with the assistance of its readers there can hardly be a limit to the homes that the Monthly may reach during the next decade. Thousands tell us that they find the Monthly helpful and delightful, and we ask them to commence the New Year by passing on the good news and getting non-subscribers interested: A constant increase

FACTS FOR ADVERTISERS

ABOUT

The Western Home Monthly

IT is, with its great army of readers, the home's favorite literature—it is read by one member of the household after another. Its contents are discussed in the family circle. It deals extensively with every department of the well-regulated home—it is consulted as an authority and guide for months after its publication. Nothing that it contains escapes notice. It is attractively, durably and conveniently got up, and again its reading takes place in the seclusion of the home where the distractions of business are put aside. To thousands of Western homes it has become the market place. Its reading is generally careful and thorough, and in the reposeful hours when the mind is in an impressionable and receptive mood. It is not read in hurried glances, nor in feverish haste and with divided attention, and then relegated to the waste basket or the furnace. Home circulation is responsive, and must continue to command first consideration from the advertiser who is looking for tangible and lasting results.

In saying good bye to the old year we feel thankful for all the good things it has brought us—for your cordial recognition of our effort to make the Western Home Monthly helpful to you, for your quick response to every question asked or problem offered, for your letters of encouragement and praise. You have been good friends to us. In 1914 may your number double and your friendliness increase! A Happy New Year to you all!

The Western Home Monthly closes with this month the 14th year of its existence. From a very small volume it has increased to its present goodly proportions of 80 pages and over. Its constant aim has been to prove helpful and interesting to its readers and the fact that it is now a welcome monthly visitor to over 40,000 homes shows that the aim has not been missed. A wide range of interests is treated in every issue, arranged so as to prove of pleasure and profit to every member of the household.

The success of the Monthly was made possible by the devotion and recommendation of its subscribers which fact the publishers gratefully acknowledge. Believing that the Monthly is the best magazine value in the Dominion, the

in our circulation will enable us to keep our subscription rate within the reach of all. One dollar will bring it to your friend for a year. See that your friend joins the army of our subscribers.

How a large U. S. Daily Sees The Monthly

The St. Louis Republic says:—

"The Western Home Monthly, eighty-four pages of four columns each, and a colored cover comes to us from Winnipeg, Canada, and is a literary revelation. How a place of the size and population of Winnipeg supports such a periodical, is past solving by guess work; but it does, for the Monthly is in its tenth year of publication and contains a high grade of popular literature, well illustrated.

"The November number contains many good contributions by leading writers; besides, there are a dozen good original departments all intensely interesting and a great wealth of beautiful illustrations."

Never in the history of the Western Home Monthly have such rich rewards been offered for obtaining new subscriptions. In the past we have always

(Continued on Page 2)



"THE OLD WAY"



"THE NEW WAY"

Don't Think any dentist good enough for you. Like many other professions the really good ones are few and far between. It doesn't cost any more for the best and the job is done for all time.

Don't Think teeth cannot be extracted painlessly. The DOLA METHOD discovered and used only in this office guarantees painless extraction.

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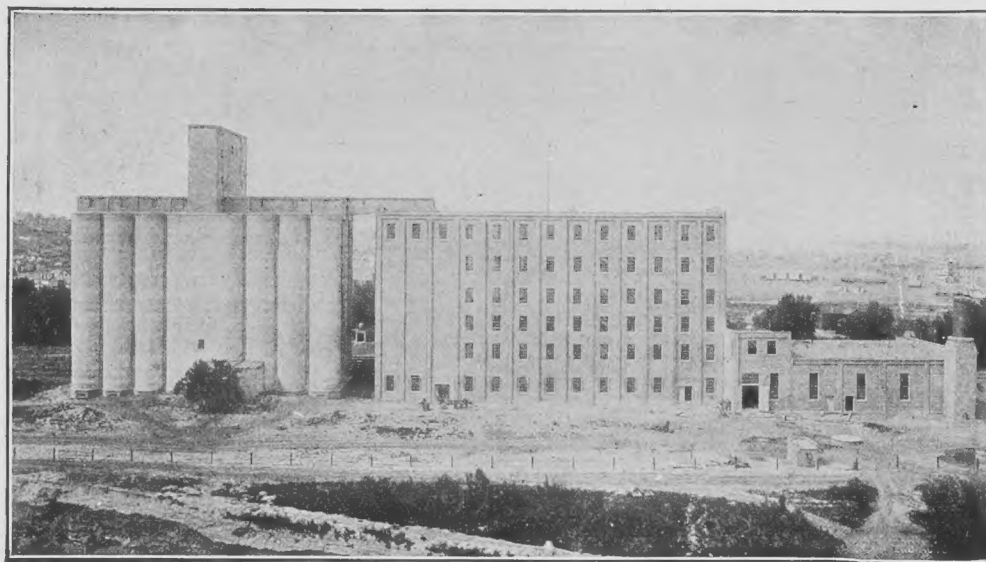
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The most palatable and nutritious of all breakfast foods.

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED
MEDICINE HAT WINNIPEG FORT WILLIAM MONTREAL

(Continued from Page 1)

been generous in this regard but this year we believe we have surpassed ourselves and we are genuinely proud of our premiums. Surely no other publication in Canada can approach us in this respect. Some of these premiums will be found advertised in this issue while particulars of others may be obtained from us. Just spend a few minutes inducing your friends to subscribe and we believe that you will be more than satisfied with your treatment.

Space does not permit us to eulogize individually each particular premium but we really must say something about our combination tea and dinner set. Just turn to the illustration and when you have admired it, note the extremely easy conditions under which it can be obtained. Since the offer was first advertised in our November issue, we have received orders every day and a very large percentage of subscribers have been kind enough to write and express their appreciation and astonishment at the gift. There is no time like the present for starting to obtain those seven subscriptions.

A magazine of the importance of the Western Home Monthly does not confine its popularity exclusively to the country of its origin. The Western Home Monthly is a household word from the Atlantic to the Pacific but it also enjoys a large measure of popularity in other countries—particularly in Great Britain and the United States.

Read what a prominent foreign publishing house has to say about us, the excerpt appears elsewhere in this issue. Much as we are proud of our popularity abroad, we aspire to further honors at home and are ever striving to cope with the wants of and be of assistance to the Western Canadian. We all know of the old adage, "A prophet has no honor in his own country," but we believe we are the exception to the rule and judging by present indications, our readers are well satisfied with our efforts and there does not appear to be any likelihood of our having to give way to ululations.

Romance and Rectitude

Romance, like pleasure, is not to be gained by seeking; its essence is that it is a by-product of the pursuit of other aims. Go out to seek for pleasure with no other object, and you will find an aching weariness, if not a harvest of bitter memories. Seeking but the things of time and sense, you will find the scriptural promise reversed with woeful effect: "Knock and it shall not be opened to you; seek and ye shall not find." But set yourself a definite aim in life, something that is not being done by your fellows but that you believe should be done, and strive with all the power of your soul to do that thing. It may be that you will not win success, it may be that you will not find pleasure as your fellow-men count pleasure, but I can promise you that you will find the true Romance. For example, if you were a Member of Parliament (which I hope you are not) the path to Romance might seem to you to lay among the intrigues and jobberies of political life, in the scheming and chicanery, the place-hunting and influence-seeking which are sometimes associated with a parliamentarian's career. But that is the well-charted path of wrongdoing whose every stage has been travelled and mapped out over and over again. Romance will not meet you on that road, depend upon it; it is too well frequented. But if you choose the right-hand way, the path of rectitude, your journey may be short, surprisingly short and solitary, but it will be romantic. You can never know what will happen if you steer your boat out to meet the angry sea; you can be pretty certain what will ensue if you let her drift.

Similarly, if you have a besetting temptation, it is not at all romantic to give way to it. That is the easy way, the well-worn groove of old habit, and monotonous, as are all grooves. But to conquer that temptation, to get out of the crooked rut of evil habits on the straight path of rectitude, that is an adventure in itself. You will need to devise

all kinds of expedients and experiments; you will have thrills of hopes and fears and splendid successes that your old routine of vice could never give you. Moreover—though this is an advantage that hardly enters into our present consideration—you will be on the path that leads to enduring life. Drifting in matters of morality can lead only to shipwreck; steering may lead to the desired haven. "To be in Heaven," it has been said, "is to steer; to be in Hell is to drift." And the true Romance, with all the other verities of life, finds its consummation in the celestial, not in the infernal, regions.

Pinnacles and Spires

Decorations of character and conduct are desirable, if not absolutely necessary, in order to make our way in the world with some degree of happiness and success, and with helpfulness for others. They are indications and proofs of the working of character, principle and motive going on in the house of life. The house may be either large or small, of great or limited mental capacity, of wide or of narrow opportunities, of much or of little intellectual culture, of good social position, or only one of humble circumstances; but every house should be adorned with decorations which please the eye, win approval and admiration, and suggest profitable and ennobling thoughts.

The best ornaments are of the pinnacle and spire order, always pointing upwards and heavenwards, not made of fragile material, like the wreaths and the garlands and pinnacles of a bridecake, but of substantial stuff, as durable as the house of life itself.

The brusque and crotchety man despises decorations; the world must take him as it finds him, and it finds him an unmitigated bore; it tries to avoid him, but he has a way of turning up when least expected.

The vain and selfish woman sometimes carries adornments of the bridecake description, and her looks and words of

seeming kindness, sympathy and love are only efforts to minister to her vanity and self-seeking. Such specious kindness soon melts away and disappears. And some high-principled people show deficiency in decoration. They carry few or no ornaments to recommend their principles. Their ways of approaching and dealing with their fellow men are frigid, soulless, or objectionable in some other form. They take a superficial view of things and of men, and then solemnly pronounce opinions, which collapse, like mere air-bladders, with the prick of a pin of wisdom.

Consideration for others, especially those weaker than ourselves; an agreeable demeanour; mercy towards the erring; outspoken, genuine sympathy, so grateful to the wounded heart; the grace and charm of a real lady or gentleman; patience and long-suffering towards the ignorant and faulty; humility of the true ring, which betokens greatness of soul—these are some of the pinnacles and spires which make a house of life a House Beautiful, and help our fellow men and women in their toilsome journey towards heaven and God.

Madame Lili Lehmann, at the Savoy Hotel in New York, was visited by a magazine representative who wanted one of the ever-interesting articles on "How to Learn to Sing." She gave the interviewer a long and interesting talk in her pretty, broken German—after earnestly attempting to persuade her that an article on her favorite anti-vivisection cause would be far more to the point.

The interviewer wrote the article and took it once more to Madame Lehmann who carefully examined it and suggested some corrections. A second time the manuscript was returned to her, so that it might have not the slightest error. Next day, upon inquiry, it was found that Madame Lehmann had let the copy in the hotel office. It bore several careful additions and corrections, and a note was enclosed. The note said:

"The whole article is nonsense. No one can learn to sing."

The Year 1913

In reviewing the events of the year, one might be expected to begin by referring to matters of world wide interest. Human nature is such, however, that it unduly magnifies the importance of the personal and the local. The hill in every neighborhood is greater than the distant mountain. The appointment of a village councillor is a more notable event than the choice of a leader for the nation.

To people of Western Canada there has been nothing of greater interest than the harvesting of the grain. Nor has the interest been confined to the West, for people in all parts of the Dominion, and in all parts of the Empire, as well as citizens of the United States, have been as observant of our conditions as if they were on the ground. Our prosperity is now a matter of concern to all the nations, since we are coming to be known as the grain growers for the world. It is no small venture, this of planting millions of acres, of waiting in hope and patience during the long summer months, now yearning for rain, now wishing for wind; at one time fearful of hail and at another time fearful of frost. Even when at last the harvest has been gathered, there are the long anxious days until the threshing is completed and the grain safely transported to its destination. This year there is much reason for thankfulness. No great calamity has befallen us at any stage. So bountiful has the harvest been that the leading financial journal of the Motherland frankly avows it to be the outstanding marvel of the year. It was indeed a great harvest notwithstanding the fact that the price received was lower than it should have been, and though much of the money received never went into general circulation, but helped to pay the banks and implement dealers what was due on old accounts. The general effect has been to create in the West a feeling of security and optimism, and in the Empire a spirit of confidence that the prairie provinces are well able to supply the world with bread.

It would be strange, if along with the song of rejoicing there was not also to be heard a little of the deep undertone of complaint that is growing louder and louder in all the towns and cities of the continent. Indeed, as people usually have more to say about their hardships than their blessings, it is not wonderful that there should be more time spent in complaining of the increased cost of living than in rejoicing over the fact that of all lands we have reason to be most thankful. There is indeed good reason for feeling uneasy over the increase in the cost of living. It would not be so grievous if the increase in earning power were growing in the same proportion. But such is not the case in any part of the continent. It costs from one-third to one-half more to live than it did five years ago; the wage increase has not, on the average, increased much more than ten per cent. Among the controllable causes operating to advance the price of commodities are the existing high tariff and freight rates, the formation of mergers and combines, the imperfect system of distribution according to which so many middlemen intervene between consumer and producer. It is no doubt true that people are more luxurious than formerly. They are not content, even, to buy oatmeal in bulk, but must pay twice the price for it when wrapped in dainty packages. It is time that a thorough investigation was made of all the facts in this matter. Why should a settler near

Gimli cut a cord of wood and haul it to the boat for a dollar, and a citizen of Winnipeg pay four dollars and a half for the same wood when delivered at his home? Why should tons of fruit be thrown into the Okanagan lakes, when peaches were bringing a dollar and a quarter a crate in Manitoba? Why should the price of chicken be from twenty-three to twenty-eight cents in North Winnipeg, and only fifteen cents in villages a few miles away? Why should flour manufactured at our doors cost more to us than to people in Great Britain? It does seem that the problem of the coming year is to get at the facts with regard to cost of production and consumption, so that a remedy may be found for the conditions under which we suffer. The suffering is so wide spread that a thorough investigation is all the more necessary.

In matters political, the year 1913 has been comparatively quiet for all Canadians. They have been so interested in the problems of the Motherland that they have for the time being almost forgotten their own. Nor is it any wonder that interest should be centred in Ulster and Dublin. The most terrible calamity that can befall any nation is civil war, and civil war in Great Britain just now would be a double calamity. It is when the lions quarrel among themselves that the jackals thrive. There are many hungry jackals waiting now. Canadians have a firm conviction that differences in this matter will be amicably adjusted, even if all parties have to yield something either for the time or for all time. It is not for us to regret struggles of this nature. The road to progress is beset with many obstacles. Without struggle there is no development. Britain will come out of this struggle a stronger and a greater nation, for she will take one step more in that long march she has been making towards religious and political freedom.

Quite as interesting to Canadians, though the interest is of a different kind, is the tempest in Mexico. It is not Mexico that interests us, not Huerta nor his political opponents. It is President Wilson, who is attempting to bring order out of disorder, government out of misgovernment. That he will succeed in his own time and his own way may be taken for granted. He has as yet failed in no great task, and he will not fail in this. Taking it all in all, the event of 1913 has been the entry of President Wilson into world politics. It is not professional politicians who always do the most or act most wisely in the actual administration of affairs.

The New Year

It is impossible for anyone to say what will be, it is quite possible for him to give his opinion as to what ought to be. If the people of Western Canada had their way, here are some of the changes they would make.

They would see more settlers on the land, and perhaps fewer in the towns. They would see more English-speaking people, and a smaller proportion of the foreign-born. They would see every child of school age able to read, speak and write the language of the country.

Conditions in the rural districts would be improved. There would be better schools, better homes, better roads, better means of transportation.

Conditions in the towns would alter. There would be lower prices for the neces-

sities of life. There would be more attention paid to community welfare. Vice and crime would be less common. Intemperance and with it the saloon would pass away. There would be no poverty, because there would be some approach to equality in the distribution of wealth.

Financial embarrassment would be less common, for banks would lend to the poor man according to his means as readily as to the rich. The farmer would get a loan on the security of his grain and stock.

Trade conditions would be bettered. There would be an open market to the south and a reduction of the preferential tariff.

There would be no further uncalled for gifts of public funds to over-bonussed rail ways. There would be a reduction in freight rates and express charges.

There would be public ownership of railways and telegraphs. Our national resources would be preserved.

Lastly and chiefly private and political corruption would end, and good old British honesty prevail in all the institutions of society.

Every one of these reforms we can have if we wish it with a hungry heart and plan it with a determined mind. If for one whole year the people of Western Canada think not of their personal affairs but of their duty to the community, their problems will be solved. The only obstacles to the prosperity and development of Western Canada are selfishness and partisanship.

Back to the Land

One of the most serious problems in Western life is that of retaining people on the farms. In one of the provinces in some sections forty per cent of the land owners have moved to the towns and the farms are worked by tenants. This not only makes for poorer farming, but lowers the social standing of the communities and destroys public spirit.

Among the reasons that people leave the farm are these: A desire to escape from manual labor, a desire for social companionship, a feeling that in the cities there is opportunity for advancement and freedom from routine. It is felt that there are better educational facilities, more entertainment, less monotony. Of course the man on the farm often pictures the city life in colors too rosy. There is a darker side that is never known to those who live in the open fields. Yet there is much truth in the complaint that life on the farm is lonesome and at times hard.

Fortunately it is not impossible to remedy conditions. With a few pictures, some well chosen books, a good gramophone, a few visiting neighbors, the Western farmer may say with Goldsmith "Every morning awake us to a repetition of toil, but the evening repaid it with hilarity." True joy springs from within, and does not depend upon external conditions. There is no joy equal to that in the country home, when a right relationship exists among the members of the family, and when the ambition to make money does not dwarf every generous instinct. "Back to the Land"—not only because the land is the source of wealth, but also because in spite of inconveniences, the rural home is in place when life unfolds most fully and naturally. It is where a man has a chance to breathe pure air, look at the stars, and speak with God.

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This Bank, having over 300 Branches in Canada, extending from Halifax to Prince Rupert, offers excellent facilities for the transaction of every description of banking business. It has correspondents in all the cities of importance throughout Canada, the United States, the Continent of Europe, and the British Colonies.

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Thompson, Sons & Company

HANDLE AND DISPOSE OF FARMERS' GRAIN

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THOMPSON, SONS & CO., Winnipeg.

Dear Sirs: As it is now the end of another year, I wish to draw your attention to the fact that I have shipped grain to you for the last five years, having in the last two years shipped you about 80,000 bushels, and in all that time you have given me the very best satisfaction regarding careful attention to the grading of the grain, obtaining the highest price possible, and very prompt and exact returns, and you certainly deserve praise for your excellent and able way of doing business.—Yours truly, JOHN SMITH.

Glenboro, Man., July 13, 1913.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO., Winnipeg.

Dear Sirs: Your letter containing out-turns of car shipped by myself and Mr. Osborne Malyon received. I beg to say your handling of the same has been very satisfactory to us both. Thanking you kindly, I remain, yours truly, JAS. CASLICK.

Macrorie, Sask., Sept. 26, 1913.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO., Winnipeg.

Gentlemen: Your letter of 22nd inst. enclosing check No. 399 covering balance of car No. 63644 received with thanks. I can assure you I appreciate the prompt and business like way you took care of this shipment and there are more to follow.—Very truly yours, H. A. METCALF.

We have never at any time solicited testimonials from any of our clients for whom we have done business, but satisfaction with our services and dealings prompts many of them to write to us in kindly fashion as above. We publish these letters (and will from time to time publish others) as spontaneous and independent evidence, that we can and do serve the highest interests of the farmer in the disposing of his grain, and what we have done for some we can do for others. Write us for shipping instructions and market information. We make liberal advances on grain consigned for sale. Address,

Thompson, Sons & Co.

Grain Commission Merchants

700 D, Grain Exchange, WINNIPEG, Canada

The Spanning of the Waters

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Cleo Donovan

WHEN Kathleen Glenning closed the door of the camp school, and stepped into the moss carpeted woods, her face became lighted as with a great joy.

The electrifying pulsation of spring was in the air. Youth, and that ineffable "something" termed "love," sent the blood coursing through her veins with gladdening emotion. All the world seemed in perfect rhythm; even the pines seemed to lend a sweeter fragrance than ever before.

Her favorite pupil, the engineer's son, came running to her. "Oh, teacher, papa says that breaking of the dam will keep us here two months longer. What makes you look so glad? Do you like this kind of life? Papa says what he likes about it is the change, the adventure, and the game."

The girl laughed as her pupil drolled out his childish information. She took his chubby hand and led him to his mother's door. She wished to be alone with the resplendent charms of Nature and her own thoughts.

She wound her way among logs, rocks and streams until she came to where a great bushy hemlock sheltered a rock just in sight of the dam, then seated herself with her own thoughts for companions.

In reverie she traversed the past.

"Oh if only some genius would invent a sweet nectar of oblivion for unhappy, cruel parts of past life; or it may be that the laws of Nature intended that we should use the past as a web in which to weave the future."

"Come to think of it, it is quite possible to weave in bright colors; yes, brilliant designs, which, if woven into brightness, would have had no effect whatever. I can see now; it really required that dark web to give the proper effect; but when I look back and think of Chesley Randolph, I wonder: Did I really love him, or did I love the man I thought he was? I really believe it was the latter."

"My fancy pictures him now a perfect fashion plate, a manner bordering unto affectation. Oh, that perfect ensemble! It jars on my nerves even now to think of it. I wonder what I ever saw in him?"

"I must admit that, to a certain extent, I enjoyed the envy I excited among my girl friends in those days; but even in those halcyon days I used to wish a few drops of rain would fall on him, or just a wrinkle would come in his clothes, or a splash of mud on his shoes. But no such thing could possibly happen; he was too careful of himself."

"How well I remember the morning father died, when we laid him beside mother, and when I came back to the house, to hear the lawyers pronounce failure."

"Where were my friends? I could scarcely blame them, though, for turning from failure. It is repellent in its nature, despondent in its mood; while success is ineffably attractive. There is a sort of an illusory charm about it one has not the power to resist. I, too, was ready to forsake failure at the shortest notice and turn to the all-absorbing attractions of success if it ever happened to journey my way."

"How well I remember that dark November day when I opened the door for Chesley! A great eddy of serene leaves blew up to the steps; and when I looked at him his heart looked to me as dead and serene as the leaves. Yet I knew and felt that whatever love he possessed for any human being outside of himself, I possessed it."

"For the first time since I had known him there was something condescending, arrogant and cool in his manner that sent some indescribable feeling surging through my veins; and I vowed I would try every artifice in my power to keep his heart from straying from me until death."

"The humiliations I had passed through that day were intolerable, and his conduct was the climax. I do not know whether it was his manner or words that impelled me to take the diamond ring from my finger and throw it on the

red-hot coals in the grate. I vowed he would give it to no other. Oh, I cannot describe that revulsion of feeling! I saw him a jelly fish, a fashion plate, who had made a study of the arts and courtesies, and inherited a fortune."

"Could he go out empty-handed and conquer? Had he that force that would venture on a mighty undertaking in the face of all difficulties? Had he that will-power that wins in the great game of life? No, no; he was void of these qualities."

"I remember when I put out my hand, 'Good-bye, Chesley, hereafter our paths lie in different directions,' the paleness of his face, the trembling of his lips, the pathos in his voice, showed that I had affected him enough by my actions to bring some little strength out of the weakness of his nature. He drew me to him and said, 'Kathleen, stay.' 'No, Chesley, we must part. I could only admire that strength of character, that intense brain power, that wins out in the face of all difficulties. The man of my choice must have strength of character. You are weak. Good-bye. Yes, for old time's sake, I will write to you occasionally.'"

Her reverie was broken by a crashing in the under-brush and approaching footsteps.

"Kind of whispering to yourself, Miss Glenning?" said a deep voice.

"Something to that effect," laughed the girl, as she arose, whilst a great wave of happiness flitted across her face.

"Mr. Gordon, you look as though you had been taking the historical ride of Young Lochinvar," and she looked in rapturous admiration at the magnificent physique of the man before her, the keen eyes of steel-gray, with just a tinge of hazel in their depths, the quick, forceful movement, the face with all its controlling power. She noticed his rough serge suit and high rubber boots were bespattered with mud.

Wife Won

Husband Finally Convinced.

Some people are wise enough to try new foods and beverages and then generous enough to give others the benefit of their experience. A wife writes:

"No slave in chains, it seemed to me, was more helpless than I, a coffee captive. Yet there were innumerable warnings—waking from a troubled sleep with a feeling of suffocation, at times dizzy and out of breath, attacks of palpitation of the heart that frightened me."

(Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"At last my nervous system was so disarranged that my physician ordered 'no more coffee.' I capitulated."

"Determined to give Postum a fair trial, I prepared it according to directions on the pkg., obtaining a dark brown liquid with a rich snappy flavor similar to coffee. When cream and sugar were added, it was not only good but delicious."

"Noting its beneficial effects in me the rest of the family adopted it—all except my husband, who would not admit that coffee hurt him. Several weeks elapsed during which I drank Postum two or three times a day, when, to my surprise, my husband said; 'I have decided to drink Postum. Your improvement is so apparent—you have such fine color—that I propose to give credit where credit is due.' And now we are coffee-slaves no longer."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be boiled.

Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

The man gazed directly into the eyes of the girl before him. "Were her eyes hazel, violet, azure? One never could tell." He wondered how it was a ging-ham shirt waist and tweed skirt was the most stunning costume he knew of.

"I have put in rather a hard day, Miss Glenning. Then, to finish up with, I took a short cut and rowed across five miles to the other camp, and have just returned. I consider myself most fortunate to find you here."

The girl looked at the great trestles and arches of steel and concrete, the massive structures, the waters chained, the great bridge over which would pass thousands of human lives. She saw hundreds of men retiring to their camps, or going on nightshift, as their laboring hours. All these were receiving their employment, which gave them their daily bread, from the man beside her. His every request was made in the same deep voice of perfect assurance. She asked her own heart, "Could it be possible that this man made teaching the camp children in the little log school a pleasure, and made this kind of wild, free life so glorious?"

"Mr. Gordon, they tell me the breaking of the dam will delay you two months."

"Well, yes, Miss Glenning. But you do not look to be very sorry over it, though."

Her answer came: "I see no sadness in your own face, Mr. Gordon."

"I may as well tell you, Miss Glenning, we have the contract for another great work, and if I thought you would come with us to teach the campers' children. I might regret the loss of those two months, caused by the breaking of the dam, otherwise the time will pass all too quickly; furthermore, I notice there has been mail addressed to you in a masculine hand with prevailing regularity, and I have been dreading the time when you would give in your resignation."

"Well, Mr. Gordon, you just try writing a contract that I will have the teaching of the school at every encampment you have in the future, and see how quickly I will sign it."

He wondered what made the fragrance in the air tonight; how, all at once, the whole world seemed to be going just right. He wondered how it was the massive structures of steel and concrete sent a glow of pride through his heart.

In his own mind he whispered, "I know of more than one lady of affluence and position that can make a gorgeous display of dry-goods, who are most cordial in their reception of me. Can it be possible this little girl is necessary to my happiness? Oh, what a rapturous little beauty she is! I wonder if it is she who makes this kind of life a joy of late?"

A great shock, followed by moans, a lot of men hurrying to where the rock had been blasted by dynamite, brought the bridge-builder back to thoughts of the works.

"What is the matter?"

"McDougall is badly hurt. Don't see how it happened; he was always so careful."

"He is seriously injured," said the camp doctor, as they carried the bleeding, moaning McDougall to the camp hospital; "and, I guess, Greydon is pretty badly hurt, too."

Never did the girl look more beautiful to Clifford Gordon than when she bared her beautiful arms to the elbows and worked with the doctor for hours over the injured men.

Then came the night watchman to the hospital door. "Mr. Gordon, what's to be done with the horses across the stream? Jim Carson's over there alone with them, and he is kind of out of gear, as he was kicked by that broncho devil yesterday; but Jim's made of iron."

"I will go with you; and we better row across the short cut," said Clifford Gordon.

At twelve o'clock Miss Glenning was still keeping her vigil with the doctor beside the moaning men when the night watchman came to the door again. "Doctor, this sure is a night of terror. The boss decided to take Tim Brady over with him, instead of me, and leave Tim stay over there with Jim and the horses, and row home himself. It's a blessing it's moonlight, and I could see the boat coming down the stream, not far from the shore; and it looks as though the

boss had one arm disabled and is not able to guide the boat. It will not be long before it gets into the rapids, and it's all off with him."

The girl sprang to her feet, saying, "Let me go with you."

Crashing through underbrush and wading through puddles of water, they tore their way to the bank. Sure enough, Gordon had one arm disabled, and, in a few moments, the boat would be in the rapids.

"What's the matter, Mr. Gordon?" called the man.

"Got a kick from a horse, and my arm is disabled. It is beginning to look pretty risky for me just now. Suppose you can swim like a stone—downward."

Without a word, the girl tore off her tweed skirt; the silken underskirt would be weight enough. She forgot she was the champion rower in her college crew, forgot she was the prize swimmer, forgot herself, forgot all but the man in the boat. She gave a plunge into the dark, cold water, and called to him to keep the boat in one place as much as possible. Then, with steady strokes, it only took her a short time to reach the boat. What alacrity of motion, what fairy-like movement did she use when he put out his strong arm to help her into the boat, and, like some sea nymph, she seemed to glide into the boat beside him. She took both the oars in her strong, young arms. As the current was becoming very strong, she had difficulty enough in turning the boat and reaching the shore. She then threw the rope to the night watchman, who steadied the boat until they landed.

Clifford Gordon drew his coat around the shoulders of the shivering, drenching girl, and started with her to her boarding camp. But she was tired and cold, and her feet caught in a great tangle of moss and vines. She would have fallen were it not for the strong arm that supported her. The strong man raised the girl in his powerful arm and carried her to the camp.

When Mrs. Brewster had helped her into dry clothes, she left her alone to lie on the lounge beside the fire and talk to Clifford Gordon.

He took her hand in his and said: "Little girl, words are tame, commonplace affairs with us; that depth of feeling cannot be expressed in words. We must hunt a new teacher now, for I want my wife in the home with me always. What say you, little girl?"

For answer, she folded her arms around the neck of the man of strength. And who would blame them if their faces were very, very close together for an unusual length of time?

A few months more and the great bridge was completed; and it would be a few weeks before the next one was started.

Away amongst sunny slopes a train is winding its way towards orange groves and hydrangea walks. In one of its parlor cars is a man decked in the latest fashion; he holds a paper in front of his face and yawns: "This whole world is getting blasé." I do not know what is the matter; it is just monotonous to be in the company of ladies one meets any more. Now, with Kathleen, it was all different. It is an age since I heard from her. What a little piece of metal she was! What a cad I must have appeared to her! How she put that costly diamond in the fire and said good-bye! She was worth the whole of womankind put together."

He then went to the dining car. "Say, what is all that special outlay on the next table?" he asked of his well-tipped waiter.

"That is for a bridal party," answered the waiter. "The man is one of the kings of finance. They call him one of the builders of the empire. They say he is a man of great mental and physical force, and he sure has the dough." The smile showed the waiter had received a generous supply of the same dough. "You should see his wife, though," he continued; "she is a stunner—a perfect beauty."

Further conversation was brought to a close by the entrance of the bridal party.

"It is Kathleen! By all the powers!" exclaimed Chesley Randolph, under his breath.

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You've heard that clothes are cheaper in England, and you know that you can't beat English fabrics.

But do you know that about two thousand Canadians buy their clothes every year direct from us, and save about one-half what they would have to pay if they bought them in Canada?

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Kathleen gave him a dainty bow of recognition; then, apparently, forgot his very existence as her face glowed with admiration for the man at her side, Clifford Gordon, the bridge-builder.

An old look came over Chesley Randolph's face; an air of perfect dejection settled on him; the world looked cold as winter. In his utter dejection, he forgot to flick off a few spots of dust and cinders that had settled on his coat sleeve. He murmured, "Women are strange affairs, anyway. You never can tell what they are going to do; always going opposite. This dragging through life is a monotonous affair, anyway."

A voice floated from the other table. Yes, it was Kathleen's voice, and sweet it sounded to her husband. "You know, Clifford, I notice it is becoming more apparent every day that a man is valued more and more according to his value to the empire, and less and less according to his value to himself and his own personal interests; furthermore, I notice

that when people can get beyond themselves and their own narrow horizons, and take an interest in the "great big things in life," like you do, this world is just riotous with intense interest, ennobling emotion and clean pleasure."

The Farmer in the West

By William Lutton.

Although the C.P.R. lands are worth, today, \$300,000,000 or more than the entire capitalization of the Company, no one thinks that the government of the day which made the grant to the new enterprise of 25,000,000 acres of public lands, were blameworthy. The lands formed part of a vast and untrodden wilderness, they had potential, but no actual, value. However fertile they might be, they were absolutely worthless without the living entity, and the West was a "No Man's Land" or largely so, thirty

years ago. For aeons there was a great silent American continent—not worth a sou in actual currency or value. It contained riches incalculable, but only through the exertion of human intelligence. The ancient Incas in the southern part played with diamonds as our children play with worth less baubles. Latentin the soil was a marvelous productive power, but there was no human instrument to provoke it to life and activity. Who was the first farmer in the North West? It has been said that he who makes two blades of grass to grow where one has grown before is the true philanthropist. Judged by this criterion the first farmer, if he could be discovered, should have a monument erected to his memory. Our French friends travelled, and set up missions; and invading the North West set up the cross; but they did not turn farmers to any extent; they did not plant potatoes; they did not sow or reap. Colonization after the Anglo Saxon model did not fit in with their genius. It was a big gift to offer the

C.P.R. \$300,000,000 for nothing. It seemed, at least for nothing, but consider in what ample measure the C.P.R. has required its obligations. The Company having completed its system, immediately turned its attention to Europe. The old world had a surplus, an increasing human surplus, for which there was no room. It became the duty of the Company to bring such out to the Canadian West, set them down, and show them the virgin soil, ample and rich and gracious to reward honest effort. Thirty years ago the Company had to beg and beseech the landless people in the old world to seize the opportunity. The great stream of emigration found its way, at the time, to the United States. By dint, however of persistent advertising, Canada (a few arpents of snow) as a great and disdainful French monarch once described it—became known. Small groups began to come out to us. The history of the pioneer farmers has to be written. It might be made an heroic record without departing from the truth. The early settlers suffered. They had set themselves down in the vastness—alone in many instances—long distances from the main line of the C.P.R. before there was any talk of other systems or an extension of the original railway. They had to wrestle for a living with the naked earth. They had few implements, nor were they accustomed to farming methods which would accord with conditions or climate. They built bits of shacks or "dug outs" against the hummocks; and pierced the earth and sowed the seed, and reaped marvellously. They were lonely; they felt like giving in; the vastness and solitude were oppressive—but they kept at it. Others came and set themselves down in the vicinity; a faint spark of social life was kindled; it grew; and in time the settlement became a town—a city of might, and power, and magic. Even today, with everything to the hand, you will sometimes hear it said that there is much hardship to put up with. Such people do not know what they are talking about. The early settlers had to go miles for water; for provisions which they had to carry on their backs when secured; they lived in a silence which enveloped them as a garment. The bright little towns, the roaring city which is now at the elbow, had no existence. The rigors of winter were implacable, nor had they, as now, the means to mitigate them. It would indeed be an epic—the story of the early settlement of the Northwest. Some day it may be written, when as some one has said, we get trees and hedgerows in the West to replace the staring newness of the moment. The groups grew; the tale spread; field was added to field. The stream of emigration was diverted in a measure from the United States; the desolate people of European lands knocked at our door, and we gladly gave them admittance. From Russia, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Roumania, Poland they came,—pouring themselves into the vastness, which promptly swallowed them up. Most of the people who came out to the West in the early days, knew little or nothing of the farming methods to be employed in our climate, and with the character of our soil it is all the more to their credit that they buckled to—making mistakes, indeed, but mastering the difficulties in time. They had poor implements, but these in time, gave place to modern machinery. They had no granaries, no convenient railway stations, no freight cars, no elevators. All that was a later revelation, but heroic work was done: a living was made; money was saved: and even thirty years ago they pointed you, in the immigration literature, to the beautiful homes of Jones and Smith, pioneer farmers in the Northwest. One can recall the immigration of the Doukhobors, the Galicians, the Ruthenians, the Mormons—human tides which flung up a curious ethnic diversity. What we call the foreigner expressed a very passion of joy in new possession. They had to learn the A.B.C. of Northwest farming. They made ludicrous mistakes; but they persevered; and in their several communities are enjoying independence today. Gradually the C.P.R. found it did not need to spend so lavishly on advertising. The Northwest was known. The letters home, of those who had settled, were the best form of advertising. The villages became towns, the towns became cities; and the individual farmer, in his loneliness,

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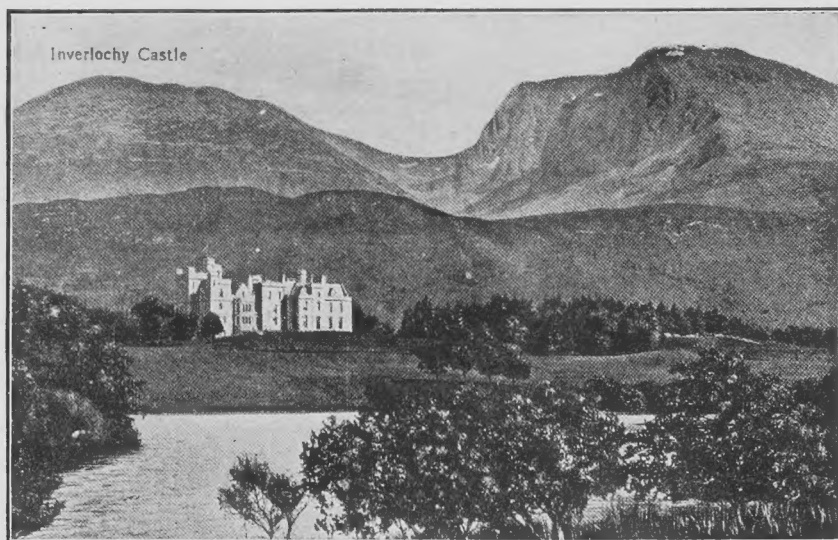


his unaided efforts did it all. He fought with the bitter weather. He enlarged his bounds, he brought out his people, and civilization, curiously mixed, and touching the antipodean poles of feeling and strata, was set up. The C.P.R. began to sell lands along the line. One remembers when that land was one dollar per acre; today it is worth from \$15 to \$20 in a rising market. It was worth nothing at the time of the grant. Land is only valuable when you have the corner grocery and the policeman. The people were coming out so fast that the Government had to put up barriers; to apply medical and educational tests. The Americans, too, found us out. Looking over the barriers (which did not exist at all) they came over in thousands—in dribbles at first—hesitantly, as it were; by and by in a mighty tide which is expressed today by 50,000 per annum—and farmers, too, who know the soil and the best methods, and produce the best results. And thus you came to have in the West over 2,000,000—all due, shall we say, to that original farmer, who ate his heart out in loneliness on the prairie thirty years ago—but who held on nevertheless, and prospered. One sees now the extended wheat area in all the provinces; the increasing yields; the resort to mixed farming which is such a blessing as providing against crop failure; the setting up of manufactures which establish the

about him wondered, if he could sustain the trial in a distant land—all silent and tenantless—save for the Indians and the wild animals against which he had to arm himself. Little did he suppose that the bit of seed he sowed with doubt would ever come to be recognized as the best on earth, furnishing millions beyond the seas with the staff of life. The pioneer farmer is gone, or almost so, and in his place is the resolute, self-confident man, sure of himself and his position—accepting every labor-saving device, extending his bounds with the electric light, the telephone, and luxuries which were denied to the highest in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth. He has the railway at his elbow; the grocery store is round the corner; the big elevators are at hand. He has his own granaries on his farm. He is making big money. Material, he may be, but he has a spiritual future. His prototype worked in humbleness with little help. His methods were crude, few were his tools, deep was his poverty. Yet it was the original farmer who made Winnipeg and all the cities of the West.

His Money's Worth

Once upon a time there was a man—I think he lived in Turkey—who was troubled with toothache. One day as he was going to market his wife advised him



Inverloch Castle

Inverloch Castle, Invernesshire, Scotland

necessary equipoise between agriculture and industrialism; and the cities ever growing. Fig res are not interesting to look at; but they have a deep significance. Last year Alberta had 254,575 acres under wheat. This produced 64,416,900 bushels, and the Alberta wheat contains the largest amount of nutriment of any other quality in the world. There are 150,000,000 acres in Alberta. Less than 6 per cent is under crop. Of course all the land is not cultivable; but if under present circumstances the total grain product is 140,000,000 bushels, what will it be in the course of the next decade? Last year Manitoba produced 182,357,494 bushels of grain crops from 5,933,826 acres. Manitoba is indeed a province of farmers, having 49,755 of them. The wheat crop has doubled since 1891. Saskatchewan raised 236,278,446 bushels of grain of all kinds last year. The province stands first among the wheat producing provinces of the Dominion. The wheat lands have scarcely been touched as yet. Lord Strathcona has said many times that Canada would be the wheat granary of the world. Mr. Chamberlain once likened the over-seas possessions to an undeveloped estate; and the Hon. Mr. Foster, who is in Australia just now, recently stated, at a banquet in his honor, that the Empire in the over-seas Dominions, possessed resources which, if utilized, would last for thousands of years to come. All prosperity has its foundation in the land. The West owes an incalculable debt of gratitude to the farmer who made every prideful organism in the West possible. He builded better than he knew, accepting every labor-saving device, extending his bounds, building his beautiful home. In laboring to his own hand he was making a new nation. In his bitter loneliness he was carving out a great commonwealth. He did not know it. It was not in his thought, to him there was no romance. He wondered, and the small groups

to go to the dentist and have the offending tooth pulled out. He went to the dentist accordingly; he pulled the decayed tooth out and the pain was relieved.

When he reached home in the evening, his wife enquired how much he paid the dentist for pulling his tooth. He told her half-a-crown, whereupon she flew into a violent passion, saying it was not strange that they always remained poor when he had so little notion of economy.

"Don't you know," she railed, "that it is all one to the dentist whether he pulls one tooth for a customer or thirty-two? His price is the same for any number of teeth. Why didn't you make the most of your bargain while you were about it?"

So the next day the man made an excuse to go to the market town again, and asked the dentist whether he remembered pulling a tooth for him the day before. He replied that he did. The man asked him his prices, and he told him that he charged the same price, which in our money is half-a-crown, for drawing any number of teeth from one up to thirty-two. On his asking whether he would object to giving a good customer the worth of his money in two instalments, he replied that he had no objection whatever, and so he pulled out the rest of his teeth.

The man reached home that evening with his mouth full of blood, but without a tooth in his head, and boasted to his wife of his shrewdness in bargaining, and of the great return he had received for his money. But he soon had reason to find out how very foolish he had been to part with a mouthful of sound teeth.

Rather the Other

"Don't you know that tune? I forget the name of it, but it goes like this," and he whistled it.

After he had finished, his friend turned to him with a sigh. "I wish to goodness you had remembered the name and not the tune," he said.—La Touche Hancock.

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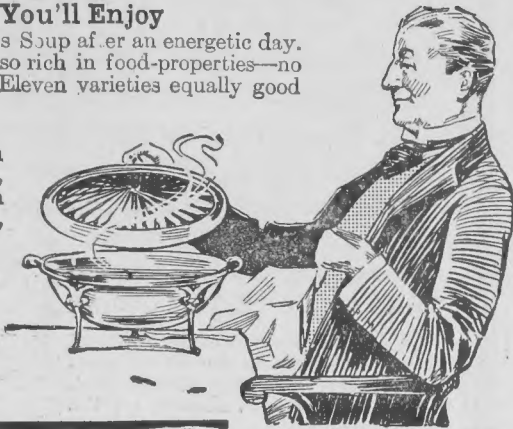
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The Indian Doctor

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

IT WAS a raw, wet day—one of those days when the west wind blows keen and cold. A pale, yellow sunset cast a curious light up the driving clouds. I stopped and looked back at the Hindoo after he had passed me, for one so rarely sees an Oriental in tramp guise in London. The little green sprig that he had held caught my attention, too.

It was a week later, on just such an evening, that I saw the Indian again. He held an identical green twig, and his lips moved continuously. Suddenly he clasped the plant he carried to his chest, and gazed at a well-dressed lady who walked along the pavement opposite. She merely glanced round, and perhaps accelerated her pace. She was extraordinarily fair, a vision of cream and gold. The man watched her out of sight and then turned, shaken by a cough. He recovered, waved his green sprig, and spoke aloud. And then he saw me looking at him. He slouched up and, in a whining voice, begged for a copper like any old cadger. I answered him kindly, and asked him

making her ill. I knew that. I went nearly mad, and taxed my father with the crime. He only smiled and said, 'You will never be loved by the girl—she will never look at you—she will die, and you will come back to take up my duties when I am dead.' I swore by all the Gods and by the Cross that I would not. He gave me the choice of Lily's life or death. 'Come back to us, and she lives; go on as you are, and she dies—veree slowly.'

"I went to Mr. Jenkins and confessed to him all that had happened. He suspected that the Brahmins had found means to poison Lily. He did not, of course, believe in magic. He said that the doctor had insisted that Lily must go to England. This was misery to me, but I determined all the more to resist the Brahmins. I knew that I must combat them with their own weapons. While I went to school, and then to the university, I studied magic. I did not see Lily again until I was a student at St. Michel's Hospital, here in London. It was then that Mr. Jenkins wrote me to



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WINNIPEG.

what he did with his little sprig, which I now saw was covered with tiny green leaves and buds. "It is arbor vitæ—it is the tree of life," he said, and began to weep.

When he had eaten and drunk at my invitation, he began to talk. He said: "I am a doctor of medicine. I am M.D. of London and Calcutta. Listen, I am a Brahmin, and thirce born. My Fathers were obeyed by princes. When I was what you would call a mere schoolboy, I used to see a beautiful girl who was the daughter of the Christian missionary in the town that is my home. She was quite a child, and to me, who had never seen any but dark or ivory-yellow faces, her whiteness was miraculous. Every day I would try to catch a glimpse of my Queen, and when I failed, the hot sun seemed cold. Although my father and all our caste despised the Christians and feared their influence on the people who supported us, I went to Mr. Jenkins and asked him to instruct me in his faith and to educate me in Western matters. It was most tremendous score for him—for the Christian community. They had got the son of the chief priest of their opponents. Mr. Jenkins was most kind, and rejoiced much.

"Of course, nobody knew what it was had made me throw up everything. But by his magic my father and the other Brahmins came to find it out. I knew something had happened, because my father suddenly relaxed his rage against me. There had been terrible scenes at first, and only the fear of the police prevented his killing me. When they had found out that I had only become Christian on account of the child, they smiled—they withdrew all opposition.

"In a little while Lily fell sick; she pined and wasted. The Brahmins were

ask me to go to see him. . . . His daughter was very ill; in fact, she was dying.

"A short time before, I had heard from my father that he was still ready to pardon me if I would go back and inherit the priesthood if I would renounce my passion for the white witch. Ha, ha. I was past all that. I had almost forgotten my little queen. I was already a doctor of Calcutta, and ready to take my M.D. of London. How could I go back to tend the sacred trees in the village grove, and marry the bar tree to the mango, or the holy Basil to the Salagrama, in the belief that they were embodiments of Vishnu and Lakshmi? How could I be a Brahmin? I wrote back and told them all this. But they replied that they would kill the witch, and then I should return and be cleansed. I laughed at their superstitions; I no longer believed in their magic—not really.

"But when Mr. Jenkins wrote to me, and I beheld Lily so ill, all my love for her returned a hundredfold. And there returned, too, all my fears. As the weeks went on I despaired of her life, as did the doctors who attended her. But when I was in India an old fakir had told me what to do in these cases; had told me that if you took the arbor vitæ and used it with the necessary rites and charms, you would counteract the evil spells of your enemies, thwart their magic and preserve the life they threatened.

"As a last resource I got the shrub (Thuja Occidentalis), and did as I had been instructed. From that moment Lily mended. In a few weeks she was well. But the terrible thing is that one must be near the person who is being killed by the sorcerers afar—the white magic is not so powerful as the black;

at least, it is so in my case. I was tied to my boyish love if she was to live. In one sense, my father's words were fulfilled. Lily did not so much as look at me; in fact, she disliked me. She was in love with another man—a man with yellow hair and steel eyes. He, too, hated me. He talked of me behind my back as that nigger. He swore it made him sick to see me in the Jenkins house . . . to have Lily in the same room with me.

"Nigger! . . . Me a nigger! . . . Hubshi! . . . A black man!"

"One day he insulted me openly, and I spoke to him. I told him that I was of better Aryan stock than he himself—that my ancestors had seen the Vedas written and been rulers whilst his fathers were wandering savages—that my white blood was as pure as his was crossed and defiled. After that I never visited the house again. I took my degree. Lily married the man she loved best. It was not a happy marriage. She was always ill. She would nearly die and be miraculously saved . . . by the specialists. Ha, ha! . . . It was I who saved her. I—the nigger—I who loved her and worshipped her. I saved her again and again—I have given my life for hers. I have been compelled to remain near her to preserve her from the evil from afar. I am ruined; I cannot practise here. I

. . . I love this woman too much. Sometimes I wish to let her die—but I cannot. I have been thinking that when I am dead she may be all right. I think that if I protect her up to the moment I die she may be safe after. But I am not sure. . . I am not sure. . . They might go on and kill her slowly, torture her, as revenge. . .

"Ah, you think I am mad. You think I have deluded myself? You are the first to whom I have spoken of this, the first who has helped me—who has not trampled me into your gutters because I love. I was struck off the medical register so I may not practise, even could I find patients. I pick up a few pence amongst the very poor by treating them surreptitiously. I have been imprisoned for begging. And now, sir, as you see, I am dying."

There was silence. I looked into the emaciated face of the Indian and into his glowing eyes.

"Of course," I said to humor him, "this lady would not believe that the magic performed in India affected her, or that your counter-spells protected her. If she did, I should suggest that she goes to—well, if she were a Catholic, for instance, would she be able to resist the evil?"

"I do not know," he answered, "but her husband has made her practically an



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tried! I failed! You respectable people will not have a black doctor! I have lost everything, everything, save my little shrub and my power. My father answered to that last letter I sent when I was full of pride and learning and Western contempt, and he said, 'My son you will see I have given you many chances; now you must eat the dirt of the Christian gutters and drink the cup of despair. You will see the woman die and be powerless to save her.' He washed his hands of me.

"But all the time they kept sending me calamities of Lily. Her husband changed and became vile. Her children died whilst I was sick to death in the infirmity. I was arrested for the infirmity of the husband for loitering. The magistrate sent me to prison, and when I came out Lily was at point of death. I stole my twig of arbor vitae from the gardens at Kew—and saved her. I lived by all manner of subtleties and vile means—to buy a shrub and keep it alive in a little room where I now live. Her husband has lately deserted her, but by my prayers she is now well in health, and a rich old uncle of mine is looking after her. Her father died mysteriously.

"Lily will not see me or speak to me. She is afraid. She thinks that it is I who have dogged her and brought all these tortures into her life . . . because I desired her for myself. . .

"Lately I wrote to India and offered my people to return and undergo any penance and purification, and do anything, if they would stop their magic and spare Lily in the future. But they reply: 'No; you must finish as you have begun. The woman must die. That is your punishment.' I am at the end. I have no money . . . no hope

atheist. You will think me still madder if I state that she is thus wholly unprotected and open to the attacks of—oh, of wizards and demons. . ."

He looked at me and laughed.

"That, too, was part of the magic . . . they robbed her of her faith. If—if—would you, if necessity compels, take care of my arbor vitae? Will you tend my little plant?"

He leaned forward, and I felt his hot, dry fingers close on mine. I said that I would, and gave him my name and address.

At least a month later the Indian doctor was recalled to mind by the sight of the beautiful fair woman in black furs. She was being wheeled out in a bath-chair and looked frightfully ill. Then a week after this, I got a letter from St. Michel's Hospital, which begged me to go to a certain street in a low neighborhood, not far away, and fetch the Thuja Occidentalis and a tin box. The doctor said that he had been suddenly stricken with pneumonia and had lain dangerously ill for four weeks. I did as I was asked, and found that the landlady had preserved the little shrub. I took it, together with the tin box, and went down to St. Michel's, and there I found the Indian wasted to a shadow. He wept like a child when I gave him his evergreen. He said that he knew that Lily was dying, and that he must save her. He heaped a multitude of blessings on my head, and I felt him muttering over the plant with fixed, unseeing eyes. The nurse told me that he was not "quite right," but that, as an old student of the hospital, they let him do as he liked. She said that he had kept on asking for the arbor vitae in his delirium.

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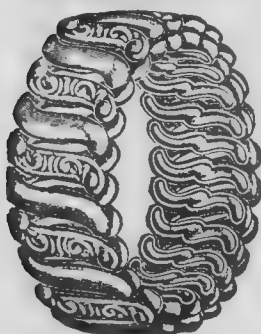
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It was autumn when I again came across the Indian doctor. He called on me. I found him well dressed and happy. He said:

"My friend—for, sir, you must allow me to call you that—I have come to tell the end of my story. I came, also, to thank you for your kind help to a poor vagrant whom you thought mad. Ha, ha, ha! Did you not?"

"When I came out of St. Michel's I was very ill and very poor. But, quite by chance, as you will say, but by the will of my Gods, I think, I met a man whom I knew in India when a little boy. He is a rich barrister in Lincoln's Inn. He is over here studying law so that he go back and preach sedition and all that tommy-rot. Well, he take me in as suffering brother crushed beneath the tyrant's heel, and all that. . . . Well, to proceed, I go first to find out how Lily is getting on. I find that she does not go out of the house . . . that her husband, who had deserted her, had returned when her uncle, who was looking after her, dies, and leaves her all his money . . . as I recounted to you before. Of course, the husband comes back then . . . he is a fiend. It all has to do with the sendings from India . . . he is one of them. I am in a fearful stew about my beloved lady . . . she is ill

went white, and then the red blood surges into his face, and his eyes blaze. He abuses me in filthy language, and he says he will fetch police. I bluff. I step forward and pick up little bottles off the bed-table and say quietly:

"By all means send for police, sir. I am about to do so myself. They will be much interested in the contents of these bottles." Ha, ha! You should have seen him. He sprang for me. I pull out this automatic pistol and say: 'Stop! The game is up. None of your violence. There is plain-clothes detective waiting outside. Let me tell you that anything you may say will be taken down and used as evidence against you. Go downstairs!'

"Good God!" he says, in a low voice, "that—nigger has got me."

"And he is trembling—I—the poor nigger. Ha, ha! . . . say shortly: 'Now, Mr. So and So, it is in your interest that Lily . . . that your poor wife recovers, that nothing happens. I can leave her with an easy mind. To fly condemns you. Ha, ha!'

"I am covering him with pistol, go out, and I am glad to be in the fresh air. I was really in fearful fix if my suspicions were baseless, or if we could not get evidence. But I go straight to my barrister friend, and we take the medicines to a doctor at the hospital,



A beautiful view on the Athabasca River

. . . my spells seem to be now of no effect. No doctor calls at the house. I decide on bold course of action, being now well clothed and in funds. I call at the house and say to the maid that I am an old Indian friend of Lily's father. The maid says that Lily is too ill to see anyone. She seems glad to talk to someone, and I say that I am a verve old friend of family, and so on. Finally she weeps and says that ever since the man has come back things have gone wrong and her mistress has been verve ill, and that the man was cruel. . . .

Ah, my blood boils, I can tell you! I say I am the doctor, and that she must go and ask her mistress to see me. I am reckless. Lily is in bed . . . she is shocking sight. She can hardly speak. It is most awkward situation, and I almost regret getting into it, but I remember the French proverb—*toujours de l'audace*. She was very upset and kept on looking at the clock and begging me to go. I ask if she has seen a doctor, and she says: 'No; her husband is tending her.'

I pick up the bottles by the bedside and smell and taste them, for I fear poison. I am sure of it. I say I go to fetch the G.P., but she cries out 'No! no!' and is evidently in fear and much cowed. I boldly mention money matters and the return of husband after his desertion . . . and connect with him her present sickness. She began to weep like small child and to pray to God. It was awful.

"I say, pray . . . pray hard, my dear. If you can truly pray, all will be well . . . for I think of the magic from the Brahmins in India. And then I hear footsteps on the stairs. The door opens and the man with the yellow hair and steel eyes comes into the room. I had my back to the window, and my heart beats hard. His jaw fell and he

and he finds two subtle alkalies in them—slow poison. Then we go to the police and they get a warrant, and we all go back to Lily. But the man had flown. He has never been found, nor has his body been recovered. He just went away—like a puff of steam. Lily, of course, got all right quickly now that the drugs were stopped. Her husband had come back when she inherited that money, and tries to make her finance him, and make her will in his favor. She was fool enough to give in to him, instead of going to magistrate for protection.

"But, now, sir, I will tell you the queer part of all this, which you will pooh-pooh. Ha, ha, ha! will you not? The exact time after this event—I mean when Lily was saved by the poor Hubshi—that it took for the letter to come to England, I hear that my father is dead. I have worked it out, sir, to the very day. He had forgiven me with his last breath and taken off the spells which stopped the magic. . . . They ask me to go back to India . . . to assume the ancient office of my family.

"Ah, sir, that is the wrench. . . . She is now fond of me, but I must leave her and go back to Brahmin. . . . I should have obeyed my father at first. No good can come of such a passion as mine. . . . I never can marry her . . . no good come of it. Even in this tolerant London we should be more or less tabooed; and in the East it would be impossible—impossible! And yet, anthropologically, I am as good a white man as any of you. I am of pure Aryan descent, as I said before.

"I go back to my old earth-mother—India—and shall find rest. I have given the arbor vitae—to my little queen. Ah, I shall always think of her as my marvellously beautiful ideal. Yes, she has promised to cherish the little tree



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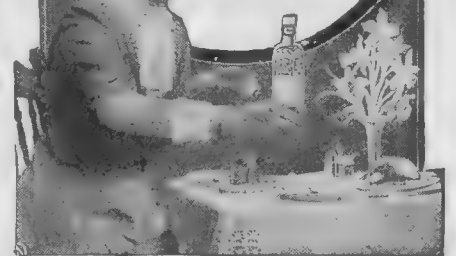
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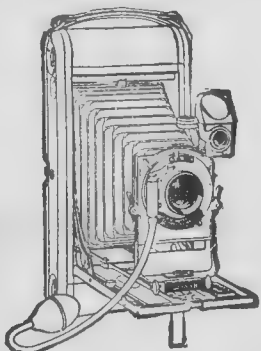
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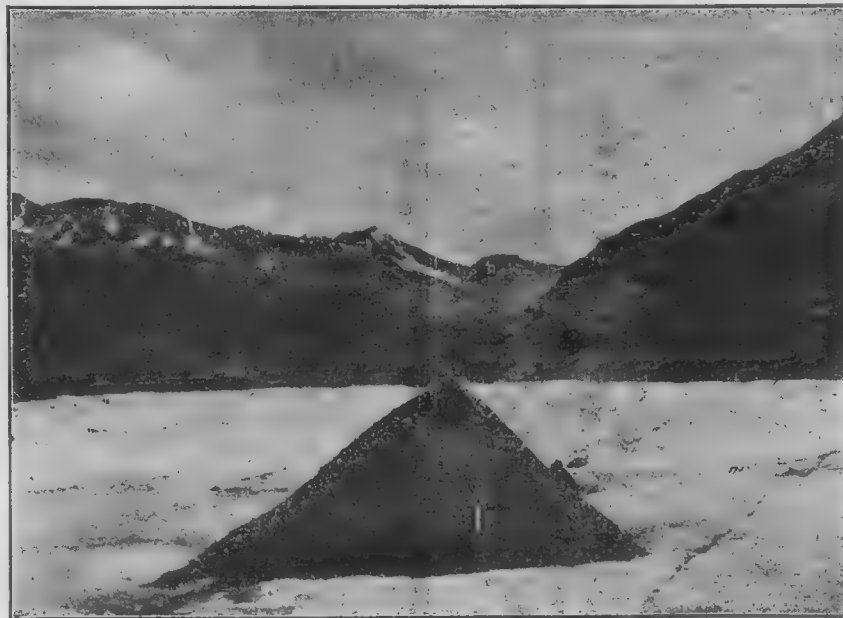
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"You may indeed."

"Will it be understood that I am not responsible in any way for your care, such as mending your clothes, housekeeping for you, and so forth?"

"Perfectly so."

"Do you mind if I smoke cigarettes?"

"Not a bit."

"May I belong to all the women's clubs in the neighborhood?"

"Every one."

"And be out nights attending conferences?"

"Yes, darling."

She paused and sighed.

"Then I can never be yours," she said.

"But, dearest, I have given you full swing. I—"

"That's just it. Any man who is so compliant as you would sit around the house and be so pleasant that he would bore me to death inside of a month. No thank you!"

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—Puck.

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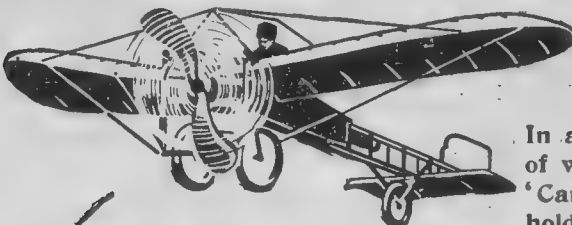
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Home Rule: A Retrospect

By Rev. J. F. Johnston

THERE is an old Greek myth about the giant Antarus, son of Goa, the earth. Antarus wrestled with the mighty Hercules, and whenever his feet left the soil his strength departed; but the moment he was thrown and came in contact again with the earth his strength came back to him, and he returned to the conflict with renewed vigor. It is a myth of patriotism and the invigorating force of love for the soil. Its truth is illustrated in every battlefield of history and in the greater and more important conquests of peace. Its modern counterpart is in the saying of an Hibernian who once remarked that "an Irishman should be true to his native land no matter where he was born."

It is something over fourteen hundred years ago since St. Patrick returned from his wanderings in Gaul to lead his belated children out of the darkness of paganism into the light of Christianity. Fourteen hundred years ago on Beltane night he kept the candle burning which announced the downfall of the pagan

her three years to subdue the Boers; but she has been more than seven hundred years trying to subdue Ireland, and has not succeeded yet. Incessant warfare, marked by massacres, assassinations, cruelty and oppression of every sort, rising to a climax at the time of the invasion by Cromwell, continued down to the eighteenth century. Its result was not to subject Ireland, but to bring to the fore patriots and heroes whose names and deeds have always been and are today the inspiration of the deathless continuance of the struggle.

With the progress of civilization and the development of more humane ideas these dark pages came to a close in the eighteenth century. Ireland was given a parliament of her own, and under the inspiring leadership of Grattan and Lord Fitzwilliam demonstrated conclusively her capacity for self-government; her regard for the rights of all her citizens; and her willingness to work with her big sister across the channel. But England was not satisfied with this. Notwith-



Berg Lake and Pack Train

standing her sad experience with the American colonies, her dreams of imperialism led her to withdraw from the Irish people even the semblance of independence. The Act of Union was passed abolishing self-government in Ireland and renewing the attempt once more by force to make all Irishmen English. Edmund Burke, one of the keenest jurists and statesmen that England ever heard, raised his voice in protest. Henry Grattan, as broad-minded a patriot as ever graced any legislative assembly, warned England of the consequences of her act. But all to no avail. The step was taken, the undoing of which has been the single aim of Ireland ever since, and the consequence of which has been a policy on the part of England of coercion, modified by reluctant concession, the obstruction of the business of Parliament, the incessant turmoil at elections in both islands, and the rise and defeat of administration after administration on the question of Home Rule. The question of the restriction of Ireland's ancient rights has hung over Great Britain for a century like a cloud, and the cloud will never be lifted until these rights are restored.

England has all along recognized this. She has been giving back to Ireland one by one the ancient rights violently torn from her. Almost a century ago she enfranchised the great majority of the inhabitants of the island by removing the religious disabilities. A little while later she blotted out another great wrong when the Church was disestablished. It is difficult for us today to realize what it meant to our forefathers to have to support by their toil a church which was alien, if not antagonistic, to them.

But the fairer the jewel the more it is coveted. The peace, the progress and the prosperity of Erin aroused the envy of her English neighbors; and Henry the Second, in the twelfth century, undertook what he thought would be the conquest of the island. England imagined she had a task on her hands at the end of the nineteenth century when it took

It is idle to speculate whether England would have denied to Ireland the right of immigration if she could have done so. Personally, I have often been inclined to think that she was rather glad to have the Irish go. Ireland is the only country in Europe whose population has decreased. Seventy years ago she had eight million souls; today there are less than four million. And anyone who knows Irish families knows well that this cannot be attributed to race suicide. Immigration has done it. England may have only half as many discontented subjects left on the island, but she has more discontent, for those who remain are encouraged and supported in their struggle out of the prosperity of those who have gone. Even in this Ireland has been the gainer rather than England.

But there are two great wrongs more deeply entrenched than all. One was the withholding of the land—the soil of the island—from its cultivators and rightful owners; the other the denial of the right of self-government accorded by the British Constitution to every other civilized race under its jurisdiction. As to the lands, the evil of absentee landlordism, at its best, was obvious enough. But when, as in the case of Ireland, the natural ignorance of, and indifference to, conditions on the part of the absent landlords was supplemented by the insolent hostility of the resident agent the conditions were worse than unbearable. Rack-rent and ruin stalked hand

There was a time when a statesman could orate in behalf of more democracy in England and more coercion in Ireland at the same time and with the same breath; but that day is passed. If the English people are entitled today to absolutely unfettered self-government, the Irish people are entitled to at least some degree of self-government.

It used to be the stock argument of Englishmen that the Irish could not govern themselves; that they were hot-headed, intemperate and undisciplined. It is not surprising that the genial sons of Erin, with their quick, volatile temperament, their warm hearts, and sudden impulses, should seem to the stolid, beef-eating, porter-drinking Englishman somewhat wild. It is not the Irishman's fault, however, if the Englishman takes spirit for intemperance. Inject the same Saxon blood into the Irishman, feed him on beef and beer and conquest for a thousand years, and he would probably become stodgy enough to suit even the House of Lords. If the capacity for self-government means an oxen-like submissiveness, then the Irishman, thank God, has it not, but if it means willingness to join together for the common weal, for the increase of each other's liberties and the protection of each other's rights, then the Irishman is as capable of self-government as any man living.

It would be interesting to compare the artistic and literary histories of Ireland and England. As we mentioned

—Old Inverlochy Castle and Ben Nevis



in hand through the land. The position of the cultivator became daily worse and worse, and the hope of owning his own land receded further and further away. But a group of determined patriots, sent to the English Parliament, devoted themselves to a solution of this problem, and the result was finally the Irish Land Act, under which the natives of the island are at last permitted to buy back their own land on easy terms from those who stole it from them. As benevolent assimilation goes, this is really not so bad. The benevolence usually keeps the assimilated permanently out of his inheritance. The Irish Land Act is the evidence of the development of civilization and humanity in England.

But there remains yet the supreme right, without which all others are incomplete and unsatisfactory—the right of self-government—Home Rule for Ireland! Ireland has demanded it for more than a century. The greatest minds of England have seen not only its justice, but its inevitability, for thirty years. William Gladstone was a long time coming round to it; but as the "Grand Old Man" grew in years and wisdom he finally saw its necessity. John Morley, perhaps the most brilliantly intellectual statesman England now possesses, followed the lead of his master—Gladstone. The Liberal Party today, under the leadership of Premier Asquith, is demanding Home Rule for Ireland. And, thanks to the growth of the liberal spirit and the education of England at the hands of our Irish leaders, this demand does not seem so likely to break up the party as it did thirty years ago. People are growing more consistent—even politicians. The Liberal Party at this hour stands for the reform of the House of Lords and the amendment of the British Constitution in the direction of greater and more complete democracy.

before, Irish monks were fanning into life the flickering flame of art when all the rest of Europe, and especially England, was enveloped in darkness. In music Irish bards have written the tunes which haunt the ears with their joy and their melancholy. England has not had a composer worthy of mention since Henry Purcell in the seventeenth century. To be sure, she claims Sir Arthur Sullivan, an Irishman of the Irish. In literature what can England produce as the peer of the vitriolic Dean Swift, the keen, stately Edmund Burke, the sad and mournful Tom More, the brilliant Richard Brinsley Sheridan? Ireland is so full of poetry that it runs over the edges. The United States got John Boyle O'Reilly; while we here in Canada are blessed with the work of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Erin's sons have been in favor with the muses because they courted them with simplicity and sincerity. As McGee said:

"I'd rather turn one simple verse
True to the Gaelic ear,
Than classic odes I might rehearse
With senates list'ning near."

It must be admitted, however, that this is not the line of argument to offer the English. Poetry to the English is as caviare to the general; it is like the time the French chef was engaged to prepare the squire's wedding breakfast. The guests and the groom came in and found the table heaped high with legumes, rotis, ragouts and dainty confections and pastries. After a scornful sweep of the eye, he called in the chef and ordered: "Take away this damned monkey food and bring me meat and buns." Can Ireland produce the meat and buns of self-government?

Towards the end of the eighteenth century the island enjoyed for a brief

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period a parliament and an administration of its own. To be sure, the representation was extremely unjust, but it was no worse than England herself was getting at that time. But, at any rate, Ireland was free to do as she pleased. There were dark centuries of plunder and attempted conquest behind her. England was being driven by a mad king into foreign wars and the suppression of insurrection in her colonies. The Catholics of the island were in a position to retaliate on the Protestants for century after century of unjust discrimination. A people, swayed by wrongs and incapable of self-control, would have been helpless to resist the temptation of this combination of circumstances. What did Ireland do? Her Parliament became a model of orderly conduct; she gave her treasure and her arms to England even when she could not accede to England's ideas of the government of her colonies. She regarded with scrupulous impartiality the rights of Protestants and Catholics; she buried in oblivion the wrongs of the past and devoted herself to the development of the present and the future.

And then England took her Parliament away. For orderly self-government she substituted disorderly government from abroad; for disorderly is the only term that can be applied to the government of Ireland by England during the nineteenth century. The English would make laws unadapted to Irish conditions. The Irish people would, of course, refuse to submit to them. England would then take very drastic measures toward coercion. Irish juries would refuse to convict. English judges would then have to stretch the law and make the coercion more violent still. The result was rebellion or opposition, secret or open—and more coercion. As Gladstone said: "The prevailing English idea of the remedy for the failure of coercion was always more coercion." The brutality which led to the famine of 1845-1846, and marked its progress, convinced Ireland once and for all that freedom and self-government were absolutely necessary to her salvation.

"Death reapeth in the fields of life, and we cannot count the corpses;
Black and fast before our eyes march the biers and hearses;

In lone ways and in highways stark skeletons are lying,
And daily unto Heaven their living kin are crying—
'Must the slave die for the tyrant, the sufferer for the sin—
And a wide inhuman desert be where Ireland has been?
Must the billows of oblivion over all our hills be rolled,
And our land be blotted out, like the accursed lands of old?'"

This kind of feeling was not that of brotherly love and charity. Under the sting of the despotic treatment of the land McGee cried:

"Will none arise with sword or cross
To drive the fiend from out our land,
When, fattening on the traitor's corpse,
He sows defeat with tireless hand?
Still must thy soil bring wretches forth
To suck blood from their parent earth."

O'Connell, Parnell and Redmond, and other compatriots, have seen more clearly than the exasperated mass of the Irish that, after all, more is gained by diplomacy and by patient insistence on rights than by hot-headed and misdirected strife. McGee himself said later in life: "The Irish have been fed too much on stimulants and not enough on solid food." Fenianism has failed and diplomacy is winning.

The one question that stands in the way of thoughtful people today in regard to Home Rule in Ireland is the question of its effect upon the unity of the British Empire. There is a majesty in the British name, a magic in the British Constitution, which is to the civilization of the modern world what the Roman Eagle was to the ancient. The British Empire stands for peace and progress, even though bought at the price of much innocent and helpless blood. The unity of the Empire must be preserved. When the Empire is just to Ireland the Irishman is as loyal to the Empire as he is to his own section of it; and Home Rule does not mean the severance of Ireland from the Empire. It did not mean separation when Canada was granted self-government. As a statesman once said: "Canada was never loyal to Britain until she became free."

There is, in fact, no possibility of loyalty between nations, as there is none between individuals, until there is at the same time the possible alternative of complete freedom. The wisest Britons of today are asking for Home Rule in the interests of the Empire.

The logic and the justice of the Irish demand are clear and unescapable. It takes right and justice a long time to prevail when the forces against it are strong; but, in the long run, they must fail. Against the might of our would-be conquerors we are helpless. But, after all, they are human, and the human mind and heart are bound to be reached by justice and right. The conquerors are today conquered. Not by the compulsion of arms, but by the compelling force of ideas. For England sees today clearly that there is no escape from the alternatives proposed twenty-five years ago by John Morley: "If," says John Morley, "you do not propose to give Ireland independence, self-government and local autonomy, I offer you the following resolution which the opponents of Home Rule may propose:

"That, inasmuch as coercion, after being tried in every form and under all varieties, has failed to bring to Ireland that order and content we all earnestly desire, coercion shall be made the permanent law of the land; that as equality between England and Ireland is the key to a sound policy, coercion shall be the law in Ireland and shall not be the law in England; that as decentralization and local government have been long recognized and constantly promised as a necessary reform in Irish affairs, the time has at length arrived for definitely abandoning all reform in Irish local government; that since the backward condition, and the many admitted needs of Ireland, call for the earnest and unremitting attention of her rulers, the exclusive attention of this Parliament shall be devoted to the consideration of English, Scotch and Welsh affairs; that, in view of the fact that representative institutions are the glory and strength of the United Kingdom, the constitutional demands of the great majority of the Irish representatives shall be disregarded, and these representatives shall have no voice in Irish affairs and no share in Irish government; and, finally, that as Mr. Pitt declared the great object of the Union to be to make the Empire more secure by making Ireland more free and more happy, it is the duty of every true Unionist to make Ireland more miserable in order to prevent her from being free."

There is no escape from this alternative. England is today choosing the choice of the Irish. St. Patrick and St. George are clasping hands as brothers and not as enemies, and the loyalty of Erin is at last to be secured by the justice of Albion.

A Man of His Word

"Hello, old man, do you know that it is six months since you borrowed that ten-dollar bill from me?" said Jenkins to his friend.

"Yes, I know. It's more than that—it's seven," was the grave reply.

"Well, then, seven months," snorted Jenkins, "and you promised to give it back in seven days instead of seven months."

"I know it," answered the borrower, drawing a memorandum book from his pocket. "That bill was marked No. 672,929. I made this memo and then I spent the money. Since then I've been trying to recover it. No other bill would be the same. When you gave me the bill I said, 'I will return this to you,' and I meant it."

A noted mathematician, considered by many a wonder, stopped at a hotel in a small town in Missouri. As usual, in such places, there were a number of drummers on hand; there was also a meeting of some medical men at the place, who used the hotel as headquarters. One of the doctors thought it would be quite a joke to tell the mathematician that some of the M.D.'s had concluded to kidnap him and take out his brains to learn how it was he was so good in mathematics. He was then asked by them what he was going to do about it. He replied: "Why, I shall simply go on without brains just as you doctors are doing."

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Toward Paradise

By James Knapp Reeve

IN the life of every man—at least, of every man who really has known the true meaning of life—will be found a dead wall in which there is no open door. Behind that wall are written the things of which, perhaps, he may be neither ashamed nor afraid to have the world know, but any knowledge of which he yet will admit only to his own heart.

Erbeson had known life, so it is not strange that in his life was such a dead wall. Early in my acquaintance with the man, it came to me to know that there were certain things about which I must not question him. Although he was one of the most genial and affable of men, one whom, through years of close companionship, I grew to know and value as a friend and to love as a brother—to know as one who placed more than an empty meaning upon the word "friend"—I found that he would not brook, even from me, any prying query as to the years of his younger manhood.

wall in his life, his wife was a stranger woman still.

I will not use empty, meaningless phrases in describing her. It may be said that she was beautiful. I do not know whether she was so by accepted standards, and at best the word is a weak one to apply to a woman such as she. But she had a pure olive skin, such as I have never seen upon any other woman, except now and then among the high-born dames of Andalusia. Under it at times was a glow of fire, as the blood coursed through the veins and surged to the surface of her oval face, that made me think of her as a living opal. I have never seen other eyes so deep as hers. In their depths one lost himself, and wondered if it were not the very soul he saw looking out at him from those deep black living wells. Nor have I ever seen other hair so black, nor in which vitality seemed to so abound.

Nor was this all her charm. I have had speech with many nations of the



How a back yard can be beautified in the West

We were gold-hunters by profession. A fine, free, adventurous life it is, which lets one see every nook and corner of this round world, to know its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, the enthusiasm of hope and the rapture of expectation fulfilled, as well as the darkness and disaster of drear despair. Rich today, and tomorrow too poor to own a place wherein to lay one's head, it is not a bad life for a man who is filled with the wine of youth; but it is not a life for a married man, unless one is born under a fortunate star that makes him certain of luck wherever he goes.

It was early in our companionship when I learned that Erbeson had a wife; and it was at once matter of surprise for me that he did not abandon such a roving career as our occupation forced upon us, and settle down to the quiet life of the home. It is true, from my point of view, he would have missed much by so doing. For the freedom of that life gets into one's blood, and a man who has known it cannot well brook restraint or be hedged within narrow bounds.

But Erbeson was no longer master of his fate, as I was; and he could afford the home, for he was the luckiest gold-hunter I ever knew. But this same luck made him able to take his wife with him wherever he journeyed, and to establish her in quarters made comfortable and enriched with all that love and liberality could suggest. So it was that sometimes in the mining camps appeared a little oasis of civilization, and in that oasis a woman, who seemed little less than an angel to the rough miners, unaccustomed to the presence of femininity in their environment.

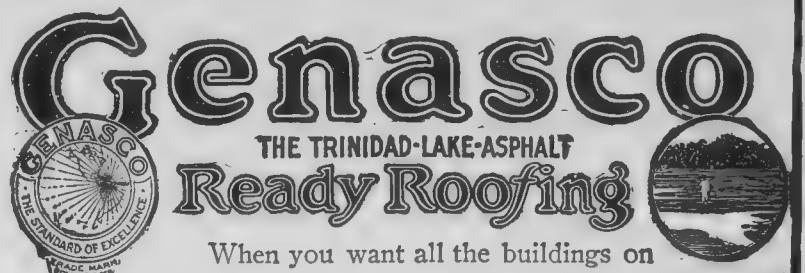
If Erbeson was a strange man, reticent, and ever stoically keeping prying eyes from looking beyond that dead

earth, but, rack my memory as I might, I could not tell what tongue it was that gave her that soft, caressing accent, that made every rough, harsh word of our uncouth English take upon itself a new meaning, that made one's pulses throb as though she had called one by some endearing name.

We were ten days out from San Francisco, we three—Erbeson, his wife and myself—bound for the Solomon Islands. We had direct information (how it had been obtained I need not tell you) of the new discovery of yellow metal in one of the smaller islets of that group, and we were bound to be among the first there. Erbeson never was a laggard, and perhaps to that fact was due the other one to which I have already called your attention—that luck was never far distant from him. And I profited by his wisdom, and by the kindness that this older and more earnest man extended toward the youth whom he had made his friend.

As we neared the line the weather became intensely hot, and we attempted little in the way of exercise or recreation except to loll all day under the awnings, with pipes between our lips and unread novels in our hands. It was too hot to read, too hot to talk. The sea looked to us like a vast expanse of molten silver. Its surface was unstirred by any ripple, absolutely quiet except for the long swell upon which we rolled gently forward. No breath of air moved, no cloud marred the sky of brass above us. All nature was inert, and man, following her lead, but existed. For days we had been too dull to talk. We but waited, while the successive revolutions of our wheel drove us speedily nearer and nearer our goal.

Erbeson seemed even more inert than any other. Usually active and vigor-



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ous, he now scarcely moved or opened his lips from the coming up to the going down of the sun, except to remove his pipe from between them, or in the endeavor to drive away the overwhelming heat by swallowing the cooling nixture that his man brought him from time to time. Consequently I was surprised one afternoon to see in his manner every indication that he was about to tell a story. We were nearing the Gilbert Islands, and some one had spoken within our hearing of the curious practice of the natives there. Erbeson had listened, but had, after all, apparently not been sufficiently interested to take part in the talk. But that night, when we were alone upon the deck, with only the shimmering sea and the sparkling stars and the glorious, wonderful Southern Cross gleaming above to make us know we were still in and a part of the world, he drew his steamer chair up nearer mine and, taking his pipe from his lips and knocking the ashes out upon the deck, began quietly and without preface as follows: "The strangest thing I ever knew in these waters," he said—(I started at this, for I did not know he had ever been in the South Pacific before, except on a single voyage we had made together to Australia)—"happened just about where we are now. I was in command of a schooner that had been cruising for a couple of months along these islands, picking up what we could in the way of spoil from the natives, and perhaps not observing too closely the laws which govern trade and barter among civilized peoples. We had made a fairly profitable cruise and had gathered up some stuff, not of such great value in itself, but of a sort that is exchangeable for coin of the realm in the rich ports, and were about making for Honolulu to discharge our cargo. It had come on late into the afternoon, and I had gone into the cabin and was looking over my charts, leaving the mate on deck. I found the charts dull work, and had fallen asleep, when our Kanaka cabin-boy touched me on the shoulder and said the mate wished to see me on deck.

"I went up, and found him intently studying something afloat on the sea. He handed me the glass, saying nothing, but simply pointing at the object which had attracted him. I quickly made it out to be a small boat, but could not determine at all whether there was any one in it. The mate saw my perplexity, and answered my unspoken question. "I think there is some one in it, sir; had we not better lower the cutter?" "I raised the glass again and scanned the boat long and earnestly. There was something strange and eerie in its appearance. The sea was as white and still as it is at this hour. The boat seemed scarcely to rock upon its bosom. It was all white, and made but faint contrast against the silver sheen upon which it rested. At times I fancied that it was not, and that it was but an illusion, such as will come but too often upon these hot, sunburnt seas.

"When I lowered the glass, the Kanaka, with the easy familiarity which such boys are allowed on craft of that sort, took it from me and gazed as earnestly toward the strange thing as I had done. When he handed the glass back he was trembling with fright.

"Don't go to it, sir!" he begged, his teeth chattering so that he could hardly utter the words. "It's a dead-boat, and it will bring us bad luck if we touch it, or if we interfere with it at all."

"I turned to the mate for explanation. "Sam thinks it is a burial-boat," he said; "and, you know, these people never bury their dead, but just put them in a boat and send them adrift. Left alone, the boat drifts on to Paradise. Happy devils!" He interpolated, musingly; "to have no more concern than that. But there is another side to the story," he went on. "That is, I guess, the case with the future of all of us. If the boat is meddled with, it may be turned from its course, and then it drifts to the other place, and carries its unlucky passenger along. And, then, too, the curse of the dead rests upon the one who did it."

"I had taken the glass again, and was looking intently at the boat. I could

now distinguish a form lying in it at length, and thought I could discover some movement. Of this I was finally certain.

"It may be a dead-boat," I said, "but I think there is a live person in it."

"We lowered the cutter and I got in it myself, and we made way toward the drifting boat. While we were yet at some distance I found I had been right, for a human arm was lifted and waved as if to attract our attention. But this ceased, and, as we drew nearer, all was so still that I began to have an uncanny feeling. The curious appearance of the boat added to this. It was perfectly white. A white awning was spread above it. There were white draperies in it. And in the midst of these, as I could see when we drew beside it, a white face and form, outstretched and silent, as though dead. Remembering what the mate had said, I would have left it even then, but I was certain I had seen a movement of that white arm, that lay there, naked, gleaming cold, like a piece of marble, beneath the heat of the tropical sun.

"In the boat, in a basket of rushes, were some yams and bread-fruit, and pieces of cane. And as I saw these had been touched, it gave me courage. I reached out my hand and clasped the arm. It did not feel like the flesh of one dead. I spoke, and the eyes opened and looked at me wonderingly."

Erbeson paused and smoked a moment, meditatively.

"Perhaps I have not told you," he said, "that it was a very beautiful young girl who was lying there?"

"An olla of water was in the boat, and I poured some of this upon her face, and, when I saw that she was reviving, I lifted her from her ghostly craft into my own, and made for the ship at once. My explanation of the matter," said Erbeson, bringing his narrative abruptly to an end, "was that the girl had been in a trance, and her people, thinking her dead, had started her on the road to Paradise."

Of course I wanted to know the rest of the story. But while I was thinking how to frame my question, I observed Mrs. Erbeson watching me closely, and as if she would speak. I waited for her words, liking always to hear the sweet music of her voice.

"She found her way to Paradise," she said; "she has been in Paradise ever since. And now you will no longer think it curious, my friend,"—here she smiled upon me with her wonderful eyes—"that I care to be always with him who gave me life. And now that you know my story, you will never again think me a strange woman?"

And I promised, and, looking out upon the calm sea, breathed a wish that fate might serve me thus. But it never will. Though for such a prize I would risk the curse that waits on one who disturbs a soul that is drifting toward the Unknown.

Heart Trouble

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."

"You're partly right, doctor," said the young man sheepishly; "only that ain't her name."—H. E. Zimmerman.

The Girls were still One Ahead

A young and bashful professor was frequently embarrassed by jokes his girl pupils would play on him. These jokes were so frequent that he decided to punish the next perpetrators and the result of this decision was that two girls were detained an hour after school, and made to work some difficult problems, as punishment.

It was the custom to answer the roll-call with quotations, so the following morning, when Miss A's name was called, she rose, and, looking straight in the professor's eye, repeated: "With all thy faults I love thee still," while Miss B's quotation was; "The hours I spent with thee, dear heart, are as a string of pearls to me."

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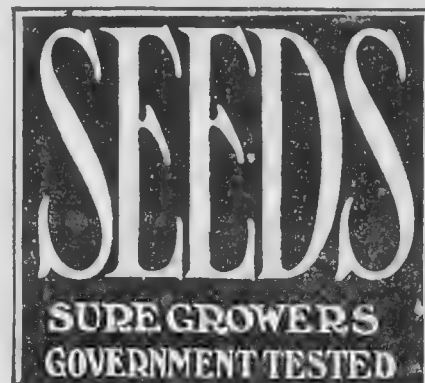
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The Twilight Hour

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Patrick Kirk

OVER THE Bow Valley ooded the infinite tranquillity of the sunset hour. The west was a calm, stilly sea of many tinted gold, pierced here and there by the snow-capped Rockies and bordered by towers and battlements of pearl-grey and smoky-purple clouds.

On the point of a hill overlooking the valley, Fraser McCartney and Jeanette Clark had reined in their horses, and were drinking in the placid beauty of the scene.

"What a picture!" said the girl. "If I could only paint those cloud effects and that slumbrous haze! I've got oceans of sketches to take with me to New York, but I'm longing every minute to pay excess baggage on another one."

"I wish you wouldn't go tomorrow," said the man, with a yearning note in his voice. "If you would stay, I'm sure you would soon grow as enthusiastic about Alberta as I am."

"Oh, no, I shouldn't. You were brought up on the optimistic ozone of the country. It makes the little cow town of Calgary seem like a metropolis, and the vast stretches of lonely prairie a populous plain. Your years in Toronto do not seem to have cured you of what we used to call your 'virulent Westernism.'"

"You're the condensed essence of cynicism," said young McCartney.

Jeanette was young enough to enjoy being thought cynical, soured and disenchanted. She knew there was no Santa Claus, and was delighted at her fiancé's perception of her wisdom. But not for worlds would she have acknowledged feeling flattered.

"What is that?" she asked, as they started their horses towards the river in the distance. "Something druggists keep in a bottle?"

"Imagine a druggist, or anyone else, keeping you bottled up. You'd effervesce," laughed Fraser.

The "condensed essence" was offended. She preferred being thought cynical, and urged her horse along the trail at a pace that precluded conversation.

Three years before, in the dawn of the twentieth century, Fraser McCartney had gone to Toronto to study law. There he had met and wooed Jeanette Clark, the charming and artistic daughter of one of his college professors. An engagement followed. Before the betrothal was announced came the sudden shock of the death of Fraser's father, a rancher in Southern Alberta. The young man was called home and the burden of managing the ranch fell on his shoulders. His brothers, Jack and Duncan, aged ten and twelve respectively, were too young to be of much help to their mother. Mrs. McCartney, a slender, delicate woman whose years of lonely, pioneer life had robbed her of strength and broken her courage, clung with all the remaining strength of her nature to her stalwart, chivalrous son. Fraser had a short, sharp struggle with himself and then he uncomplainingly took up the burden of his life.

Jeanette, who had been building up air castles in which a brilliant young lawyer and his artist wife held high festival, felt that her position as the wife of an Alberta rancher would be vastly different from what she had planned. Her visit to the McCartney home had dispelled her last illusions. Her artist's soul gloried in the wide sweep of the horizon, in the sunset effects, and the golden tints of the ripening grain, but her woman's instincts rebelled against the lack of luxury to which she had been accustomed, and what she termed the loneliness and emptiness of the lives of the prairie women. Jeanette decided that she could not marry Fraser for some time, and determined to have a year or two of study at some art centre before she settled down to married life in the country.

As the two riders turned a sharp bend in the trail by the river bank, they came suddenly alongside of a wagon piled high with settler's effects. In the shade of some poplar trees a thin, worn-out looking woman was trying to hush a baby to sleep, while the man, a home-

steadier on the way to his distant quarter-section, was struggling to more securely rope some of his household belongings to the wagon.

Fraser, with a murmured "Excuse me" to Jeanette, jumped from his brown gelding and went to the man's assistance. When their task was completed the two men talked a few moments of the possibilities of wheat growing in Southern Alberta, a subject in which Fraser was deeply interested. The girl, meanwhile, made friends with the baby. Then the homeseekers climbed again to their wagon and the riders remounted. At that moment came the warning toot of an automobile horn, and for a few moments Jean and Fraser were busy quieting their horses.

The automobile was one of the first to be brought to Alberta and was the property of a prominent hotel man in a near-by town. It was the first motor car that the homeseekers had seen and they stared in astonishment at the passing wonder.

It was to the settler's wife that Jeanette directed her companion's attention. There in the purple twilight, gaz-

ing with weary eyes at the rapidly disappearing automobile, she seemed to the romantic girl to embody the spirit of the pioneer women — a tired, plodding womankind—gazing with wistful eyes at the triumphant progress of the outside world.

As the settler relaxed his tense grip on the reins and his horses started along the trail, Jeanette turned impetuously to her lover.

"Can't you see, Fraser," she said passionately, "I want to belong to the automobile class and not to that of the prairie schooner."

Perhaps it was the glamor of the deepening twilight — it may have been the witchery of the girl by his side — but practical Fraser McCartney waxed almost poetic. "Remember, dear, when you weary of the rush and the glare, when the dust gets in your eyes and the choking in your throat, come back and we'll take a quiet journey in our prairie schooner up the Bow Valley."

PART II.

It was the twilight hour of a summer's day two years later. Time had made little change in the Bow Valley. The snow-capped Rockies raised their heads like sentinels guarding the treasure in their foot-hills. The sunset was as beautiful as on the evening of the last day Jeanette Clark had ridden down the

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"I received my Vacuum Washer, and find it is all you claim it to be. I like it very much." Mrs. O. Banks, Thamesford.

"We have tried your Vacuum Washer, and can recommend it to anyone." Henry T. Bolton, Fordwich.

"I received the Rapid Vacuum Washer. It is a little jewel." Mrs. Clark, Grimsby.

"I have tested the Vacuum Washer and found it efficient." Mr. A. Powassan.

"Received the Rapid Vacuum Washer and find it quite satisfactory." Jane Robinson, Milliken.

"We did a four weeks' wash with the Vacuum Washer, and best washer we have seen." Howell, Beamsville.

"The Rapid Washer is a great help on the clothes, and is easy to use. We tried another make, the A. and it did not draw the dirt out of the clothes."

"Have tried the Rapid Vacuum Washer on heavy bedding, and it worked fine." Mrs. Peter Halliday, Holloway.

"The Rapid Vacuum Washer gives perfect satisfaction." Mrs. S. M. Switzer, Newboro.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

"I am well pleased with the work of the Rapid Vacuum Washer." Mrs. Samuel McLeod, Phoenix.

"Received Vacuum Washer. It is fine. Kindly send me twelve more for which I have taken orders." John McLeod, Ladysmith.

"Enclosed is money for ten washers. This is my first venture but I know I can sell them. They are fine." Mrs. F. A. Riches, Cranbrook.

"I duly received the two washers ordered. They do their work as claimed. Enclosed is money for 15 more." Mrs. F. Barlee, Grand Forks.

"Received the Rapid Vacuum Washer and am very well pleased with it. It saves a great deal of labor. Enclosed is money order for ten more." Mrs. E. A. Wilson, Port Hammond.

"Received Vacuum Washer. I have tried it and it gives perfect satisfaction." Mr. E. Thompson, Church House.

"Rapid Vacuum Washer received, and is very satisfactory. Shall recommend it to all my friends." J. R. Michie, James Road P. O., Vancouver.

NOVA SCOTIA.

"The Rapid is the best yet. Send me ten at agents' prices." Mr. William Ryan, Thorburn.

"We have used your washer, and find it all right. Enclosed is express order for 25 Washers at agents' price." Lewis L. Miller, Westville.

"Washer does all you claim. Send me 10 to sell." Mrs. James Burgess, Port Mouton.

"Have tried washer. It does its work. Will become an agent and want 10 to start with." Mrs. Norman Ferguson, Port Morien.

"My wife gave the Rapid Vacuum Washer a trial, and was very satisfied."

Send \$1.00, and The
Rapid Vacuum Washer
will be sent to any address,
postpaid, by return mail.
Write now, while you think of it.

FISHER-FORD MFG. CO.
31 Queen St. W., Toronto
Dept. W. 357

"I have used the Rapid Vacuum Washer, and have never done a washing with such ease in my life." Mrs. A. Willie, Stony Plain.

"Your washer has given great satisfaction, and I will take the agency." W. M. Kinder, Milk River.

"Am very much pleased with the work of the Rapid Vacuum Washer." Mrs. C. E. Burford, Minburn.

"Am sending for ten more Washers. They are giving splendid satisfaction." Gust. W. Corofation, Alta.

"I am highly pleased with my Vacuum Washer." G. W. Smith, Reid Hill.

QUEBEC.

"J'ai essayé votre Machine Fisher-Ford, elle est toute-à-fait satisfaisante." Dr. A. E. Vary, St. Ours.

"I am very satisfied with the Rapid Washer, and will become your agent." Miss F. Hayden, 95 Joliette St., Montreal.

"Have great confidence in your Vacuum Washer. It works fine." Jos. Brodeur, 1487 Notre Dame E., Montreal.

"I find the Rapid Vacuum Washer not only a success, but a wonder. It certainly does its work to a finish."

J. E. Seale, 114 Clark St., Montreal.

"We are much pleased with the washer, and will recommend it to our friends." E. McManus, Montreal.

"I have received your Washing machine and must tell you it gives us satisfaction." Chr. Minard, Montreal.

"The Vacuum Washer you sent has done good work. Enclosed is express order for 25 which I am sure I can sell." A. L. Burns, Rawdon.

"Your Washer has given splendid satisfaction. Am ordering 10 to sell." Mrs. Geo. Connor, 81 Queen St., Sherbrooke.

SASKATCHEWAN.

"Am certainly pleased with the Vacuum Washer." Miss E. H. Kalbfleisch, Carlton.

"Have used the Rapid Vacuum Washer on everything from Whitney blankets and counterpanes to muslin curtains. It does one equally as well as the

other." Mrs. D. T. Westmacott, Mc Dowall P. O.

"Send me 10 Washers to sell. I am well pleased with my own. It is the best machine I have used." H. L. M. Furze, Le Ross.

"Have received the Washer, and proved it to be all you claim." Mrs. T. D. Wetscote, Donnybrook.

"The Rapid Vacuum Washer is good, and I want the agency." Ole Harilstad, Anson.

"The Washer has proved up well in tests. Please send me your agents' Mrs. Smith, Courval P. O.

ALBERTA.

"Rapid Vacuum Washer is a wonder. Does better work than any washer I have that cost \$18.50." John Douglass, Vulcan.

"I have used the Rapid Vacuum Washer, and have never done a washing with such ease in my life." Mrs. A. Willie, Stony Plain.

"Your washer has given great satisfaction, and I will take the agency." W. M. Kinder, Milk River.

"Am very much pleased with the work of the Rapid Vacuum Washer." Mrs. C. E. Burford, Minburn.

"Am sending for ten more Washers. They are giving splendid satisfaction." Gust. W. Corofation, Alta.

"I am highly pleased with my Vacuum Washer." G. W. Smith, Reid Hill.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

"I received the Rapid Vacuum Washer, and will be your agent. It is a good washer." Edna Betts, Doaktown.

"Your Washer does all and more than you say it will. Am sending for 25 more at the special price." John Dumaresq, St. Isidre.

"Have tried your Washer, and like it very much." Mrs. Paul J. Dore, Doyle Settlement.

"The Vacuum Washer does good work, and I will recommend it." Mrs. L. L. Lante, Lorne Settlement.

"The Rapid Washer is very satisfactory, and am sending an agent's order for 10 more." J. B. Williston, Bay du Vin.

MANITOBA.

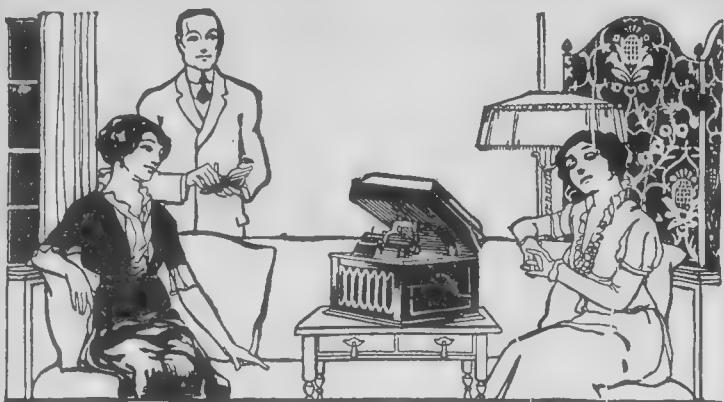
"My wife has tried the Vacuum Washer, and thinks it is fine." G. H. Basset, Arden.

"Rush by express thirty Washers. Everybody is pleased with them." Ross Lamb, Eden.

"The Washer is certainly great. Will take the agency." C. H. Stewart, Valley Stream.

"Send me 10 Washers at once. Am sure I can sell a lot. They all like mine." Jean McKenzie, Austin.

"Your Vacuum Washer does good work." Mrs. John Bolton, Neepawa.



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No musical-mechanical triumph has approached this remarkable invention of Edison. The new composition of which it is made catches and holds the natural beauty of tone of the world's greatest singers, orchestras and bands, and holds it after you have played it over 3,000 times.

The Blue Amberol is a perpetual, practically unbreakable record that reproduces in an amazing way the art of the performers. Don't miss the opportunity to hear it played at some of the Edison dealers listed below. You'll be welcome any day.

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With unseasonable weather conditions right through almost to the end of the old year, we find ourselves with three great stocks in our Toronto, Winnipeg and Montreal stores representing a selling value of a Million Dollars. These should have been in your hands weeks ago, but they are still in our wardrobes. For good, practical, sensible business reasons we are going to turn these stocks into money. The prices at which we are discounting these furs and ready-to-wear Ladies' garments carry generosity to the limit. The western end of this sale is being looked after from our Winnipeg Store, and here you have the opportunity of buying the highest grade of goods that are imported, made, or sold anywhere in the world at the saving of from 20% to 33 1/3% on things that you need now, and will appreciate as much for their merit as the money you may save in any purchase. The good name of Fairweather stands behind the genuine reductions which we are making this time. It will pay you to investigate.

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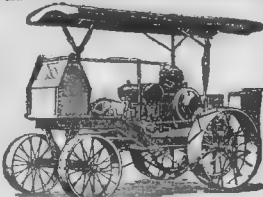
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Just think of it! A high-grade, reliable tractor for \$600 to \$990. In proportion to horse power, it will do anything a heavy tractor costing three times as much will do! Absolutely best, cheapest power for plowing, harrowing, disking, harvesting, building roads, logging, spreading manure, hauling loads up to 15 tons weight. Better than stationary engines for operating threshers, ensilage cutters, feed grinders, pumps, wood saws and other machinery requiring belt power.



Cuts Farm Expenses One-Half

A Wadsworth Light Kerosene Tractor does three and four times as much work with less help. Uses cheapest grade kerosene, which is safer and cheaper than gasoline. Gives more power per gallon, too. Also operates on gasoline or distillate. Easily operated by even a boy. Sizes—6 to 18 h. p.

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DETROIT ENGINE WORKS, 1029 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

river trail, but to Fraser McCartney all had changed.

For months that seemed like years he had dreamed of the time when he would bring his bride home. Then Jeanette's letters began growing shorter and farther apart. "There seems so little to write about," she had said. And the man who was longing to hear only three little words, "I love you," ate out his heart in lonely yearning. Then came a day in which business, in regard to a shipment of horses, called him to New York.

During all the long journey Fraser planned and re-planned the happy moment when he would again see Jeanette. But it had all been a distinct disappointment. In his tender loyalty he had never blamed his young sweetheart. Somehow she seemed always busy with classes and with a picture which she hoped to exhibit soon, so he had seen very little of her alone. He had come home with a vague feeling of unrest, and tonight, after weeks of waiting, he had received a letter from his betrothed. She spoke of how far apart their tastes had grown, and asked Fraser, if he still insisted on burying himself in the western wilds, to release her from her engagement.

That was the part that stung. Jeanette, his little Jeannie, was ashamed of him. A score of incidents of those New York days rushed to his mind and all pointed to the same inevitable conclusion. He ground his teeth as he remembered the flush on her face the day the artist had introduced him to Ethel Grant, a clever young Canadian journalist, who was winning success in New York. Of course, he had contrasted unfavorably in the eyes of a woman with the well-groomed young dandies to whom she was accustomed, thought Graham bitterly. He was humiliatedly conscious of the fact that the contrast was probably greater than he had realized at the time. Inwardly he vowed that some day Jeanette Clark should be proud to know him.

Could he give up his work at home and complete the law course? Something within him made him sure that he was capable of winning name and fame in the world of men. But his mother and the boys depended on him. Could he fail them? No, he could not leave.

Long he rode, conscious always of the humiliating letter in his pocket. All the brightness and joy had died out of the landscape. A cold, grey mist had settled over the valley. A misty moon glimmered icily, and the phantom song of the whip-poor-will voiced the sorrow of earth and sky. The hoof-beats of his favorite brown gelding translated themselves in Fraser's distorted imagination as "Lost—dead—dead—lost," and the vesper hymn of a belated song sparrow seemed a requiem for dead hopes and lost love.

PART III.

During the remaining years of her life Mrs. McCartney was cared for with an all-pervading love that shielded her from every care. Fraser could do nothing half-heartedly, and in spite of the unfilled natural depths of his life he was not morbidly unhappy. He was too absorbed in his work. So great was his success among the wheat growers of Alberta his name was one to conjure with.

After the death of his mother he completed his law course. He was one of the most popular men of the province, and when a representative was needed in the provincial parliament to safeguard the interests of the wheat growers, no one, except Fraser himself, was surprised when young McCartney carried the constituency by an overwhelming majority.

Frequently during these years he had heard of Jeanette Clark. Her name was often mentioned in art journals; but since the death of her father she had gone to Paris to study, and her visits to Canada had been very rare. Fraser and she had never met since his memorable visit to New York.

He did not know that the young artist had travelled far to the Utopia of her dreams only to find that its waters were bitter as those of Marah. On the evening of a day on which she had been hailed as the greatest Canadian woman artist, when her name was on the lips of all visitors to the Paris Salon, her most

intimate friend was surprised to find her weeping the bitterest tears of her life.

"Why, Jeannie Clark, what under the light of creation can you find to cry about tonight," she cried.

"Because I am a failure—a failure of failures. I've got what I thought I wanted, and I know I have thrown away all that is really worth while."

"Well, of all the goosey geese! You have conquered the earth and now you are crying for the moon."

"It isn't the moon. It's a man!" cried Jeanette impulsively, as she sprang to her feet and prepared to bathe her swollen eyes in cold water. "No, Peggy, you needn't look at me like that. It isn't the Englishman, nor yet the German count. He is a Canadian whom I knew years ago. I loved him, and I've always loved him, but I was young enough to think that fine clothes and social position counted for more than a clean heart and an unselfish life. If you value your future happiness, you will marry John Windemere tomorrow, or whenever he wants you to. Nothing this side of Heaven ever compensates a woman for the loss of love and a home. I'm doubtful if there is joy enough in Heaven to repay her."

"My mother says her Bible teaches her that everything worth saving was saved in couples, and now you also are among the prophets," sighed Peggy.

The conversation closed here; but within a few weeks Peggy was shyly displaying a diamond solitaire ring to her intimate friends. The day she showed it to Jeanette, the young artist said as she kissed her happy friend: "I'm going to Canada next month. I mean to spend some time in the Rockies."

Her decision had been suddenly made when she saw the look of radiant happiness on Peggy's face. That morning she had received from an old classmate a letter of congratulation on her latest picture. Part of her friend's letter had read: "My husband has been transferred to the Calgary office and we are all in love with the breezy, buoyant atmosphere of the West. If you come to Canada this year you must certainly spend a month or two with us. We have a cottage in Banff and there you may revel in mountain scenery to your heart's content. Do come. I am so eager to show you my babies."

All day she had been thinking of this letter. She longed to see Mary and her babies. She was eager to view the Rockies. More than all, however, she wished to see Fraser McCartney and to hear how he had fared during the years of silence. Often and often his words had recurred to her: "When you weary of the rush and the glare — when the choking gets in your throat — come back." Now she listened to their insistent call. She would go to Mary in Calgary—and then—and then—

The next morning she wrote to her friend saying that she was coming to Canada in June and would spend the month of July with her and her babies.

Jeanette's journey from Fort William to Calgary was one long series of surprises. She had been so long abroad and had so rarely seen a Canadian paper that she was not prepared for the tremendous growth of the West. She had expected to find it much as it was when she had made the trip years before. And, lo! villages and lonely station houses were replaced by cities and towns, and what had been the fringe of civilization was now the granary of an Empire.

Mary, with her two children, met her guest at the Calgary station, and drove her home in a luxurious limousine. Jeanette was almost breathless with astonishment at the transformation of the "little cow town."

"I feel just as Rip Van Winkle must have," she exclaimed. "I was so self-centered that I forgot that things could advance when I was not near to superintend their progress. Mary, I do think your babies are the sweetest children! I am so proud of my little namesake. I wonder if it would be possible to keep Billy still long enough to sketch him."

After dinner when she was comfortably ensconced in a cosy arm-chair on the wide western verandah, and Mary was tucking her little ones into their white cots, Jeanette gazed again on an Alberta sunset. Tonight the west was a city, an immense city with palaces and

towers, with numerous spires and countless domes, walled in by the many crimson-capped peaks of the Rockies that girded the horizon. Here and there were splashes of azure and gold, of violet and rose, as though

"Some artist saint spilled all his paint
Adown the western sky."

When Mary joined her friend on the verandah, Jeanette said: "You probably never knew that I visited out here years ago. I think it was when you were in Germany with your father. I spent a month with Mrs. McCartney at Bow View ranch. I should like to see her again as soon as possible."



Mixed Farming

"I know the McCartney boys well," answered Mary, "but their mother has been dead for some years. The boys sold their ranch and built a home in the city. They are tremendously wealthy — real estate, you know. Jack and Duncan will complete the arts course next year. Fraser has been just like a father to those boys."

"I remember I thought him unselfish," answered Jeanette in a tone she hoped did not sound unnatural.

"Yes, isn't he? And he has been so successful, too. Do you know that he is a cabinet minister, and my husband says he is almost sure to be the next premier of the province."

"I had not heard," said Jeanette calmly, but every nerve in her body seemed tingling.

"His wife is the author of 'The Prairie Schooner,' a delightful story, and quite the sensation of the year in book circles. You must read it. Mrs. McCartney sent me an autographed copy. She was Ethel Grant, the journalist, before she married Fraser. You never saw a happier couple. They have one little boy just Billy's age. He is much fatter than Billy, but doesn't talk nearly

Better Position

And Increased Salary as a Result of
Eating Right Food.

There is not only comfort in eating food that nourishes brain and body but sometimes it helps a lot in increasing one's salary.

A Western school teacher tells an interesting experience. She says:

"About two years ago I was extremely miserable from a nervousness that had been coming on for some time. Any sudden noise was actually painful to me and my nights made miserable by horrible nightmares.

"I was losing flesh all the time and at last was obliged to give up the school I was teaching and go home.

"Mother put me to bed and sent for the doctor. I was so nervous the cotton sheets gave me a chill and they put me in wooleus. The medicine I took did me no apparent good. Finally, a neighbor suggested that Grape-Nuts might be good for me to eat. I had never heard of this food, but the name sounded good so I decided to try it.

"I began to eat Grape-Nuts and soon found my reserve energy growing so that in a short time I was filling a better position and drawing a larger salary than I had ever done before.

"As I see little children playing around me and enter into their games I wonder if I am the same teacher of whom, two years ago, the children spoke as 'ugly old thing.'

"Grape-Nuts food with cream has become a regular part of my diet, and I have not been sick a day in the past two years." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

as plainly," continued Mary. "Listen! Isn't that Jeannie crying? I must run up and see if she wants a drink."

The artist shivered in the deepening twilight. Married! Married to Ethel Grant! Her memory carried her back to New York and she called to mind the day that she had introduced the two. Her pride had spoiled her life.

A slight breeze from the west sent the clouds dancing before it like withered leaves. The city in the sky had crumbled into ruins. Stars glittered frostily amidst its broken spires.

"Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes, Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand

His nothingless into man."

Jeanette rose as Mary returned to the verandah. She felt suddenly very old and very weary.

"I feel somewhat tired from my journey. I think, if you will excuse me, I shall go to my room. I am so glad we are to go to Banff tomorrow. I hope to do some good work while I am there.

"You are wedded to your art, I see," smiled Mary.

"Yes, wedded to my art," echoed Jeanette.

Tommy

If you meet a little barefooted lad,
Whistling a tune that is merry and glad
With an old straw hat pushed back on
his head,

With his lips all stained with the straw-
berries red

That grow on a five-acre lot, with eyes
That are blue as the bluest April skies,
With a mite of a nose that is upward
turned,

And cheeks by the sun's fierce kisses
burned—

That's Tommy.

If you want to know where the May-
flowers hide

'Neath the dry dead leaves in the glad
Springtide.

Where the violets dance 'neath the pine
trees brown

Or Jack Frost shakes the first chestnuts
down,

Where the trout bite best, or the wild
grapes grow

In purple clusters hanging low,
When the coast is longest, the ice most
clear,

When the happy holiday time draws
near—

Ask Tommy.

With hands thrust deep in his pockets
small

He trudges away when the cow-bells call.
Father's "right-hand man" he is called at
home,

Though he'll not be eight till the snow-
flakes come;

And mother smiles over the work that
would be

Both hard and wearisome, were not he
Ready and willing on errands to run

From the peep of the dawn to the set of
the sun—

Dear Tommy!



Feeding time—a friendly struggle for the good things

When the wood-birds are crooning a low
good-night,

And the hay cocks have put on their
nightcaps white,

When the purple shadows enfold the hills,
And down in the meadows the whippoor-
wills

Lift up their voices, a tired boy
Creeps into the arms that know no joy

Like holding him, and fond lips press
The tangled curls, as they say, "God bless

Our Tommy!"

Learning without living is burning
chestnuts for somebody else to eat.—
Purinton.



\$285

This beautiful LESSING Cabinet Grand Upright Piano, 7 1-3 octaves, over-strung, three strings to each treble note, in genuine mahogany, walnut or oak, full iron plate, tuning pins all bushed in rock maple, double repeating action, three pedals, loud, soft and sustaining; mouse-proof pedals, hinges and pedals plated and polished, keys ivory and ebony of best quality, hammers of best German felt, and guaranteed by the manufacturers and ourselves for a period of ten years. Regular value \$400. Now \$285 on terms of

\$10 Cash--\$8 Monthly

Or quarterly, half-yearly or yearly payments. This is undoubtedly the best value ever offered in Canada.

No reason why you should be without a piano in your home, and in the choice of this incomparable instrument you've the satisfaction of obtaining a piano whose name stands high in the musical world—of securing the extreme of musical worth for your investment.

Sole Agents: Gourlay-Angelus, Chickering, Haines, Bell
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Player Pianos

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The Neal Treatment consists of a purely vegetable remedy taken internally, which leaves no bad after effects. No hypodermic injections are employed, and the patient is restored to perfect health.

You can be successfully treated at any of the Neal Institutes in Western Canada.

Neal Institutes

405 Broadway
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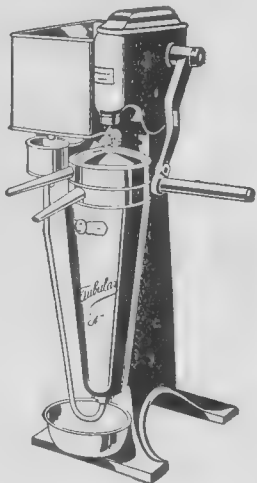
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This Guide is as different from any Guide you have ever seen as an automobile is different from the old-time stage-coach. You never saw its equal. You get the Guide Free if you return this advertisement and answer the following question: Did you ever write us before? Write the Square Deal Fur House, Weil Bros. & Co. (Dept. 90), Weil's Block, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Photographing, Camping and Motorboating in 1913

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale. Photographs by the Author.

If you want comfort, a fair rate of speed, a low-priced boat, a small consumption of gasoline, oil and grease, get an eighteen-foot launch similar to the one in the illustration.



A good launch and wharf

She has about two horse power, averages five miles an hour, does six many a day. She is not wet in a sea, anchors in shallow water, is readily hauled out on rude ways. With cushions, canvas cover, anchor, side steering gear, ropes, fenders, side lights, you can buy her for less than three hundred dollars and run her for less than a third of that, including winter storage and engine repairs.

Look at our little Mowich, anchored with stern anchor and two steadying bow lines at the little rude wharf on the shore of the island—said wharf is simply a pier 4x4, stone filled, with two six-inch fir stringers fastening it to the mounted raft, heavy stone thrown between pier and raft break the swell and in winter half a ton piled on the raft keeps it in place in ice and high water. Two canoe slides complete the landing place—cost just the nails.

The storm of November struck us about ten o'clock at night and the Mowich promptly dragged her anchor and tried her best to climb over that pier. In the black darkness and pelting rain we strove to draw her up on the canoe slides but the haul was too hard and we had to push her back. Fritz leaped on the little stern deck and with a stout pole fendered her off shore while I tracked her along the shore with a drag line, dodging waves that chased me up the rocks. Finally, with a sigh of relief, we passed her around the north point of the Beaver into shelter.

"I will run back to the wharf and bring the canoe around and land you," I cried. "All right," I heard Fritz answer from the dark.

Up the path I sped, down the other one to the wharf. I turned the canoe over and pushed her out in the partial shelter of the little wharf. All I remember seeing was one large, curling crest. My canoe rode up onto it and dashed bow-on parallel to the shore. I paddled for all I was worth, trying my best to paddle over that wave so that the next might hurl me on my course, but that wave was not to be denied. It upset me and tossed me and the canoe ashore as if we were but two wind-blown leaves, and we had to carry that canoe up the steep



A 16-foot cedar canoe

bank and over the island, thankful that the upset was so close to shore, as you will remember hundreds of poor sailors were drowned by that sixty mile gale.

As regards a canoe, I always strongly advise the double board cedar canoe: one of these in the 16-foot length, costing about \$45, will last fifty years with any fair kind of care at all. I use air tanks in mine (so that even if you do upset you have another chance coming), a black cherry paddle, a medium sized lateen sail, and clean straw filled bags for cushions. See the canoe with Fritz in it as he returns from a November hunt with a duck, a mudhen and a black squirrel.

We have tried for many a year to devise a perfect camp—we use shanties in most of our trips. Here is the result in the illustration. A 7 x 7 x 7½ heavy duck tent with wall waxed. A 10 x 8 cover of heavy sheeting, waxed with a pound of Parrawax (10 cents) to each quart of gasoline. Heat a pot of water to boiling point, set the tin of gasoline in it after you have removed it from the stove. Be sure you do this as gasoline is a very dangerous tool. Shave the Parrawax and stir it in and paint your cotton or duck, using a common clean paint brush, and it will withstand all rainstorms. The extra three feet of cover makes a good porch; set your tin camp stove face into it, brace your pipe with three green poles and you are fixed dry and secure. Now, if you are not going too far and contemplate a permanent camp, get three 10-foot scantling and a hundred



The ideal tent with waterproof covers and walls

feet of boards, planed on one side, and put your floor down before you erect your canvas. Let the front of the floor be flush with the front of the tent and you have a nice seat at the back of your porch and I hope you will not strike rats, as we did, and they promptly established their nests under the floor. I would not so strongly have objected to this had they not fought and quarrelled for position, this was too much so I set traps and many a cold night I might have been seen brilliantly arrayed in red sleeping garments killing a poor rat in the light of the electric torch. Finally our unkind reception began to tell, evidently they decided they were unwelcome or we were peculiar, anyhow they ceased their nocturnal visitations.

We had just purchased this Island. It is in the midst of a wild rice bed and it is ideal for our natural history notes and photography. We have already named it Migration Point on account of the immense number of birds that settle on the big basswood tree at the South Point. Look at it now, there are so many Brewer's blackbirds, Redwings and Cedar birds that one would think there were leaves on it. Take a strong glass, not one that holds strong things, and you will see they are all birds.

It might be well, as this is such a chatty article, to tell my readers in The Western Home Monthly how we get some of our most difficult pictures, such as birds in full flights, fish swimming and animals running. If ever you start to do this work seriously buy a first class

reflex camera with a focal plane shutter and a big 1½ Geortz Celor lens. This is fast enough to take the wings of the humming bird in action. By looking in the mirror on the top you can see the full image of your bird as it flies and you can take it when you want to and know just where you placed it on the film. Of course they are dainty things to handle and will give you many a failure but you will obtain so many wonderful results that the price, between two and three hundred dollars, will never be regretted. If you do not want to take the flight, just the birds and animals when they are quiet or moving slowly, I advise the old style box Bullet 4 x 5, same size as the Reflex or Graflex. This big, clumsy looking box is the best for outdoor work, as you can place it in a steady position where all the pocket cameras would be useless.

I strongly advise films, they take almost as good a picture as plates, so near that none save professionals can tell the difference and the storage and carrying of them is so simple a matter. I have used them all my life and as a result I have just a few pounds of negatives that fit into a foot square box and weigh but a few pounds, while they number between 1700 and 2000.

You will find that there are but a small percentage of really good pictures obtained—throw away your bad ones and try again. Use a battery to discharge, or a rubber tube and bulk or cord. These are placed in position of value but I like the tube, if you can only get a bulb strong enough to discharge at one hundred feet.

Now as to results. We have been in camp for eight months, April to November. We secured less than one hundred fair pictures, but if you take what fell to the rod and gun we did better—some three hundred bass and a dozen maskalounge and almost two hundred wild ducks. So you see sport and work go hand in hand. I strongly believe that if more people slept regularly in a tent for the better part of the year they would not have the common ailment called a cold, such things are unknown in the outdoor life originally designed for man. One word of advice I want to sound: If you are going to use a canoe be sure and learn to swim. Never dare to take a girl friend out in so fragile a craft unless you can not only save yourself but help to save her too.

In the use of firearms, if you want to hit your duck swing the gun along at the same speed it is flying, on the same line, pull trigger while you are swinging the gun ahead, aim at the bill or a bit further ahead and you will soon learn to drop your bird. Pull the trigger more with the tip of the first finger than with the joint. If you must "swat 'em on the water," shoot just where the water and bird meet and if you hear anything rustling in the bushes, never, never shoot at it until it comes clearly into view. Never put your gun loaded below the edge of your craft and the more you shoot alone the less chance of accident will you have.

It is so sad when an accident occurs. In my long life afield I have seen friend after friend perish, and I must say that in nearly every case the accident could have been easily avoided if one would use the same good common sense in the every-day walks of life. As I have scrambled out of some pretty tight corners myself, I must say, as did the dear, old Irish priest near our hunting grounds, "Don't do as I do, do as I say."



The Migration Tree, Kaworth Lake

The Miner at "66"

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Alma Oliveine Noble.

STANDING in cosmopolitan groups, eager excitement depicted upon their faces, the hard-working prospectors of Temiskaming had gathered around Maloney's Wharf to witness the arrival of the first steamer that was to visit their camp. The boat was small and dirty, merely an ugly blot upon the placid, rippling beauty of Lake Temiskaming, yet the watching sons of toil welcomed it as the beginning of better things; as the very acme of civilization,

and over everything prevailed that spirit of optimism that is so characteristic of the men of the Northland.

In one group stood Bobby Thurman, a young man of generous being, whose sunny-hued locks had earned for him the nickname of "Reddy." Thurman was the sole owner of a claim he called "The Hopeless Case." The name was, perhaps, an apt description of the prospect, for, despite Reddy's careful surface prospecting and sinking of test pits, he could

only produce some Cobalt bloom and schist, with a sprinkling of calcite and faint traces of leaf-silver.

This misfortune, however, did not prevent the "Case" from being the apple of Reddy's eye, and his trusting pride in it afforded the camp more than a little amusement. As usual, he was defending his pet against a humorous attack from "One-eyed" Ben Hardy, the wit of "66."

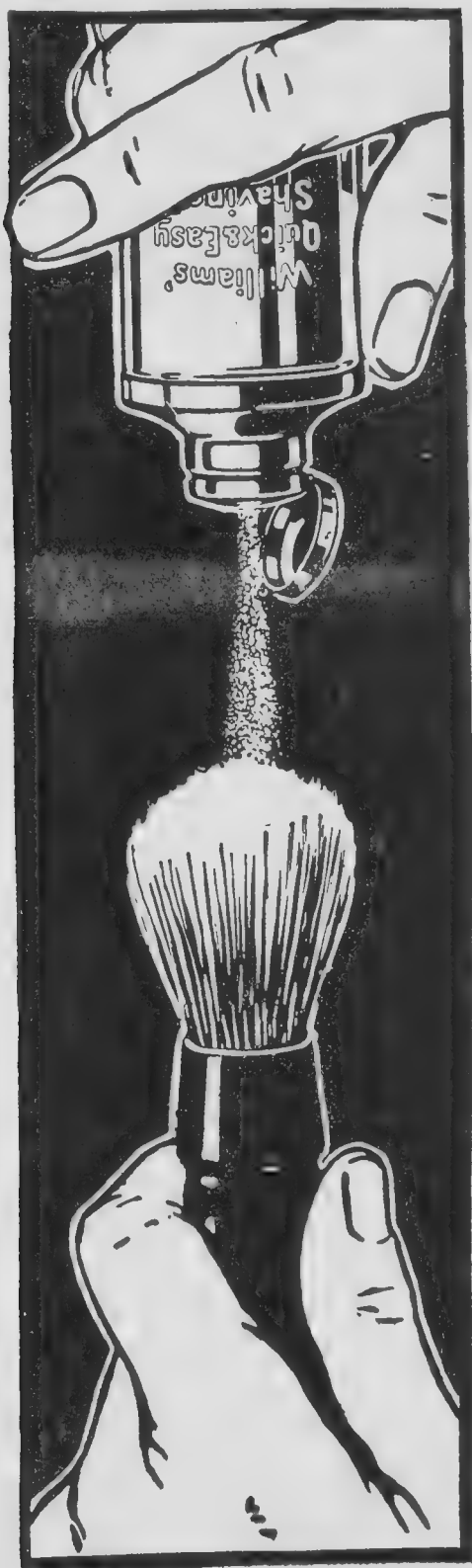
"Aw, fade away, son!" Hardy was advising him, with a crooked, little smile at the rest, "The Hopeless Case' ain't seen any silver sence the flood and it wouldn't a' seen any then only when Noah was acrossin' over on the Ark he happened tu lose a silver fillin' outta his toofy. Yuh found the fillin' an' yuh staked the 'Case,' my boy!"

A roar of boisterous laughter greeted this sally and Reddy's face turned a

dull red, and he was about to retort in kind when the loud whistle of the anticipated steamer shrilled the pine-perfumed air and there was a noisy rush for the end of the wharf.

The water was too shallow to permit the steamer's landing, so a pointer, old and slopping with a watery bottom, was rowed in with the mail and provisions. Willing hands quickly unloaded and distributed the slight cargo to the rightful owners and, in the reigning confusion, the pointer receded to the larger boat only to return again with a solitary passenger. A wave of admiration, not unmixed with curiosity, swept over the inhabitants of "66" when the pointer drew in and the passenger alighted.

It was a girl, young and well dressed, and there was about her an unmistakable air of refinement that was painfully



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lacking in the girls of the camp's acquaintance. She was dressed in a tailored suit of grey, and her hat was a large, black, droopy affair that effected a becoming background for her masses of golden hair. She was delightfully feminine, yet her decisive manner immediately informed the boys that their visitor was a business one.

Reddy Thurman was the first to offer assistance. He stepped up with an air of pompous assurance that quickly melted into one of school-boy awkwardness before the radiance of the smile she flashed at him when she inquired the way to the nearest hotel.

A mining camp, in its early days, is, at best, a crude affair that exists merely to accommodate the material needs of the men who strive and toil to wrest the deeply-imbedded, sheeny wealth from the unyielding grasp of mother earth. It chiefly consists of a place to eat, a place to drink, and a place to sleep; all rough and unfinished.

"60" was no exception to the rule, so Reddy hesitated to direct this baby-eyed girl to the "Pink Tavern," but, for various reasons, he disliked to give her an unfavorable opinion of the camp.

"Ye see, Miss," he began accordingly, "this here is a'gettin' to be a mighty, rushin' little town. We've been so busy, in fact, that we ain't hed time to put up a real, decent hotel."

was therefore regarded as an authority on the latest feminine styles.

"Pomps?" repeated Whitely uncomprehendingly.

"P-h-o-m-p-e-s, pomps!" spelled Ben for his further enlightenment.

"Holy cats!"

Laughing and joking with carefree spirit, they followed the oddly-mated pair to the home of Mrs. Dan, and watched, with increasing interest, the animated conversation that took place between the three. At last they saw Reddy awkwardly touch his cap and leave the girl in the motherly Mrs. Dan's care.

"Well," began Whitey, as he drew within hailing distance, "who is she an' what's her business?"

"That ain't a nice way to inquire after a lady's health," answered Reddy, with dignified importance. "Taint sootably respectful-like."

"Now, ain't he the stuck-up thing?" Whitey disgustedly addressed his remarks to the rest of the crowd. "He'll be a'runnin' fer mayor o' the camp ef we don't watch him."

Reddy grinned with his usual good nature and, when the noisy laughter of the others had subsided, he condescended to give them some information regarding the young lady.

"Her name's Miss Bessie Boyd. 'Miss.' D'yuh get me?"



Money Makers in Alberta

A little group of curious ones had gathered around and they heard that diplomatic statement with a sigh of relief, for they also had been attracted by the girl's innocent appearance. Reddy's next remark, however, caused a wrathful stir within their midst.

"I'd a'hed one up afore now only all the good men is a'workin' at the mines." He smiled complacently and offered to escort the girl to "Mrs. Dan McPherson's place," where, he assured her, she could put up at.

"66" was divided by a long, narrow, and exceedingly dirty looking street. Shacks of frail, uncertain structure had been erected on either sides of it, and on the sidewalk, and along the roadway were scattered bottles of a nature that told of many persons who were not opposed to "a bit av a drip."

It was near the end of this street that Mrs. Dan McPherson lived, and as Ruddy swung along with the girl at his side, a small crowd, whose curiosity had proved too much for them, straggled in the rear. Among them lagged "One-eyed" Ben Hardy, openly envious of Reddy's good fortune.

"Ain't he the lucky dog?" he appealed to Bob Simpson, who was commonly called "Whitey" because of his dark complexion. "That red-headed son-of-a-gun allers stumbles into everythin' thet's a'goin'."

"Oh, lordy!" ejaculated Whitey, "did yuh see the boots she hed on, Ben? Did yuh git a pipe at the heels?"

"Boots! Say," yelled Ben, in mock anger, "ain't I ever a'goin' to teach you nothin' a'tall? Them ain't boots; thems pomps." He had very recently paid a visit to his sister in the metropolis and

The boys had been in the habit of referring to their feminine acquaintance as "Sally," or "the Kid," or "honey," but the meaning they derived from Reddy's tone caused them to decide mentally that the young lady would be "Miss Boyd."

"She's earnin' her own way through college," Reddy continued. "She's an orphan."

"What's she a'goin' to college fer?" questioned one. "Schoolmarm?"

"Schoolmarm nothin'! I'll tell yuh what, ain't many gals bein' schoolmarms now-a-days. It don't pay. She's a'goin' to be a lawyer."

"Wall," drawled "One-eyed" Ben slowly, "I can't say as I hold with the women a'pushin' 'emselves on like thet. It ain't natural. She's got mighty pretty eyes, though," he added reflectively. "How's she expectin' to git money here?"

"She's a'sellin' books o' some kind," Reddy informed him, "a'gittin' subscriptions fer some magazine. I didn't tell her as I was the only eddicated reader in the camp as I kinder thought ye'd all like to take thet book."

Golden hair and a pair of laughing eyes have been known to make men do worse things than subscribe to a magazine, and so, with the vision of dainty Bessie Boyd fresh in their memory, the kind-hearted prospectors were eager to lend their assistance, and Reddy, knowing men, was able to read their willingness in their faces and he felt that Miss Bessie's college course was assured.

"Say, Sucker," he inquired of a long, lank individual, who was industriously whittling a small stick into a figure grotesque and terrible, "what did yuh do with thet white shirt o' mine thet yuh

borried thet time yuh went a'callin' on yer show girl?"

"Now thet I come to think on it," said Hardy, thoughtfully, "I usta own a green vest. I sure hope thet 'Little Eva' didn't take it along o' yer heart, Sucker?"

"I hed a pair o' nugget cuff links, too," mused someone sadly, "I wonder what became o' them, Sucker?"

"I hed a real nice Christy stiff at one time," said another, "but thet was afore little Eva came. Yuh didn't see it a'kickin' around anywhere, did yuh Sucker?"

"Wall now, Sucker," drawled the owner of the white shirt, "I reckon yuh must hev been a'thinkin' o' startin' up a 'gents' wearin' apparel shop," but I must say as I think it would a heap healthier ef yuh'd beat it an' fetch my shirt home."

The strength of Reddy's arm was well known throughout the camp, so Sucker stood not upon the order of his going but "beat it" without further delay.

Early the next day Miss Boyd began to gather in her subscriptions. It may have been the softness of her glances, or the charm of her smile, or the golden of her hair, or the bland, smiling Reddy who accompanied her may have borne influence, but, whatever the cause, she had but little difficulty in securing her object. To judge by the freedom with which they were given, one would have said that silver dollars were grown upon bushes, and it was only a few days until Miss Bessie had collected over four hundred dollars. Then she announced her intention of returning home, but she decided to delay and fatten the bank account when Reddy and Ben Hardy offered to paddle her a few miles up the lake to another camp.

So early one morning they started off. Reddy was resplendent in a spotless, white shirt, while "One-eyed Ben" felt uncomfortable and conscious in the glaring green vest that he had donned in honor of the event.

Up the many-colored, shimmering Lake Temiskaming they slowly paddled, Miss Bessie reveling in the primeval beauty of the rocky shore line, and Reddy characteristically amusing her with legends regarding certain historical scenes along the way.

As they neared "Brown's Island," Miss Bessie espied some rare and beautiful orchids flourishing upon the desolate spot and, with a cry of rapture, she entreated the boys to land until she gathered some.

But even the fairest and most perfect of roses will have thorns to mar their beauty; and alluring Lake Temiskaming had thorns in the form of snags, one of which rent Reddy's canoe from bow to stern.

Miss Bessie was a nervous little person and, when her terrified eyes saw the frail craft filling, she uttered a little scream, and Hardy's gruff voice accompanied her crescendo with a few emphatical cuss words. Reddy, however, made the best of an unfortunate affair, and quickly seized the timorous girl in his arms and waded ashore with her, leaving Hardy to rescue the water-sogged canoe.

"Oh, dear," gasped Miss Bessie, as she felt her feet strike solid ground, "what a narrow escape! Isn't it fortunate that we were so near shore?"

"Don't reckon we'd a' struck if we hadn't been," said Reddy, and he ruefully surveyed the dilapidated remains of his once beautiful canoe. "Snags mostly drift into shore."

Hardy joined them and declared that the canoe was ruined beyond repair, and that they would have to wait upon the island until they could signal a passing steamer. Fortunately, a boat was due to leave New Liskeard that day, and the boys assured Miss Bessie that it would only be a matter of a few hours until they would be well on their way home.

So Hardy stationed himself by the shore-line to await the steamer's arrival while Miss Bessie and Reddy strolled off to look for orchids. They soon became tired, and sat down to rest, just out of ear-shot of Ben, whose temper had not improved with the midday heat. Reddy gradually drew the conversation away from orchids and treacherous canoes, and other trivial objects, and centered it upon Miss Bessie and her ambitions.



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"My pump o' knowledge is sure run dry," he told her whimsically. "Let's you tell me somethin' fer a change. Tell me all about this here lawyer's degree thet yuh was a' talkin' about the other day."

"Well," smiled Miss Bessie, "there is not very much to tell. You go to college for four years, and study a lot of Greek and Latin, and digest a lot of old, musty law books. Then you graduate and get a diploma giving you the right to practise. After that it is easy. All you have to do is to put up a better argument than the opposing lawyer. It is a good paying business."

Even to Reddy, with his untutored mind and his limited experience, her description seemed a trifle vague. "Ye can sure sell books alright 'nough," he thought, "but I ain't so derned sure about this lawyer stunt." Aloud he said: "Bein' a woman, yuh otta be prutty good at the talkin' part. I ain't ever yet seen one that wasn't. There's 'Painted Sal' up at the Pink Tavern, an' she could talk the record off'n a phonygraph."

At this unfortunate remark Miss Bessie sat up very stiffly, and all her winsome cordiality vanished as though by magic.

"I hope that you make no comparison between Sal and me, Mr. Thurman," she said coldly.

Thurman, who seemed utterly unconscious of his mistake, laughed wholeheartedly.

"Lord, love yuh, no, Miss Bessie! I give it to yuh strait, I ain't ever seen no gal thet could compare with yuh sence I struck this hole of a camp!"

He leaned toward the girl, and the laughter died on his face, leaving a thoughtful, almost serious, light in his eyes.

"Ye've got some respect fer yerself, Miss Bessie, and up in this part o' the country they ain't very many thet hev that. We've got plenty o' 'Painted Sals' alright, but only one Miss Bessie."

Miss Bessie's color rose in a sudden wave. She was astonished at Reddy's earnestness, and this open praise left her at a loss for words.

"You must not judge Sal too harshly, Mr. Thurman," she said at last. "She is to be pitied rather than blamed. We do not know what misfortunes she has had to endure."

"O' course, she's to be pitied, but pity don't fetch along any stray respect. She ain't got no respect fer herself an' nobody else is a'goin' outa their way to hand her somethin' when she don't place no value on herself. D'yuh get me?"

She nodded, and he continued: "Now, on t'other hand, there's you. Why, Miss Bessie, there ain't a man in the camp as wouldn't give his right hand ef it was a'goin' to help you any."

"I know, I know, Mr. Thurman," said the girl, her eyes growing softer. "You have all been so good to me. I have won so many friends."

"Jest the samie, yer a'goin' away tu leave us all. Reckon yuh don't care much else yuh'd stay a little longer."

Womanlike, Miss Bessie pretended not to see beneath the surface of Reddy's remark. "It is really impossible, Mr. Thurman. I have my career to carve, and every hour is precious."

"I reckon ye'll fergit all about us pore suckers when yuh meet all them slick fellers at college."

"I will never forget you and all the boys here, Mr. Thurman. It is only through your kindness and generosity that I am able to go at all."

Miss Bessie skilfully changed the trend of the conversation, and chatted pretty nothings until Reddy began to believe that her smile of approval was the most bewilderingly beautiful and the most desirable thing in the world.

She was like a will-o-the-wisp, beckoning toward adventure and romance, promising and alluring, but fluttering always beyond his reach.

"Yes," she was saying, "I love St. Bernards best. They are such beautiful beasts; so big and ferocious looking."

"I guess that they're alright," agreed Reddy. "They ain't no good fer sleigh-dogs, though, an' them's the only—"

"Come on down here, yuh red-headed Eyetalian, yuh!" called an irritable voice from afar. "What d'yuh think yer at? Some pink-tea party. Come on down here an' help me yell at this boat!"

"He ain't got no manners at all," said Reddy, as he calmly prepared to join his comrade. "I don't know what I'm ever a'goin' to do with him."

Seeing the steamer rounding the curve, Reddy hurried to aid Hardy light the fire signal, and Miss Bessie followed in a more leisurely fashion.

"Wall," snorted Ben when he came panting up, "yuh sure air a nice pickle, ain't yuh? Ef yuh hed tended tu business this wouldn't a' happened. Why the hell didn't yuh watch where yuh was goin'?"

"Why the hell didn't yuh tell me I wasn't watchin'?" pleasantly rejoined Reddy. "Yuh see, the trouble with you, Ben, is thet yer a leetle too fond o' givin' advice arter the thing is done. Now, ef yuh'd sport some o' yer knowledge around a'forehand, yu'd sure save a heap o' trouble."

"Ef yuh'd do a leetle more to 'tract that boat an' quit sportin' yer philosophys around, yuh'd sure be doin' a heap more good!" snapped Ben.

A few days later, the camp was cast into gloom by Miss Bessie's departure, and all took a holiday in order to say good-bye. Thurman did not put in an appearance until the boat was just about to leave, and he brought with him a small, woolly St. Bernard pup that had been shipped from North Bay.

"How can I ever thank you?" cried Miss Bessie, when the little creature had been delivered into her care.

"Jest don't fergit about me, Miss Bessie," replied Reddy.

"I will never forget you," said the girl softly.

"I'm sure mighty glad tu hear you say that. Here's a note I've wrote, an' I don't want yuh to read it 'til yer away

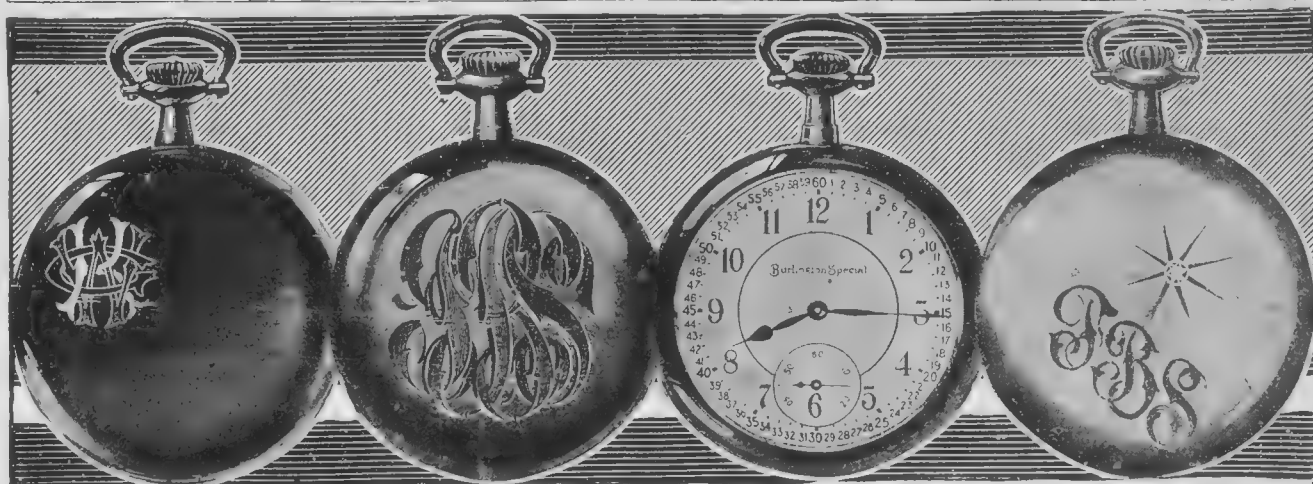
outa sight o' '66", Miss Bessie. An' when yer away an' a lawyer, jest you allers mind what I told yuh, thet time the canoe went bust, 'bout 'Painted Sal' an' her kind, an' what folks think about them; an' then what they think about you, won't yuh, Miss Bessie? Thet's right! There goes the whistle, so good-bye, Miss Bessie! Good-bye!"

Miss Bessie watched Reddy until she could no longer distinguish his figure, and then she looked at the soiled paper he had handed her and slowly opened it.

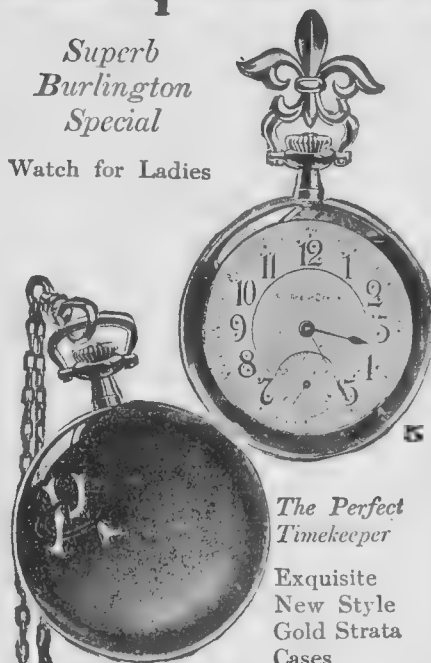
This is what she read:

"sence you hav com to the camp i hav seen things a hole lot difrint som day i am goin awa from here an to school so ples dont get marryd Red"

Two tears rolled unheeded down Miss Bessie's cheeks and splattered gently upon the cold, inquisitive nose of a



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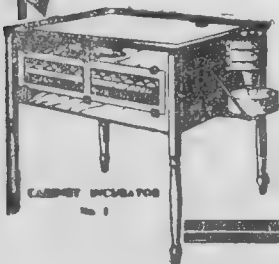
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fuzzy, little object that wriggled uneasily in her tight embrace.

Six years later a tall, sandy-complexioned and well-dressed man walked slowly down the thronging streets of Canada's metropolis. He looked very thoughtful as he turned into a druggist's establishment and inquired for the city directory. He carefully studied the long line of B's, but his first search apparently did not prove successful, for he looked again. At last he closed the book with a sigh, and continued down the street, taking the long, swinging strides of the man that has been accustomed to a life in the open.

"Well, little girl," he mused "you are certainly not in business, for I have looked up every Boyd lawyer in the city."

At that moment his wandering attention was attracted by a large crowd that had gathered in the centre of the street. Investigation ascertained that the excitement was caused by a fight between a large, ferocious-looking Great Dane and an equally large St. Bernard. Several men at length succeeded in separating the magnificent creatures, and the sandy-complexioned stranger called the St. Bernard to him to examine the wounds it had received in the battle.

"Mighty fine beast, this," he remarked to a man standing beside him. "Wonder who owns him?" He felt for the collar to read the owner's address, and, as he did so, a strange excitement burned in his eyes. "Say," he turned to the man, "where is 8429 Frazer Avenue?"

Receiving the necessary instructions, he started off at a rapid pace, with the dog at his heels, and shortly he turned into a rather quiet and sedate-looking little house and rang the bell. He gave his name to the Irish maid that answered and he was ushered into a neat, little sitting-room that had a printed sign hanging on the door reading "For Boarders Only."

In a few minutes the door re-opened to admit a slender, pale-haired girl, and the visitor rose to meet her with hand outstretched: Miss Bessie!

Miss Boyd, looking closely at the sturdy, well-knit figure before her, felt a tiny flush creep up into her pale cheeks. "Mr. Thurman!" she cried, and for some unaccountable reason, that slight flush spread and deepened into a blush.

To a fortunate few the passing of years brings prosperity and contentment; but to others less favored Fate decrees that disaster and calamity shall be their allotment throughout the stony pathway of Life. And while Thurman's changed appearance denoted that his portion had been advantageous, he felt that Miss Bessie had not fared so well.

The worn, thread-bare spots on her navy suit, her pale cheeks, the little lines of worry and the few silver strands in her hair did not tell Thurman that her existence had been a care-free one. His heart ached with an unspoken sympathy when he thought of the struggle she had had, and yet he found himself rejoicing to know that in spite of all the trouble, and perhaps temptations, the suit had remained thread-bare, for it seemed to indicate that she had heeded the little warning he whispered to her, six years back, upon Maloney's Wharf at "66."

As she appeared reluctant to talk about herself, he skillfully centred the conversation around his own adventures. He told her of the strike he made two years after she had left the camp, and of the rich rewards he was reaping. He gave her amusing incidents of his travels since then, and told her of the boys she remembered at "66;" some of them were "er-do-wells," and others who had "made good," and he felt repaid when she began to dimple and smile and become more like the vivacious little girl he so well remembered.

At length her reluctance began to leave her and she told him the story of her life since then.

"I finished my college course," she related, "and graduated with honors, but then I found that I had no capital to go into business with, so I borrowed what I needed from a money lender. Perhaps you know what that means, Mr. Thurman? You are always owing more on account of the interest that is accumulating. It might have been all right if I had been successful in business, but I

wasn't. My cases were few and far between, and even those were petty ones. No one seems to have confidence in a woman's ability in business. I was almost in despair when Opportunity came, and I was engaged to defend a big case. It was my only chance and I knew it, and in consequence, I was nervous and excited when the time came for my brief. So that was the end of my great career."

"Yes?" suggested Thurman, as she hesitated.

"Then I secured a position as stenographer in a lawyer's office. I handled all his business for him, Mr. Thurman, and, in returned, received sixteen dollars a week. That was all right until his niece from Ottawa came down and thought that she too would like a position in a lawyer's office, so I was dismissed. That was three months ago, and I have been looking for a position ever since. And, oh dear!" Miss Bessie buried her face in her hands, and her voice broke pitifully, "those money-lenders won't wait any longer for their money, and I don't know what I am ever going to do!"

But Thurman knew, and when he took his bride, a few weeks later, to visit "66," the home of the sweet-scented pines, the land of the silver nuggets, it occurred to him that never had Dame Fortune favored anyone quite so much as she had the miner at "66."

Efficiency and Economy—the Battle Cry of Modern Farming

The signs of the times are apparent. Everywhere conservation of resources is being heralded as a necessary factor in the economical management of affairs.

This doctrine is especially applicable to farm management and is being so universally recognized among agricultural interests that the most decided steps have been taken of recent years to put this principle into practical working order.

The result is seen in the reclamation of the arid wastes by irrigation; in the invention of powerful labor-saving farm machinery and implements; in the building of the highest type of roadways, and the employment of power-trucks for marketing the products.

But conservation is not confined to large agricultural interests alone. The small farmer has come to recognize that to gain efficiency in the conduct of his farm he must follow this same principle of husbanding his resources, not by mere stinting, but by provident care of all his possessions.

He, too, uses the latest scientific farm and garden tools, and sooner or later is sure to find a remarkably effective agent of conservation in the use of natural asphalt.

He begins by using it in the form of ready roofing to cover not only his house but every other building on the farm also. He sees in natural asphalt roofing the unmistakable economy from first to last, as it does away with constant repairing and gives lasting protection.

Then he looks to his foundation walls that need waterproofing, and uses natural asphalt there. He learns, also, of the value of natural asphalt as a wood-preserver and uses it in his fence posts, under-pinning, troughs, and bridgings. He finds out that it staves off the corroding of iron and uses it on his fenceings and metal work. He goes on from one discovery to another and finds innumerable uses for this inexpensive and everlasting waterproofer of nature, which lengthens the life of so much of his property that he sees in the economy of maintenance visions of decreased expenses and increased profits.

Thus he knows he is keeping abreast of the times and employing his time and labor in the way that tells most.

The Great West

The rapidly expanding business of The Great-West Life Assurance Company in the Home City of Winnipeg necessitates the establishment of a new Branch Office in the Boyd Building, Portage Avenue. The new city office is under the charge of Mr. J. W. MacDougall.

Western Canadian Wild Flowers

Illustrated with Original Photos. By Sel. J. Wigley, Edgerton, Alberta.

THE new-comer to the West even though he come from lands rich with flowers cannot fail to notice and appreciate the floral wealth of our Western plains.



Yellow Lady's Slipper

There is at present no published work on the flowers of Alberta and a botanist will find opportunities for discovery on every hand.



Canada Anemone

From such times as the "crocus" anemone bursts from the ground to bid the lingering snow-drifts farewell, right on till the hardy Michaelmas daisy welcomes the frosts of November, the whole country is ablaze with color.

Not isolated specimens, but acres of beautiful tiger lilies paint the ground

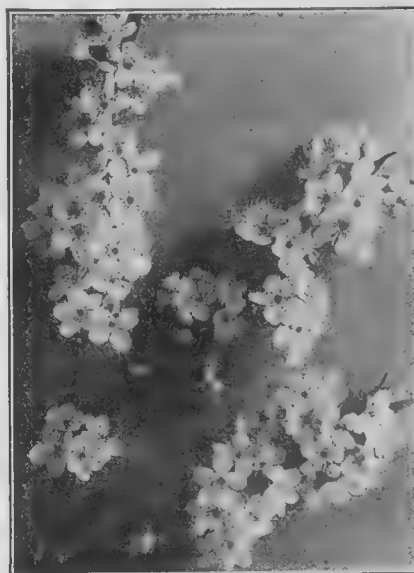


Crocus Anemone



Saskatoon Blossom

a blood red. Bank after bank of the universal favorite—the wild rose—scents the air far and wide. Masses of wild cherry and Saskatoon bushes, when in



Wild Cherry Blossom

blossom. fill the bluffs and rival the snow-drifts in their whiteness. Beautiful orchids in all the swamps and moist woods. Sunflowers and marigolds in their season cover the land with a cloth of gold, and in every sheltered bluff, the



Gaillardia

beautiful winter-greens give out their fragrance. Everything on a most lavish scale, and everything in haste to bloom and bring forth fruit to perfection. For the summer is short, though the hot summer days are long and the frosts of October make it imperative there shall be no dallying or delay.



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Made in Canada

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The physical and mental recreation—concentration, self-control, excitement, fun—combine to make *billiards* the one best tonic for tired bodies and brains.

A home billiard room, with a superb BRUNSWICK Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Table will solve the problem of ~~ing~~ the boys at home. It provides finest entertainment for all the family and its intimate circle of friends.

BRUNSWICK Billiard Tables

Brunswick Billiard Tables are made in Canada and used exclusively by the world's cue experts.

Every "Brunswick," from the inexpensive styles in special home sizes to the superb Regulation Tables, is the absolute best in its class.

Celebrated Monarch Quick-Acting Cushions, Slate Beds with perfect playing surfaces. Scientifically constructed, accurate angles, finest playing qualities. Each a masterpiece in design.

We operate an immense factory in Toronto and distribute through numerous Canadian branches. These great facilities enable us to sell billiard tables of highest quality at very moderate prices.

For three generations, our Regulation Tables have been the standard of the world.

The Brunswick "Baby Grand" is made of Mahogany, attractively inlaid. Concealed Cue Rack and Accessory Drawer holds entire playing outfit. Slate Bed, Monarch Cushions, accurate angles, perfect playing qualities. Furnished as a Carom, Pocket-Billiard or Combination Carom and Pocket-Billiard Table. Sizes, 3x6; 3½x7; 4x8.

Our "Convertible" Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Tables (used also as library tables, dining tables or davenport) can be used in any room.

Equal in playing qualities to the "Baby Grand" styles.

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Complete high-grade Playing Outfit goes with table, including Cues, Balls, Bridge, Rack, Markers, Chalk, Cover, Billiard Brush, Book "How to Play," etc., etc.

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"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

This beautiful book shows the tables in actual colors, with accurate descriptions, details of easy terms, etc. See Brunswick Billiard Tables on display at any of the branch offices named below.

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(195)



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SOUPS

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The New Leaf

A New Year Retrospection
By Bess

I WONDER how many of us, looking backward, are perfectly satisfied with ourselves and our behaviour in the year that has gone into that shadowy and dim past? How many of us are complacent that we have done the things that should be done and left undone the things we ought not to have done? Are there none of us that have an uneasy feeling "way back of our minds" regarding some of our actions and transactions? Actions that we have to excuse to our better selves, now that the New Year glamour with all its pervading lore is upon us—trying to shut our eyes to the saying that "he who excuseth himself, accuseth himself."

Our Highest Ideals

With the new leaf of a fresh year spread out before us, we again feel the witchery of its newness. We think again: "I tried last year to live as He would like me, and I failed, but I will try again." This is as it should be. We may not be able to keep all our resolutions, for no one is perfect, but the making of them and the striving to live up to them, will help to make us better men and women. If we failed in some things, we know that we will be judged by the merciful. "It was well, that was in thy heart." So resolutions count, don't they, if honestly made? We cannot do all the things to which our mind is sympathetic, we say. Never mind. Whatever good we do, every pure thought that we put into the world, every kind act, every generous gift, every bit of sweet influence will live and multiply long after our sun goes down.

Our Duty to Ourselves

May have the first place, for it may be the basis on which all the Resolutions turn. Have we considered it a duty to be happy, for it is so? Nothing is so contagious as joy or so far-reaching in its influence. Very few of us have things just as we would like them if we had the ordering of them. But let us make up our minds if we can't have them that we can't, and try to like and be happy with what we have. A happy woman has a good influence in the home. She has no room for envy and malice. She is so happy and content that she makes her household so likewise. She is content with her lot, so does not worry or fret for what her neighbor has. The happy woman is a busy woman with that joy in her work that makes work a pleasure. She feels it no hardship to work, rather is happy that she can do it, and she does it in the very best way she can. This is the joy of labor that sweetens life. The cheery bright hard-working lot be ours, let others have the despondency, the laziness that leads to all kinds of trouble! Let us do our homely tasks with a will, touching them with the hand of love and so they shall be beautified! Thank God for your work, and above all for your joy in your work! If you have not already this happiness and joy in labour, make up your mind to have them right away and see what a difference it makes to you and yours. Next to happiness might come contentment. We may be poor, but if we are content that is more than those with riches often are. It is said that the cure for sickness is to behave as if you were not sick, and so with poverty. A great many of the things that riches buy can be got along very well without if we are content—they are "extras." Riches bring with them many cares and responsibilities, heavy burnings it may be, and envy of the friend who has gone a step higher. Bracketted with happiness and contentment might come our duty to our neighbor. Here our Lord's commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," points out our path with no uncertain finger. Give to your neighbor of that charity that is not alms, that charity "that thinketh no evil." St. Paul distinguishes clearly between almsgiving and charity, "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing," he says,

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind," we are told elsewhere, not harshly critical and unduly severe. As we get older, as a rule we get richer in this charity. The young

are often quick to condemn and so slow to understand. In the days to come—mayhap, through their own faults and failings, a better understanding and sympathy will come with the faults they are now so quick to condemn. So

"Gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human"—(Burns).

Let us give the "other fellow" his dues! He may have faults, but so have we, and perhaps he too is striving to live them down. So let us try to make our new page of life a bright one. Let us set forth clearly our duty to ourselves and our duty to our neighbours, and these with our love to our Creator should govern our lives

Our Aims

Let us try to live up to Tennyson's lines:
"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than crowns,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long—

And so make Life, and that great Forever
One grand sweet song."

To desire to be of some service in our little world, to aim at doing something that will increase the happiness of those around us—surely these are worth the effort? Let our aims be whole-hearted, do the work that is needed, and do it thoroughly well, and, above all, make our example count for something on the side of honesty, cheerfulness and courage. Count our wayside blessings and see if we have not cause for happiness and thankfulness, for

"Thy brooding care, sweet gifts bestowed on me,
Love, home, and friends;
Ah! well may I, dear Lord, give thanks to Thee,
Until life ends."

"I thank Thee for the harvest, Lord,
That you have given me,
For sheaves of dear ones, tied about
With love and constancy,
And peace of home that fills my doors
With blessings manifold;
(For duty to poor hungry souls
Who stand out in the cold)
I thank you for the harvest, Lord,
So far beyond faith's ken,
May I have grace to plant hope's cheer
In other lives. Amen!"

The Sailor's Christmas

Blow, wind, blow,
Sing through yard and shroud;
Pipe it shrilly and loud,
Aloft as well as below:
Sing in my sailor's ear
The song I sing to you,
"Come home, my sailor true,
For Christmas that comes so near.

Go, wind, go,
Hurry his home-bound sail,
Through gusts that are edged with hail,
Through winter, and sleet, and snow;
Song, in my sailor's ear,
Your shrilling and moans shall be,
For he knows they sing him to me
And Christmas that comes so near.

A clergyman, recently engaged with another of a different belief in a controversy regarding some question of religion, sent to a newspaper office a long article supporting his side of the question.

The manuscript had been "set up" in type for the next day's issue.

Just before going to press, the telephone bell rang furiously, the minister at the other end asking for the editor.

"I am sorry to trouble you at such a late hour," he said, "but I am in great trouble."

"What can I do for you?" was asked.
"In the article I sent you I put Daniel in the fiery furnace. Please take him out and put him in the lion's den."

Skyboy

Written for the Western Home Monthly by May Heward

"Oh!" sighed Teddy, "I wish I had something to do, or someone to play with." He strolled about the garden with his hands behind him as he had seen his father do, and wished with all his might.

The garden was a large one; at one side were the big gates which led down the avenue out to the road, and Teddy-boy was all alone in it, with nearly an hour in which to amuse himself before bedtime.

"I wish I might go down to the road, at least there would be some people to watch. Oh! I wish I had someone to play with!"

"Why don't you say you wish you had some work to do?" said a voice from the other side of the gate, "that's what boys of your age want, work!"

There were trees beyond the gate and as he stared in perplexity he saw a light shining against them. Presently two small hands appeared on the top of the gate and their owner pulled himself up, so that the little boy could see part of a big, big, round yellow face looking over at him.

The face could only get its eyes over the top, and it hung there staring for a few moments, then it suddenly disappeared and he heard it speaking as if it had a plum in its mouth.

"I thought this was the right place, but how are we to get in? I say, little boy, can't you open the gate?"

"Are you friend or enemy?" asked Teddy, feeling very brave.

The face appeared to consider.

"Friend, I think," it said at last. "But look here! Do open the gate, I have only a few minutes to spare."

"I don't know if I ought to," replied Teddy, "Uncle won't let me generally."

"Uncle!" said the Face, "I thought your father was here?"

"No, farver's gone to India," he answered, with just a tiny quiver in his voice, for father had only gone away that morning and he hadn't quite got over it yet.

"Dear! dear! I didn't know that. Well, I don't think your uncle would mind your letting me in for a few minutes, in fact, I know he wouldn't, so be quick, there's a good boy."

So Teddy got a stick and pushed up the big iron latch, then he pulled with all his might and soon the gate swung open and there, outside, stood the moon, a great round yellow thing like the face of a drum, with eyes and nose and mouth and a pair of funny little legs and arms. Teddy stared with all his eyes.

"How did you come down, Mr. Moon?" he asked at length.

The moon laughed, stretching his great mouth from ear to ear.

"The same way that the Man did," he cried. "But there, I've brought you a playmate; he's been causing a great deal of trouble up aloft and got himself into a nice pickle. There, get along with you, I must be off."

He opened his mouth wide and out jumped a little boy, who ran straight into the garden and shut the gate.

"There," he said, "now we're alone," and he looked at Teddy and Teddy looked at him.

He was rather a funny little boy, with a round face and very blue eyes that kept on twinkling. On his head he wore a cap shaped like a star, its joints sticking out all round: he was dressed in shiny stuff with points to it, and even his shoes finished off with a point.

The two looked at each other very quietly for a moment, then the newcomer said:

"You will help me, won't you?" and his eyes twinkled very fast, almost as if he were trying to stop himself from crying.

"Why, of course I will, if I can; come over here to the seat and tell me."

When they were settled on the seat the visitor began:

"Well, you know I'm the Skyboy, and I live in the sky. When it's fine I'm happy, when it's wet I'm in disgrace, and when it's dull I'm cross. I've been in disgrace a dreadful lot lately," he added with a sigh, "because I opened the wrong door and let the Blights out."

"However did you do that?" asked Teddy.

"Well, you see, I have to let out the different things that are going to happen. Like the Thunder, for instance. He lives in one cavern and the Wind in another and the Clouds in another, and I didn't listen and didn't attend to my orders and let the Blights out by mistake, and if they're not sent back they'll be all over everything and spoil it, and the Earth people won't like it."

"But what can I do?" asked Teddy, puzzled.

"Well, two heads are better than one, I thought p'raps you'd just help me to do it, for everyone else is so angry they won't," and the Skyboy's eyes twinkled very fast. "But they said I might ask you, so I caught the Moon before he went up and got him to bring me and here I am. You will help me, won't you?"

"Of course I will if I can," answered the little boy, "but I'm awfully small for my age, you know; I can't do much."

"Oh! that will be all right, you'll be just the very thing; but I suppose they are coming to fetch you to bed or something, so I'll just step into these bushes and we must wait till the moon's up, then I'll come for you. Goodbye for the present, I'm most dreadfully obliged for your help."

And he hopped into the clump of bushes just as nurse came across the lawn.

"Come along, Master Ted, it's bedtime," she told him (no one called him Teddy now father was away), and he trotted off obediently, full of expectation.

He was soon tucked up in his little white bed, but he did not go to sleep, he was far too excited. Instead, he lay with his eyes on the fast-darkening sky and waited for the moon to rise.

Presently up it came, a great, round ball. One after another its beams shone into the little room and soon there was a long, light pathway leading up, up into the sky.

A few moments later Skyboy, all bright and glittering, sprang in at the window.

"Are you awake?" he cried. "That's grand. Be quick and dress while I hold the ladder."

Teddy lost no time, you may be sure, in doing as he was told, then Skyboy took his hand and they went speeding up the moonbeam.

"Now, the first thing we must do," said Skyboy, "is to get the Cloud Horses and the Shooting Stars."

"How are we to do that?"

"I expect the Shooting Stars will be playing some of their silly games, so we'd better get the Horses first. Then they'll come because they'll want to ride them."

"All right, where do they live?" said Teddy.

"I'll show you, come along." Up, up they went; until they had passed the moon's round face and floated together in the dark blue of the sky. Skyboy himself shone brightly and lighted the

way, so they went on until they came to a large dark cavern. Inside Teddy could hear a noise like horses stamping in their stables, and just at the entrance sat an old, old man with a long white beard.

"I say," whispered Skyboy, "don't let him see us, we shall have to go round the back and steal the horses."

Round they raced to the back of the great stables; Teddy was beginning to enjoy this.

"We'd better make them all run out," he suggested, "then the man won't be able to stop them."

"Bravo! you're a general," returned Skyboy, and Teddy went down on his knees and began scraping away the soft wall. He soon had an opening large enough for his body, and, wriggling through, he stood among the great Cloud Horses.

Such big ones they were! Some dark, some white, some grey, but all with long, long manes and tails. Teddy went from one to another undoing their starry halters.

"Now, Skyboy," he cried, "are you ready? One, two, three, who-o-ou-a!" and he gave a tremendous Red Indian war-whoop. Then what a stamping and neighing there was! He had only time to spring on the back of the nearest horse, and, although he had never ridden before it seemed quite easy, when off they went, tearing out of the cavern and away over the sky.

"Skyboy, Skyboy!" shouted Teddy, clinging on with might and main, "which way, which way?"

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"Straight on, I'm coming," said a voice close to him, and there was Skyboy on a big black horse.

"That was splendid!" he said. The little boy laughed for pure joy, and they galloped on until they came to a great, dark wall.

"Here we are," said Skyboy. "Stop my horses," cried Teddy, wild with excitement, and to his surprise they all stopped at once.

Skyboy slipped down, and, opening a door in the wall, went in.

In a few minutes he came back. "I wish you'd see if you can get them; they are playing some of their games and they won't come."

Down jumped Teddy, feeling very important, and went in through the door. What a strange sight was there!

All along a dark wall wriggled and twisted the Shooting Stars, now dwindling to little points and now darting from the wall brilliant flashes of light. After every flash the rest laughed as if they would never stop, so Teddy went up to the wall and looked over.

Down below he saw the sea, and on the sea a ship, tossing up and down upon the waves. Every star that shot from the wall struck her and made her rock terribly, so that she was in great danger of sinking, and at that the stars all laughed madly.

But Teddy's face grew red when he saw it and he struck out at the nearest star with clenched fist.

"You dare!" he cried, in a voice choked with tears, "that's daddy's ship, you dare touch her! I'll fight you all, I will, one after another!"

The stars all stopped laughing and stared at him, then they made a rush and for a moment the little boy felt frightened, but they did not hurt him. Instead they all joined hands, singing:

"Who taught you how to fight,
Teddy-boy?
With the Shooting Stars so bright,
Teddy-boy?
Not one of us but might
With the radiance of his light
And his power squash you quite,
Teddy-boy

"But you are a soldier's son,
Teddy-boy
You can handle sword and gun,
Teddy-boy.
Therefore lead us every one,
Lead us till the night is done,
And the victory is won,
Teddy-boy."

"But you musn't shoot the ships," he persisted, only half satisfied.

"We never will again, as it gives your Highness pain," replied the stars all together.

Teddy laughed at that.

"I'm not a highness or anything, only Teddy," he said, "but I'm glad you won't," and he turned towards the door, just as Skyboy popped his head in.

"Are you never coming?" he asked.

"Yes, we're coming now," Teddy answered. "Now men, quick march!" He spoke as he had heard his father do when they drilled the soldiers in India.

When they got outside it did not take a minute for the Shooting Stars to mount the Cloud Horses and then, when Teddy gave the order, off they went like the wind. He never forgot that ride. He often wondered after if his father had ever led a company of Shooting Stars, and if he had felt half as proud as his little son did. How they rushed through the air! manes and tails flying! Past the great Bear, who growled at them, but could not touch them they went so fast; past the Little Bear, who squeaked in terror and got out of the way.

They nearly ran over the Man in the Moon on his way to Norwich, and splashed through the Milky Way until the stars flew in all directions. In fact, they never stopped until they came to the seven great doors that held Thunder, Lightning, Rain, Hail, Snow, Drought and Blight and stop them coming down to Earth just when they wish, and the door leading to Blightland stood open and outside were arranged armies upon armies of its people with great eyes, green bodies and long spears.

"Charge!" exclaimed Teddy, and in among the enemy they dashed.

The Blights were not ready; they had not expected to be attacked so soon, and the captains rushed about from one place to another in the wildest confusion. For all that they fought well when they got together, and the Shooting Stars were very busy.

"Some of you get behind the door and push!" cried Teddy, dancing about with a wooden sword in his hand. A dozen or so sprang to do his bidding, and presently the great door began to close. Manfully the Blights pushed and fought, but they were driven back and back till at last it shut upon them.

"Where's the key, Skyboy? Quick!" cried Teddy.

"Here it is," Skyboy handed it to his leader, who put it into the lock. Click! clack!

Teddy rubbed his eyes. He was in his own bed in his own room, and the sun was shining brightly through the window.

He sat up, his eyes full of tears.

"An' it was all a dream," he said.

"I thought it was real."

"Make haste and dress," said nurse, "it's nearly breakfast-time."

So he dressed and went downstairs. As he went into the dining-room he heard his uncle say:

"Well, I certainly thought that big cloud meant blight, but it seems to have passed over; there were a lot of shooting stars last night. By the way, Ted, if you behave yourself you may come up to the observatory and take a look at them this evening."

"I'll be awfully good, uncle," promised the little boy, but what a long day that was!

At last evening came and Teddy followed his uncle upstairs into the great room, full of strange instruments.

"Now, come here, stand like this and look through. There now, what do you see?"

Teddy looked up the long tube and gasped, for, instead of the dark sky and a few bright stars, he saw Skyboy himself looking down upon him and positively winking.

"It wasn't a dream, you wait till tonight," he said.

Many and many a ride did Teddy have on the Cloud Horses, many a ramble along the Milky Way and many a romp with the Shooting Stars, and he was never lonely or miserable with such companions.

Even after he grew up and had an observatory and telescope of his own, he would often spend an hour or two wandering about the heavens with Skyboy, and his brother astronomers often wondered how he knew so much about the stars. And the answer was like that to the riddle, "How does the sailor know there is a man in the moon? Because he's been to see."

Don't Touch that Glass

Don't touch that glass of wine, my lad,
Though sparkling, clear and red;
'Twill steal your dawning manhood, lad,
And give you rags instead.

Your future now seems bright ahead,
As on through life you pass;
But, oh! beware the wine cup's snare;
My boy, don't touch the glass.

Don't let the red wine tempt you, lad,
Against your better reason;
Be warned by all its victims, lad,
And shun the glass in season.

Its ruddy gleams are serpent's eyes,
To charm the weak, alas!
But, oh, be wise, be firm, be brave,
My boy, don't touch that glass!

The men of wealth and high pursuits,
Are quick to see, my boy;
And honest, steady, temperate youths
They seek for their employ.

So let your aim be true and high,
Above the giddy mass;
And, oh! beware the first false step,
My boy, don't touch that glass!

Let others scoff you if they will,
My lad, heed well this truth:
'Twill be the thoughtless, reckless ones
And not the men of worth.

Ah! do you turn with high resolve,
And from temptations pass?
Give me your hand, my honest lad,
Thus ever shun the glass!
—Fred Clifton in the Amethyst.

Repeal Results

The town of Acton is the only place in which, for many years, a Local Option by-law has been repealed, and the results are startling. One month after the change was made, the Free Press stated there had been as many convictions for the offence of being "drunk and disorderly" during that short term than during the whole of the three years of Local Option regime, and summed up some of the other present conditions in the following terms:

1. Drunken men have been seen on the streets every day since the bar-room was opened—not excepting Sundays.
2. Drunken men are seen staggering out of the hotel, irrespective of the Licence Laws' provisions against supplying men under the influence of liquor with more.
3. Liquor is being delivered by the dray load and almost daily.
4. There has been no cessation of deliveries of cases and kegs of liquor to private individuals.
5. Magistrates and Inspectors are in receipt of letters from wives and other relatives to this effect:—"Please have my husband placed on the 'Indian List' at once. He is drunk every day now."

No Outgoing Footsteps

Here's an old fable that contains real up-to-date lessons, especially for our young readers. We pass it on. A crafty old lion was waiting at the entrance to his den for a new victim.

Presently a fox came by.

"Come in," said the lion.

"No, thanks."

"Oh, come in."

"I prefer not."

"You're not afraid, surely. You're not a coward!"

"The fact is, I don't like the look of that heap of bones."

"Oh, never mind them. Why, lots of foxes have been in here. You're not more cowardly than other foxes, I hope? Look at their footprints."

"Yes," replied the fox, "I see the footprints, all right, but one thing I notice is that all the foot prints go one way—they all go in. None come out again. If you can show me some footprints made by foxes coming out again, I'll go in, but not unless you show that."

The man who starts on the road to ruin by entering the public house for "just one drink more," leaves no footprints on the upward path.—Father Mathew Record.

The Animal with the Straight Back

There is no milk in the back or rump. The pedantic breeders, those who are more interested in beauty than in production, are very apt to lay great emphasis upon the straight back and the straight rump. We like to see a straight back and a straight rump, and believe in it, but not to the sacrifice of the dairy qualities of the animal. If a person will study cattle it will be found that animals with sway backs are very often among our best cows. This is undoubtedly due to the large middle piece constantly pulling upon the backbone and causing it to sway. One of our leading cows, so far as record is concerned, has a back that is considerably swayed, and the owner invariably takes her picture when she is busily eating grass. This has a tendency to make her back appear more nearly straight.

In all our experiences we have never known of a cow being so sway backed that she became useless or her production in any way impaired. In view of this, why make such an important point of the back? Furthermore the sloping rump has never injured the development of the milking qualities of an animal; therefore, why condemn the sloping rump as harshly as it is condemned? Permit us to repeat, we believe a breeder should strive to breed animals whose backs and rumps are straight, but not to become too much exercised over these points which in a way have nothing to do with the productivity of a cow—"Hoard's Dairyman."

Horsemanship Taught by Mail

When Prof. Jesse Beery, known throughout the nation as King of Horsemen, began teaching horse training and colt breaking by mail, a great many people shook their heads and said: "It can't be done."

But all his life Prof. Beery has been doing, in the arena, before vast audiences, things that had never before been done. The most vicious, man-killing, stallion had no terrors for him.

So, despite prophecies of failure, he started The Beery School of Horsemanship and began teaching people by correspondence to do the very things which he did while giving horsemanship exhibitions in all parts of the United States.

Today, his school is one of the great institutions of Ohio, and his students are numbered by the tens of thousands.

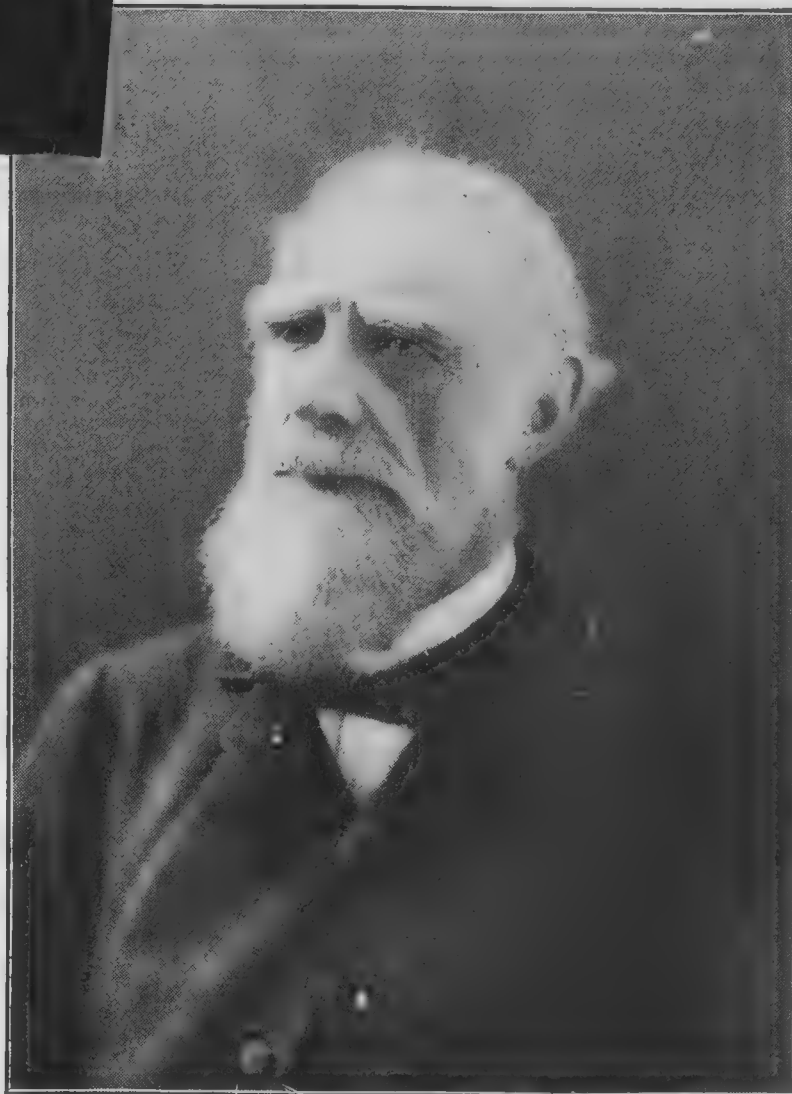
Best of all, his graduates are meeting with remarkable success by applying Prof. Beery's humane methods of horse training and colt-breaking.

He has received hundreds of letters from his students telling of the money they are making as horse trainers and in buying cast-off kickers and balkers cheap, training them and re-selling at top prices.

E. T. Eash, of Stanford, Ill., writes—"I have three colts on hand and 13 waiting their turn. I take from one to four colts in to work the farm and get \$20 per head. I have taken in \$500 since I have taken your course, besides tending a 240-acre farm."

Lord Strathcona's Annual New Year's Message

The Western Home Monthly Readers



The Right Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal

THE Editor has again asked me to send a New Year's Greeting to *The Western Home Monthly* and I have much pleasure in acceding to his request. At the same time messages at this season of the year must always have a strong family likeness, and I do not know that very much can be added to what I stated in 1912. At any rate, however, Western Canada is to be heartily congratulated on the bountiful harvest with which it has been favored, and on the prosperity which has followed in its train. It is gratifying to know that the crops exceed those of all previous years, and that Canada is year by year justifying the prediction of the eighties, when the Canadian Pacific Railway was in course of construction, that her fields and prairies would before long make the Dominion the Granary of the World.

Year by year the area under cultivation increases, considerable additions are made to the number of homestead entries, and sales are reported of large acreages of land in favorable positions. Immigration returns show regular expansion, railway construction is proceeding rapidly, and places that a few years ago were villages or small towns are now large cities. The manufacturing industry is also extending, and there seems to be employment in one form and another for all the desirable people who make their way to the Land of Promise.

This is the bright side of the picture. There is always another side, the possibility of which must be borne in mind. There may be bad seasons before us, and times of depression, and we know very well that for a little while there has been financial stringency in almost every part of the country—indeed of the World. But this financial stringency does not arise because Canada is doing badly, but because of her prosperity. Prosperity creates a demand for money, and the comparative scarcity has arisen from the fact that so many countries in the world have been prospering and going ahead, and needing capital both for development purposes and for industrial expansion of all kinds.

In my judgment Canada is being built up on a sure foundation by a loyal and patriotic population. Her trade and commerce are likely to increase by rapid strides. The time is coming when the Railways will be more than fully occupied in moving the products of the Dominion from one part to another, and to ports on the Atlantic and the Pacific. And it does not require much prescience to look forward to the time when both these great oceans will be utilized to a far greater extent than today in conveying the products of the land, the forests, the mines, the fisheries, and the factories to markets all over the World.

If I remember aright the motto of Canada and all Canadians should be "Steadfastly." We must endeavor to advance too quickly, or to undertake more than we can bear in mind that in order to do proper justice we must of necessity rely upon the help and assistance of others. We must maintain the confidence of those upon whom they have attained, and

Strathcona

THE PHILOSOPHER

THE PASSING OF THE YEARS

Our lives are measured by years, but we are under no necessity to be as old as our years. In a very real sense you can be as young as you please, or as old. "A man is as old as his arteries," say the doctors; and we can keep our arteries young by temperance, an even mind and freedom from worry and other bad habits. But also we are as young—or as old—as our minds. We can keep our minds young by exercising them, by using them, by mingling with our fellow human beings and by keeping up our interests. Nothing is as potent in keeping the mind young as enthusiasm in some cause that makes for the betterment of the conditions of life. If any who had in mind the preservation of the outward beauty of youth are disappointed in such advice, it is to be regretted. But even something of the preservation of a youthful appearance is to be attained by living up to these wise, though by no means new, directions. And, at any rate, every age has its beauty. Where there is a young heart there is a comeliness that shines through the wrinkles and gray hairs of age, as fine as anything that youth exhibits—sometimes, indeed, to the seeing eye, finer.

CALENDARS AND ALMANACS, NEW AND OLD

A calendar for 1914, which is before the Philosopher as he writes, inspires reflections upon that ancient and important branch of literature. Time was when calendars formed the main part of the scanty stock of reading matter in the average house. This was true for generations, until the modern outpouring of cheap books, as well as of newspapers and magazines, began. In the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were famous calendar-makers, whose annual productions were held in the highest regard. We have still with us the patent medicine almanacs, with their signs of the zodiac, tables of eclipses, farm advice for each month of the year, humorous paragraphs and anecdotes, startling descriptions of symptoms of various diseases and testimonials from users of the remedies advertised. But the most general form of almanac nowadays is one to hang on the wall—a decorative, ornamental affair, often a thing of beauty, and a thing of usefulness, vastly different from the old-fashioned pamphlet, usually yellow-backed, which holds a notable place in the childhood recollections of most people, especially if their childhood home was a farm house.

RADICAL METHODS OF HELPING FARMERS

Up here in this upper part of the Western half of the great ball on which we go circling round the sun we do not fully realize, perhaps, all that is going on down in the lower part of the hemisphere. The South American republics of Uruguay and Paraguay have been developing some experiences that might well be studied by this country. Each is an agricultural country, and each has been busily devising methods to attract immigration and promote development. Each, regarding agriculture as the industry as the foundation on which all other industries must rest, has gone in for plans for helping the farmer which are radical, and that have produced excellent results. The Government of Uruguay, seeing the exorbitant rates of interest farmers in that country had to pay for the money they needed, organized a big national bank. Money is secured through this bank from the financial centres of Europe, and lent to the farmers at rates that are rather less than half the rates that previously prevailed. In Paraguay the Banco Agrícola, or agricultural bank of the nation, has \$14,000,000 capital, and the larger part of this is lent to farmers on a plan by which it is paid back in annual instalments extending over a period of fifteen years. This bank, on behalf of the Government, furnishes free seeds and helps farmers to buy agricultural implements, fence wire, etc. When an immigrant comes in and declares his purpose to become a citizen, he receives thirty acres of land, and as soon as he has made certain improvements he has as much more given to him by the country. The Banco Agrícola will advance him cash, up to five dollars an acre, to help in the production of his first crop.

AN INTERESTING FIND

Among the minor events of notable interest during the past year, one which has not had the publicity it deserves is the finding by a school-girl in a bluff overlooking the Missouri River, near the playground of the public school at Pierre, South Dakota, of the lead tablet deposited there on March 30, 1743, by the Chevalier de la Verendrye, as the evidence of his having taken possession of the whole northwestern part of what is now the United States, together with a large part of what is now Western Canada, by right of discovery, for the King of France. This historic tablet, which may well be termed one of the most interesting title deeds in history, was found in a location which corresponds exactly with the inscription given in the Chevalier de la Verendrye's

manuscript journal of his journeyings, which is preserved at Paris in the archives of the French Government, in its original deerskin wrapper. The tablet is now in the possession of the Government of South Dakota. On one side it bears an inscription in Latin, setting forth the title of Louis XV—an inscription lettered at Quebec, of course, before de la Verendrye began his adventurous journey; on the other side is an inscription which he cut deep with the point of a dagger, giving the date of his depositing the tablet. He and his father were the first white men to see the junction of the Red and the Assiniboine Rivers, the site of the present city of Winnipeg. They were prompted in their explorations both by the hope of glory and the hope of gain. The fur trade at that time yielded immense profits. Traders who had gone out with goods worth about \$2,000 in modern money had returned in three years with furs worth, in the money of today, \$250,000. At the prices of today, their value would be fabulous. The father of the Chevalier de la Verendrye had secured from the King of France a monopoly of the fur trade in the country he proposed to explore. But neither he nor his sons realized any of his hopes. Misfortune dogged them consistently, and they were misrepresented and deprived of their wealth by enemies who intrigued against them. Even after their strenuous lives were ended, it was long before their names were given the place they deserve in the history of this continent.

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS

An Eastern paper, discussing the proposed celebration of the hundred years of peace between the British Empire and the United States, says there is no use in pledging the Empire and the States to perpetual peace, because the action of future Governments and citizens cannot be controlled. That is true. The celebration can be made most useful by making it simply a recognition of the facts as they are. The relations between Canada and the United States are one of the marvels of modern civilization, and there is no occasion for any attempt at going beyond recognition of the actual conditions. It is usual to say that the good relation is the result of common language, traditions, racial descent and so on and so forth. But the fact is that nearly a quarter of the people of Canada are French, while in the United States there is a very large German element and nearly all the nations of Europe are represented. It is a truly remarkable fact that our relations with the people of the United States have grown not worse, but better, since the great flow of immigration from Europe began. All the thinking, progressive people in both countries are working for the realization of the same sort of progress and reform in social, moral and sanitary advance. We have the same enemies, and instead of fighting each other, we are fighting them. Norman Angell has shown that "war does not pay." It is a truth that we realize in considering our relations with our neighbors. It is unthinkable that this country and the United States should ever go to war against each other. We will continue warring, side by side, against disease, ignorance, crime and social injustice.

MULVANEY IS NOT DEAD

"Mulvaney is dead—I think." So Rudyard Kipling is reported by Irvin Cobb to have said to him recently. "I couldn't revive him," added Mulvaney's creator. "I could only galvanize him." It was Kipling's way of expressing the change that has come over his mind. The history of literature offers few parallels to the career of Rudyard Kipling. At its meridian, counted in years, the mind of the man who came out of India in his young manhood with a message and a power that won him world-wide recognition and success, has undergone a metamorphosis. He no longer writes vivid, living pictures of life. He has become a mystic in prose, and, in his verse, the unofficial laureate of the Empire. But Mulvaney is not dead, nor is any other of the characters in "Soldiers Three," nor is Dinah Shadd dead, nor Kim, nor McAndrews, that God-fearing chief engineer of the great ocean liner, nor any others of the men and women who live in Kipling's books. They will live after Kipling himself has passed from this life.

"ASKING TOO MUCH"

Those who remember the events which led up to the South African War will recollect that when President Kruger demanded an indemnity for the Jameson Raid he included in his bill an item of £1,000,000 for "moral and intellectual damages"—a phrase which has passed into a proverb. Long before Kruger's time Canning had expressed, in a rhyme, famous criticism of the stubborn and tenacious stock from which the Boer comes:

"In treaties, as commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much."

The recent book by Mr. W. Basil Worsfold on the reconstruction of British South Africa gives in the words of the diary which Lord Milner kept while he was High Commissioner an interesting example of how to build up a claim. As an instance of Boers' claims for indemnification for war losses, Lord Milner recorded this in his diary:

"Another claimant asked that he be paid compensation for certain fowls which appear to have been killed and eaten. He also asked that a sum of £45 be paid to him for the value of the eggs which the fowls might have laid had they not been destroyed. He also asked that, in addition to the value of the fowls and the value of the eggs which those fowls might have laid had they not been turned into an article of diet, the sum of £500 be paid for 'moral indemnification' for the loss of the fowls."

We have been hearing a great deal of late about the high price of eggs, but nothing to equal this.

CONVERSING WITH THE HEN

Under the heading, "Science and Invention," in a recent issue of The Literary Digest, is set forth the record of experiments carried on by two young Englishmen in studying the means of expression possessed by hens. By patient and persistent observation they discovered that the hen, for all that she is regarded as a singularly obtuse and phlegmatic being, has her little joys and sorrows, her anxieties and her triumphs, and that by twenty-three distinct notes and cries she expresses her emotions the whole day long. Why should not the hen language be studied and turned to profitable account. Why should the hen be allowed, in the lack of wise advice and guidance, to go on as she does, stupidly laying lots of eggs in the spring, when eggs are cheap, and laying few or none at all in the fall, when they are worth something? Throughout all the ages she has been striving, it would now appear, to make herself articulate, and folks only thought she was cackling because she had nothing else to do. After due study and research, might it not be found possible to proceed by flattery to win the simple hen's heart, and then her confidence, and finally, perhaps, to induce her to rest in the spring and work in the fall?

THE OPENING OF THE PACIFIC

The opening of the Pacific coast of this continent to direct immigration from Europe on a large scale by the opening of the Panama Canal will be looked back to in the time to come as an epoch-making event. It is said that in Berlin alone 76,000 tickets for Pacific coast points for 1915 have already been spoken for. A San Francisco paper estimates that within two years after the opening of the Panama Canal 2,000,000 people now living in Europe will have become residents of Pacific coast cities. If the rush from Europe through the Panama Canal attains anything the volume anticipated, it will mean an immense accession of population to the Pacific coast portion of this country. It is a century since the Pacific was reached overland in northerly latitudes. The first gold rush to California took place in 1849, and ten years later began the exploitation of British Columbia's placer deposits in the Cariboo country. The natural resources of the entire Pacific seaboard of this continent are among the richest in the world, yet the combined population of the three coast States, California, Oregon and Washington, and of the coast Province, British Columbia, is less than that of the city of New York. The combined population in 1910 of the three States named was 4,192,000, and the population of British Columbia in 1911 was 450,000. It is a reasonable estimate that there are not today quite five and a half million people on the Pacific coast of the Republic and the Dominion. The long journey across the continent has been a deterrent to immigration to the coast. The opening of the Panama Canal bids fair to work a great change.

A Tea Table Tragedy

The gingerbread man and his dear little wife,

In their little brown suits so neat,
Stood side by side by the baking pan,
Quite out of sorts with the heat.
Their smiles were sweet, but their tempers
bad,
And something happened, extremely sad.

The woman began it, of course. Said she,
"You're the homeliest man in town!
Your head is too large, and your feet too
small,

And your color is quite too brown;
And if there is anything I despise,
'Tis a pair of little, black, beady eyes!"

The gingerbread man flew into a rage
"Just look at yourself!" cried he.
"You are much too fat, and your nose
is flat,

And your color's a sight to see;
While your dress is shockingly out of
style,
And every one's tired of that same old
smile!"

Then the gingerbread woman sobbed so
hard

That she cried out one of her eyes,
But he scolded on till he grew quite
cracked,

And both of them looked like guys;
When, ashamed of themselves, their anger
passed,
And a gingerbread truce was signed at last.

"We never will quarrel again!" cried she,
"For I'm sure it is most absurd,
And with dispositions as sweet as ours
I can't see how it occurred—

Why, you know, my dear, when nothing
goes wrong

We are just angelic the whole day long!"
But never a "next time" came, alas!

To the queer little people in brown.
That very same hour they were introduced
To the best little boy in town.

"I'm delighted to meet such a pair!"
quoth he,
And promptly invited them both to tea.

A little while later, when Norah came
To carry the dishes away,

The gingerbread people had disappeared
In gingerbread style, they say,
And the best little boy, with a smile in
his eyes,

Said, "I like gingerbread better than pies!"
—Selected.

Maisie's First Errand

It was Saturday morning, and Muriel
was dusting; the sitting room.

"I want to dust too," said three-year-old
Maisie.

"Well, you can't! Do run away and
play! You only get in the way and
hinder."

So Maisie trotted upstairs to find
Dolly. On the way she passed the room
where her sister slept. Grace was
making the bed.

"I help you," she cried eagerly. Once
Grace had let her stand on one side and
smooth out the sheets and spread; but
now she was in a hurry and answered
sharply:

"No, no! You are too little to help.
Run away!"

Maisie's lip drooped, but she went
obediently. "Wish I was big," she
muttered.

An hour afterwards mamma was calling
for Muriel and Grace, but neither was to
be found.

"I guess they forgot to go up to Mrs.
Lane's," mamma said. "Run out on the
walk, Maisie, and see if they are any-
where about."

Mamma baked for Mrs. Lane, and
every Saturday morning one of the girls
went to see what kind of bread, pie and
cake she would have; but to-day Muriel
had been too eager to ride her wheel,
and Grace too full of the new game she
had promised to play with the other girls,
to remember the customary errand to
Mrs. Lane's.

Maisie looked up and down the street,
but saw nothing of her sisters.

"Somebody's got to go," the little
girl said to herself. "Guess I am not
too little!"

So up the sidewalk she trotted to the
next block. She climbed the high step,
and by standing on tiptoes she could just
reach the bell.

Mrs. Lane was surprised to see only
the tiny girl, and she gave her order,
wondering whether it would be remem-
bered.

But Maisie kept saying it over and
over all the way home: "B'ueberry pie,
'tire wheat bread, an' 'cto'late layer cake."
They got a little mixed up after a few
times' saying, reaching mamma in this
shape:—"B'ueberry bread, choc'late layer
pie, an' 'tire wheat cake;" but mamma
understood, and kissed her little girl, and
said she had done nicely for her first
errand.

Muriel and Grace were somewhat
ashamed when they found that Maisie
had done the errand which they had
neglected, recollecting how they had
repulsed her offers to help, and the next
time she wanted to dust or to smooth
the bedclothes they did not send her away
or tell her she was too little to be of use.
—Emma C. Dowd, in "Zion's Herald."

What Tabby Did

Tabby is out big black cat. We have
had her a long time. She came to our
house one cold winter night when she was
just a little kitten. Mother took her in
and gave her some warm milk. She has
lived here ever since.

One very rainy night we missed Tabby.
We looked everywhere and called her
many times, but no cat could be found.

Just when we were going to bed we
heard a loud scratching. We ran and
opened the door. There was Tabby with
a dirty little white kitten. She had
found it somewhere and brought it to her
house.

Tabby picked up the kitten in her
mouth and carried it to her own saucer
of milk. How pleased she was when the
kitten began to lap the milk. She purred
as loud as she could.

We kept the kitten a few days until we
found a home for it. Now it lives in a
fine house not far away. Tabby and the
kitten are still the best of friends.

—Primary Education.

The Bee and the Mouse

A bee met a mouse and said:

"Come over till we make a house."

"I will not," said Luchag, the mouse.

"He to whom thou gavest thy summer
honey,

Let him make a winter house for thee;
I have a little house under the ground,
That can reach neither cold nor breeze;
Thou wilt be a ragged creature,
Running on the tops of the trees."

—From the Scotch.

Potato Fungus

The potato disease termed the late-
blight and rot has been known as the
most serious of all potato diseases in
Europe and America since about 1845,
when its outbreak was the immediate
cause of the Irish famine. In the State
of New York alone a loss of 20,000,000
bushels in one year was attributed to this
disease, and the percentage of loss may
be even greater elsewhere. The disease
does not attack the leaves, as a rule, until
after the blossoming period, i.e., in late
summer; if present and weather con-
ditions favor, it quickly causes late-blight,
which kills the foliage and thence passes
to the tubers, causing the dry-rot. The
disease is common in the north-east, being
favored by rather cool, moist summers.
Farther south and west it is less common,
probably only occurring locally when
introduced with seed from the north. It
does not long persist where the late
summers are warm and dry.

It is liable to confusion with such leaf
diseases as the early-blight and leaf-
blotch, and with various types of tuber
rot. It is caused by the fungus *Phytoph-
thora infestans*. The fungus develops first
on the foliage, from which it passes by
means of spores that are washed into the
soil to the tubers, in which it hibernates.

Jepsen showed the possible efficacy of
two remedial measures:—(a) Burying the
tubers to a sufficient depth (about four to
five inches) with soil to prevent the
infection; (b) disinfecting tubers designed
for seed purposes by exposure to dry heat,
40 degrees C. (104 degrees F.) for four
hours. Neither of these methods has
become established in practice.

Studies of infection, dissemination, and
disease control have shown:—(a) Tuber
infection in the field may be prevented by
spraying the soil even when the fungus
is allowed to develop unchecked on the
foliage. This is explainable only on the
assumption that the primary tuber infec-
tion comes from spores washed through
the soil. (b) Tubers may also be infected
from contact with blighting foliage at
digging time. (c) Secondary infection of
tubers may occur either in the soil before
digging or in the storage bin from spores
developed on the surface of early infected
tubers. (d) When the tops are attacked
by late blight the harvesting of the tubers
should be delayed until a week or more
after the death of the tops. Longer delay
does no harm unless the season be wet
and soil exceptionally heavy. (e) Dry,
cool storage is of primary importance, the
use of lime or formalin disinfection for
the tubers being valueless. (f) Wind and
water are probably the important agencies
in local spore distribution, but leaf-eating
insects also function, and may carry the
spores longer distances. (g) Spraying the
foliage with Bordeaux mixture has proved
an almost complete remedy against both
the *Phytophthora*-blight and the rot, and
also operates beneficially to the potato
plant in other ways. Spraying experiments
with this mixture have been made annually
at the Vermont Experiment Station for
20 years, 1891 to 1910, on late or main-crop
potatoes, three applications generally
being made. The results were an in-
creased yield in every case, ranging from
18 to 215 per cent. The average of the
yields of the 20 years on the sprayed areas
was 268 bushels per acre, as compared
with 163 bushels on the unsprayed, a gain
of 105 bushels per acre, or 64 per cent.

The Story of a Dandelion

A dandelion grew in the garden plat,
In the shade of an old stone wall;
Her slender leaves made an emerald mat,
Where the stem grew straight and tall.

In the cool spring days she had worn a
hood

That was small and bright and green;
She wore it as long as she possibly could
Till many a hole was seen.

Then she sent down word through her
stem and mat,

To the storehouse under her feet,
That she needed at once a bright new hat,
With trimmings and all complete.

It was fine as silk and yellow as gold,
Like a star that had fallen down,
With brightest trimmings, fold on fold
The gayest hat in town.

And next she wanted a summer hat,
Adorned with small white plumes;
So they sent her one, in place of that
They had sent with yellow blooms.

For many a day she waved and danced
And bowed to the birds and bees;
For many a day the sunbeams glanced
Through leaves of the friendly trees.

What Fresh Air Does for School Children

During the winter of 1912 an interesting
experiment was made in a Philadelphia
school. One classroom was arranged for
fresh-air work. The heat was cut off and
the windows opened wide. The room was
then used as a classroom by children of the
third grade. In the same school, in a
heated classroom, an equal number of
pupils from the third grade were working.
The experiment was conducted for a period
of twelve weeks. Results showed that the
pupils in the open-air room were able to do
decidedly better work and were more
immune to colds and contagious dis-
eases. The fresh air induced mental alertness and
the pupils in the fresh-air room were able
to make a better record on a special test
examination. A copy of a pamphlet
giving a detailed report of the experiment
can be procured from A. Walter Roach,
M.D., Supervising Medical Inspector,
Philadelphia, Pa.

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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

A MARRIAGE LICENSE

It is certainly not much of an achievement for a young man to be able to write a plain hand, and yet there are scores of young men who are not equal to such a simple contract as that. I received a marriage license the other day, issued by a clerk in a small jewelry store, which was written in such a scrawl that I was compelled to put the bridegroom under a severe cross-examination in order to be sure of the right names of the contracting parties, and yet the license was a legal document which might some day be held up in the court room, in presence of judge and jury, in order to settle some vital question with reference to the division of property. In this connection The Expositor remarks: "When the instructors at Rugby school took a lad to task for his poor penmanship, he replied: 'Many men of genius have written worse scrawls than I do; it is not worth while to worry about so trivial a fault.' Ten years later this lad was an officer in the English army doing service in the Crimean War. An order he copied for transmission was so illegible that it was given incorrectly to the troops, and cost many brave fellows their lives."

EMOTIONAL

There are young men who feel deeply but fail to think clearly. They are governed very largely by their emotions. They are "moved to tears" by certain sentiments presented by preacher, actor or novelist which never find an expression or an incarnation in their lives. They are getting into the dangerous habit of fooling with their own feelings. I know men who weep under every sermon but who dodge the collection plate. They enjoy the sorrows of other people when it is presented in a skilful manner by evangelist or pulpiteer. When they turn their thoughts to the subject of religion they present, as an offering to the Almighty, a mixture of high feeling, mental excitement and undefined joy. Phillips Brooks tells how deeply he was impressed with the devoutness of the students who prayed at the first prayer-meeting he attended at college, and how he was surprised to find the next day "that they had not learned their lessons, that they had not got hold of the first principles of hard conscientious study." "The boiler," he says, "had no connection with the engine. The devotion did not touch the work which then and there was the work, and the only work, for them to do."

PAYING THE PRICE

The average young man is not willing to pay the price, therefore, he remains in the ranks of those who belong to the dead average. The young man would like to have knowledge, but knowledge costs study. He would like to muscle, but muscle costs exercise. He would like to have skill, but skill costs practice. He would like to possess power, but power costs application. He would like to have influence, but influence costs self-sacrifice. He would like to have fame, but fame costs tears, blood and agony. The famous man was so busy, night and day, that when fame came to him, it came as a surprise. Only the toiler wins. Work is the secret of success and the hardest and highest kind of work belongs to the head instead of the hand and calls for clear thinking. The historian speaks thus about that great naval officer Lord Nelson: "I suppose in the history of human enterprise there is nothing more remarkable than those two last years of Nelson's life when he was set to watch the fleet at Toulon, and he remained on board his ship for twenty-six months; he never landed; never left the ship for more than an hour at a time, and that only twice, and chased the enemy's fleet across the Atlantic to the Indies and back to the Mediterranean, like a sleuth-hound, commanding the admiration of the country and of the world."

COMPOUND INTEREST

There is a law of compound interest in other matters aside from the world of finance. Work well done always yields a compound interest. In doing your regular work in a special manner you improve the quality of your personality. Your best production makes a better piece of work possible. This is the reason why, all things being equal, the best public speakers are almost always the men who are always speaking in public. Their tools are sharp and thin instruments polished. The man who is always next to his job knows what to do next. Practice makes perfect and practice keeps perfect. Reliable work creates resourcefulness in the worker. So, whatever you do, do well. When, by and by, you find it necessary to quote your own words, you will find them worth quoting. The last speech made by Mr. Webster in the Senate, July 17, 1850, concluded with the same peroration with which he closed the Fryeburg oration, forty-eight years before!

NEW COMBINATIONS

Prof. Huxley pondered, for a long time, on the simple fact that there were only eight notes in the musical octave and then came to the sad conclusion that at some day not far distant there would be no more new tunes. The musical "bar" would be exhausted, but it is surprising what men can do with a small capital. In small countries every inch of the ground is cultivated. A good housekeeper can make a score of "square meals" from the leavings of a society banquet. Mother always had something left for patchwork. There are always enough cast off goods in a village to clothe a regiment. When the house is built there is fuel sufficient left over to heat it for a year. Know the value of your by-products before you buy.

BE ALL THERE

Put your heart into things. Be all there. When you attempt a thing apply will, mind, conscience and soul. Do nothing by halves. Do nothing to kill time. Do nothing as a makeshift. Work enters into character. Careless work always comes back to you. At the most unexpected turning it will stand up before you and exclaim: "I am yours." So, be all there. When you speak, be sure of your own emphasis. When you write, be sure of your meaning. When you act, be sure of your decisions. Acts nobly, day by day, and the years will be heroic. Mr. Gladstone said one day: "When I work, I work as hard as I can; when I run, I run as fast as I can; when I jump, I jump as far as I can."

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

Every man is the reflection of a woman's influence. From the mother's hand which first touches his cradle to the hand which is placed in his in the hour of his enthroned love, a man is the incarnation of a woman's influence. It may be the intellectual woman who instructs him, or the devout woman who inspires him, or the giddy creature who pleases him, or the degraded woman who stains him, or the beautiful woman who redeems him—let the circumstances be what they may—a man never gets beyond a woman's influence. The author of "As I Remember," says: "As quite a young woman, Addie Cutts married Stephen A. Douglas, the 'Little Giant,' whom Lincoln defeated in the memorable presidential election of 1860. It is said that her ambition to grace the White House had much to do with the disruption of the Democratic party, as it was she who urged Douglas onward; and everyone knows that the division of the Democratic vote between Stephen A. Douglas and John C. Breckenridge resulted in the election of Lincoln."

MAKE AN EXPERIMENT

There are a lot of people who are sure of just one thing—it is expressed in this phrase! "You can't do it." It is marvellous, according to their theory, how much there is that "can't be done." But no man knows whether a thing can be done or not until he tries. The man of genius is the man who attempts the impossible—and succeeds. The only business worth while is turning the improbable into the probable and the impossible into the fabric of fact. How interesting! How absorbing! How exciting!—How ennobling is this business of turning fancies into facts. If you are a practical man you will experiment. If one method fails you will try another. If that fails—still another. The only scientific thing to do is to experiment. Theodore Parker was one of the committee to raise funds for John Brown before his disastrous raid, and was ready to give him aid and indorsement without inquiring into his programme. "I doubt," he said, "whether the thing will succeed. But we shall make a great many failures before we discover the right way of getting at it. This may as well be one of them."

THE RHINE

Concentration is the biggest word in the vocabulary of success. The science of success is to learn how to do one thing and then to do it so well that it become a science. You can make \$10,000 a year pitching a ball, if you know the trick. You can make an equal amount cooking food, if you are an adept in that line. There is always room at the top for the man who knows how to reside there. The pathway which leads up to the heights is expressed in that word "concentration." Narrow the stream and increase the power of the current. Rushing between the cliffs of the banks, the Rhine has power through confinement; spreading out over the plains of North Germany, the Rhine becomes a mere marsh, laden with miasm, blown to and fro with the winds.

ECONOMY

This is a good time to preach economy. There are hungry men on the street, poor men out of work, larders which are empty, coal bins which are well scraped and dinner pails which are without food. The man who learns how to stretch a dollar to its full capacity knows how to use it the best when dollars are scarce and money is tight. Economy in business is the science of working on slender margins. One per cent on a million dollars is worth looking at. There is a large sum in a small profit when the turnover is big enough. A railroad official remarked to a gathering of employees, "If you waste two cents worth of oil, remember that the company has to haul a ton of freight a mile to pay for it."

"MR."

I remember the first time I was "Mistered." I was about seventeen years of age. I was just accepting a position in a great department store and the chief clerk addressed me as "Mr." Gordon. The title surprised me but pleased me. It seemed to me that I had been placed in a new classification—that I had taken one distinct step in advance. The pleasure was mine and the gentleman who conferred it could have had no idea of the exquisite joy which he had, inadvertently, imparted to a stranger. I have never forgotten the incident and whenever I have had to deal with young people just verging on manhood and womanhood I have always sought to be as considerate in dealing with them as was the gentleman who early in my life inspired me to self-confidence and self-reliance by the happy use of a distinguishing title. It was said of Henry W. Longfellow that he was the first Harvard professor to use the prefix "Mr." in addressing the students. His kindness made him very popular among the students, and once, during a student outbreak, they listened to him after all the other members of the faculty had been compelled to retire in confusion. "We will listen to Mr. Longfellow," they said, "he is the only one that treats us as if we were gentlemen."

KEEP BUSY

Keep busy. When men retire from business they usually retire from health. Not having anything to worry about, they begin to worry about themselves. And the most dangerous kind of a thought is a thought which is turned inward. Thought is either constructive or destructive. Worry-thoughts are always destructive. So keep busy. Be occupied with great plans and noble schemes. A leading religious journal published in the States remarks: "One of the great ethical leaders of New York City thirty years ago was Dr. Howard Crosby. Forty years before his death a council of the best physicians of the city told him that he had but a year to live. They advised him to retire and to live quietly and comfortably that remaining year. But Dr. Crosby said he had too much to do to die. Other men might do the work as well as he. But somehow he felt that it was God's will that he should do it. And for forty years he continued not only to preach the gospel, but to be a power for righteousness in the social and political life of that Empire City. I have heard Dr. Behrends say that he had often cured himself of la grippe by a good pulpit sweat. And by pulpit sweat he did not mean physical perspiration, he meant brain exercise and soul exertion."

HEALTH AND WEALTH

Health is a cheap thing until we have lost it and then we will offer any price for it—exercise, special vacations, doctors' bills, new thought fads, electrical thrills, body building machines, open air sleeping, mastication of food, trips to Europe and South America and so on—anything to regain health. What is fame without health? What is social position without health? What is power without health? What is wealth without health? But health is elusive: you have it today, tomorrow it is gone. The man who is about to break down does not know how near the edge he is. And happy mortal is he, if, after a severe break in the matter of health, he is able to get, once more, a secure footing on the shores of life. From the following paragraph we judge that this has been the experience of the richest man in the world: "John D. Rockefeller is now in his seventy-fourth year and enjoys good health. Yet twenty years ago he could eat nothing but milk and crackers, and was apparently dying of slow starvation. The doctors told him he ate too fast and had disregarded the laws of health and exercise. Then John D. quit business entirely, although he said the first three months cost him \$5,000,000, and started to take exercise and to eat slowly. And now, twenty years later, he is practically a well man. Exercise, slow mastication, fresh air, freedom from worry, we wonder if many of us who are not Rockefellers do not need the same regimen!"

Poultry Chat

H. E. Vialoux.

I WONDER how many of us who dabble in poultry raising will make a wise New Year's resolution to grow better poultry and more of it in 1914. May we have better luck in hatching than in 1913 is a fervent wish echoed by many in the country. Surely a more ideal winter could not have been dealt out to us in this or any other land; when fowls can run on free range until Christmas, they should give a good account of themselves in winter eggs. Eggs are certainly a high price and whether the hen or the combine is to blame is a mooted question.

Now, I note the large American buyers are trying to buy up all the best Canadian turkeys in the East, and succeeding very well too, so eastern shipments to Winnipeg will be limited this year.

All the more reason for western farmers to grow turkeys in as large numbers as possible. Wheat, space and common sense are the three requirements needed for marked success in this business. Winter breeding turkeys out of doors, except in extreme weather; then, of course, shelter is needed in daytime storms and keen nights at 30 below.

Feed them whole grain, oats, wheat and barley and some vegetable matter and grit. They do not need mashers or any fussing and I never had a bird sick in winter with the exception of an old gobbler, who was injured by a blow, which caused an abscess of large size. I lanced the abscess when I deemed it ripe, washing well with water and boracic acid, sprinkled some boracic powder in the wound, fed him on mashers, and soon he was as spry as ever. Boracic acid is such a useful drug to keep handy. Sore eyes, from a cold, in poultry, or sore throat, etc., are quickly cured by the solution. "Teaspoon to a cupful of warm water," or use in powder form, for wounds or cuts. It is antiseptic as well as soothing.

Never mind watering turkeys when snow is on the ground, as they will eat plenty of the snow and I never see ill effects.

It is most unwise to let the big, bossy turkeys roost with any of the hens, as they pick at their heads and drive them off the roost or make the poor things pile up three deep in one corner on the roosts—turkeys are adepts at "hen pecking" without question.

A few remedies for winter ailments in the hen house will not be amiss:

First, to guard against lice and mites, are slaked lime and coal oil, to be often used on roosts and dropping boards and the lime to sprinkle on floors and in corners, especially if dampness is noticed, and many an attack of roup could be avoided by the free use of lime.

Common vaseline is always useful for frost bite or cold in the head. Camphorated oil is a splendid remedy for frost bite on the combs, which should be gently soaked with the oil applying with a soft rag then leave the bird in comfortable quarters. In my opinion, attempting to remove the frozen lobe is a mistake; after a while it will painlessly come away when the comb is healed. When a bird gets frozen feet he needs prompt attention, and these things occur in the best regulated hen houses if a bird gets shut out by accident some bitter night.

If the fowl's feet are frozen solid I should chop his head off, unless he is very valuable and pays to nurse.

For a touch of frost I use a rubbing with snow, or standing a few minutes in ice cold water when the frost at once comes out, rub thoroughly with vaseline or camphorated oil and put him in a dry, clean place, when he or she will soon recover, but until spring sets in those feet will freeze again if given any exposure to the elements.

A frosted bird will often develop rheumatism also, of course, there is nothing better than the oil well rubbed in for this.

With a balanced ration hens should not become crop bound but, if given too much dry grain like barley for instance, they get this condition and sometimes die. On one occasion I saw a farmer

with half his hens badly crop bound due to improper feeding. A good dose of epsom salts—two large spoonfuls in a warm bran mash and plenty of water to drink cured some of them, others had to be operated upon. A small, sharp knife, clean and dipped into carbolicized water, a careful incision of skin. When the hard, rocky crop comes into view a small incision in this and a tiny spoon to take out all the dry grain, etc., in the sac. Wash the crop out with some of the water with boracic acid dissolved in it. Now comes the careful part; when the skin of crop must be stitched up with thread and needle, then the outer skin must likewise be treated, wetting the wound with the carbolicized water for fear of blood poisoning. After 12 hours give the victim some soft food, like bread and milk and if the operation is skilfully done the hens will soon get well and the crops heal up nicely. I have seen several birds successfully treated thus.

If real roup appears, make away with every diseased bird at once as this is really a diphtheria in fowls and deadly infectious. burn the carcasses and disinfect as well as whitewash the house. Treat the well birds to a dose of roup pills and for some time use permanganate of potash (just a pinch) in the drinking water. Of course, a simple cold in the head is an easy matter to get rid of. Bathe eyes and face with boracic water, rub on camphorated oil and blow sulphur down the throat from a spoon, or dip a feather in coal oil and touch the throat and mouth; give soft food until well.

All Blind Together

Some prodigal young men went on a spree together and having neither money nor honor left, they resolved to have their last banquet all the same. When it was finished each insisted upon paying for the other. Then they agreed to settle the matter by a game of blind man's buff. The hotelkeeper joined in, and he was securely blindfolded.

"Now," said the ringleader, "do you understand?"

"Yes," replied the publican, "the first one that I catch must pay for the whole." He hasn't caught any of them yet.

CLASSIFIED COLUMN

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of poultry, farm property, farm machinery, or if you want help or employment, remember that the classified advertisements columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c. word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

AT THE STATION

Last month I stopped for a chat at the desk of the Traveler's Aid in the railway station. She pointed a girl out to me—a stupid-looking girl who had that day lost her ticket and her money while waiting between trains. I asked how it happened.

"How did it happen!" exclaimed the agent. "It happened just like most of the tragedies at the station occur. The girl bought a cheap, trashy paper novel and became absorbed in it, and this is what follows."

"I understand. The mind that becomes absorbed—drugged in that kind of reading—becomes incapable of self-responsibility," I replied.

"Yes," she agreed, "that is the reason I meet here so many girls and women who cannot take care of themselves while waiting for trains."

And I walked away, thinking of my girls all over the West, wishing I might create in everyone a desire for good reading.

A HELPFUL BOARD

The Winnipeg School Board is doing more to solve the domestic servant problem than any other force at work—and there is no man on the Board either. At the night-schools, where domestic science is taught and sewing classes are organized, the classes are crowded with wage-earning girls eager to learn to cook and sew. A girl who has learned the science of cooking in the course directed by the teachers provided by the School Board of Winnipeg should be able to take a position in domestic service. To me, it seems as unreasonable for a girl who does not know how to cook to apply for a place in domestic service as it is for a girl who has never seen a typewriter to apply for a position as stenographer. Everywhere housewives are asking for girls who can cook, and they are willing to pay good wages; but inexperienced girls seem to demand as much as experienced girls. Every girl should know how to cook.

These classes are helping domestic servants socially and morally more than any organization in the city, as the girls become interested in work that is practical and they associate with their class-mates. This keeps them from questionable places in the city and prevents them from becoming lonely. I feel like expressing a vote of thanks to the School Board in the name of scores of girls, many whom I know to be alone in the city and away from their homeland. The girls are happy in their interest in the classes and are making good use of the opportunity provided free of cost. Their association with the teachers also means more than can be easily realized.

IN AN UNCONGENIAL ENVIRONMENT

A girl not long ago wrote me asking how she might influence an environment that did not care for culture. Last week a woman whose name is known in nearly every western home told me about her aunt. This woman was a superior character in a country community. She touched the lives of boys and girls in that neighborhood in such an inspiring manner that after her death her niece received letters from men and women in every State in the Union as well as the provinces of Canada, expressing the great factor this woman had been in moulding their lives. This quiet woman, so strong in creative personality, had woven a golden chord of character about the whole community until it multiplied in strands of strength that reached around a continent. Think you, my girl, lonely in your environment, that your talents may not be used?

MOTHERS IN THE MAKING

Weak girls make weak mothers; and weak mothers make a weak race. A girl who allows every young man in the community to occupy her spare time and the hours she should be using to help her mother is blighting her future home. When she becomes a wife—a home-maker—she will be weak in character because she is a remnant from the bargain counter—a much handled article. Furthermore, a girl cannot be strong physically and ride around the country until two or three o'clock in the morning. Besides it is not safe. A girl is not protected on the long country roads riding with a man who is often a stranger, and in many cases a married man with a family across the line or in the Old Country. Canada's girlhood must develop character. It is the only true patriotism. Every weak nation has weak mothers; and girls are mothers in the making. Great Thoughts has this to say about the influence of mothers:

"Mothers are the sculptors of the souls of coming men. Nero's mother was a murderess: Nero was a murderer on a gigantic scale. Byron's mother was proud, ill-tempered and violent. Scott's mother loved poetry and painting—you know what Walter Scott was. Carlyle's mother was stern and full of reverence; Carlyle was much so. The mother of Bonaparte was a woman that was noted for her beauty and for her tremendous energy. The mother of Bacon, the wisest man of his time, was a woman who was noted for her learning and for her deep research. The mother of Patrick Henry, the silver-tongued orator, was noted through all the region where she lived for her marvelous conversational powers. Wesley's mother was a God-like woman whose life was a song: Wesley was a God-like man whose songs have inspired humanity."

WOMEN EXALTED IN LITERATURE

Excellent women make life wholesome. Actually or ideally we should live with our superiors. It is possible to live with our superiors ideally, for the best characters created by great minds are in books that may be purchased for a small price. A splendid woman raises the credit of a community. Queen Mary's character raises the credit of royalty. Jane Addams raises the credit of the citizens of Chicago. If a community be peopled by ignorant, coarse young men and young women, even the value of the property deteriorates. When we are with ambitious, inspiring women we are anxious to be ambitious; activity is contagious. This is the reason I like to study the lives of women who are exalted.

One writer says: "The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only exist in that majestic peace which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years. She should train herself into the habits of useful thought." In *Little Women*, Miss Alcott says: "I'd rather see you poor men's wives, if you were happy, than queens on thrones without self-respect and peace."

Jeanie Deans, one of the finest characters in fiction—drawn from real life—in Scott's novel, *The Heart of Midlothian*, convinced of her half-sister's innocence, decided to walk to London to petition King George II for a pardon. For her sister's sake she was willing to sacrifice all but conscience. Her pleading in a voice so low and sweetly toned won the queen's favor. One of her answers to the queen was this: "I would pray to be directed and guided in what is the line of duty." Again she says: "When the hour of death comes to high and low it is what we have done to others that we think on most pleasantly—not what we have done for ourselves." She pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos simple and solemn. Her sister was pardoned, and Jeanie "lived beloved and died lamented."

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"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be My gentle guide in following thee."

Is this not the confidence young men should place in us, girls? Should they be deceived? Read Scott's books for the study of his women and girls. It will be a splendid mental tonic.

In Chaucer, the first great English poet, we find the character of Griselda. If you are lacking in patience, make her acquaintance. Her patience was tested under most trying conditions; but she stood the test and came out strong and happy. The fidelity of young women is often tested in strange ways and it requires a knowledge of the best to stand the test.

Shakespeare's women of intellect are women whose intellect is modified by sympathy and moral qualities. Isabel has an intellect elevated by religious principle; Beatrice has a mind animated by spirit; and Rosalind an intellect softened by sensibility. All are always feminine. Beatrice in her intellectual strength had a high sense of female virtue and honor. Hermione had dignity without pride and love, without passion and tenderness, without weakness. She is one of Shakespeare's masterpieces because out of an exterior calm he has delineated with profound pathos a most vivid impression of the internal power of woman. She is calm and majestic through all her trials. Then there is Desdemona who is an example of abstract goodness—all harmony—all grace—all tenderness—all truth. Imogen is a woman of beauty, intellect and rank who remains an example of extreme simplicity in the midst of perplexity—a lovely compound of truth and affection.

These Shakespearean women are well worth knowing. Why will girls read about weak women in the trashy story of today when they may read about Portia, Beatrice, Desdemona, Imogen and Rosalind?

Then there is Deborah in the Bible who was a teacher, a leader, and a patriot—a woman honored by the men of her time and loved as well. She made men believe in her. Read about her and find out how she made them believe in her.

Some eminent scholars regard Pompey, in The Ring and the Book, as the most psychic and exalted woman in literature. The little every-day difficulties are lost when one considers her growth and development—and the really vital woman question stands forth convincing, dignified and inspiring. But I consider Mary the Mother of Jesus the most exalted woman in literature and history, because she was raised from a lowly home—a Galilean peasant's cottage to the most exalted position ever given to woman—the honor to become the mother of the greatest character in the history of the ages. Though naturally quiet and gentle, when necessary she proved to be a woman of energy, will and self-control. A girl in the country or city need not feel lonely when she can associate with exalted women in literature.

ALONE WITH POVERTY

Thousands of girls are unexpectedly thrown on their own resources because they have neglected tasks in youth which they thought were not worth doing. The trouble with many girls and women in poverty is that they were not willing to fling their whole energy into their work—they wanted short hours, little work and a great deal of play.

I know three girls in an office. A special amount of work is demanded of each. Two girls work hard to finish in time. The third girl is careless and does not work, knowing that the other girls will help her if she does not get through. Which, think you, will hold her position? Some girls who are idle think more of pleasure and leisure than of discipline and training. Many girls are not willing to make present sacrifices for future

gains, and they find themselves suddenly alone with poverty. In the law of Nature we learn that the soil, the sunshine, the atmosphere, are very liberal with the material for the growth of a plant, but the plant must use all it gets to work into flowers, fruit and leaves, or the supply will cease. The faster this material is used the more rapid is the growth—so is the law of Nature in the growth of girlhood power. Every ideal must be created mentally first for a pattern to guide us. Poverty thoughts create poverty in pocket books; it also creates physical poverty. There is no Providence that keeps a person in painful or distressing circumstances. God has given us a country full of resources, but we must study and make the most of ourselves in order to be able to dig them out.

Many girls experience poverty because they have not made the most of their resources. Scores of women saw the wretched life the prisoners of England experienced, but Elizabeth Fry was the only one who saw an opportunity to help them and thus start a world-wide prison reform. The opportunity was there for all women—but they passed it by. Schubert said: "My music is the product of my genius and my misery." He was alone with poverty. Some of his finest songs were sold for the price of a meal. Grinding poverty made Mozart and his wife dance around their room to keep warm; and Mozart produced his glorious work under these depressing conditions.

William Carey, the founder of the foreign missionary work, was a poor cobbler. A quiet, unknown carpenter in England believed the furniture for rich and poor was ugly—he had an artistic soul in a carpenter's body and enormous courage. He set himself to reform public taste; and Chippendale's furniture became most popular and valuable, for this poor carpenter was Chippendale.

We need today men and women to reform public taste. A little bobbin boy in Pittsburgh never let an opportunity to go by when he was struggling with poverty. His employer's respect for him grew day by day. "I know what you're after, young man. You want my position," his manager said one day to him.

"And I'll get it," was the boy's reply. This bobbin boy was Andrew Carnegie. Poverty is a blessing to young people, because it makes them see opportunities. It has produced our greatest reformers and orators. We can find many soul jewels if we search in the fields of poverty. If we can conquer mental and spiritual poverty, we can conquer outward poverty. Character building is the soul's saving bank, and the depositor can never experience poverty.

Worry Does Kill

Modern science has brought to light nothing more curiously interesting than that worry will kill. More remarkable still it has been able to determine from recent discoveries just how worry does kill. It is believed by many scientists who have followed carefully the growth of the science of brain diseases that scores of the deaths set down to other causes are due to worry, and that alone. The theory is a simple one, so simple that anyone can readily understand it.

Briefly put: it amounts to this: Worry injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain, and the brain being the nutritive centre of the body, the other organs become gradually injured, and when some diseases of these organs arise, or a combination of them, death finally ensues.

Thus worry kills. Insidiously, like many other diseases, it creeps upon the brain in the form of a single constant, never lost idea, and as a dropping of water over a period of years will wear a groove in the stone so does worry gradually imperceptibly, and no less surely destroy the brain cells that lead all the rest, which are, so to speak, the command and motion.

Ward, William Vernon, left Manchester September, 1909. Last heard of in Winnipeg, 1910. Mother very ill. Sister Mabel anxious.

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind.

I hold him wise whose rule it is at night
To put all vexing thought of toil away.
And rest from care, to rise at morning
light
With strength renewed to face another
day.

For each day's work is not too much to
bear.
For hearts from thought of future trials
free:
But borrowed troubles make an added
care.
Harder than all the work may prove
to be.

I have chosen this beautiful verse of
Dolson's as a sort of text for the New
Year, which I trust will be happy and
prosperous for all my readers. 1913 has
witnessed many terrible dis-
asters by land, lake and sea,
times have been hard and
money tight; and possibly we are not
yet at the end of tight money. In spite
of all its ups and downs 1913 taught us
many useful lessons. These lessons in
themselves will make 1914 a good year
to us if we have profited by them.

For a number of years I have been in
the habit of getting out a little booklet
to send to my more immediate friends
instead of buying them the ordinary
Christmas card, and this year I have
decided, as I cannot send a remembrance
to all the readers of my page, much as
I might like to do so, I am going to
share with them the little stories of the
booklet. They are incidents, grave and
gay, that I picked up along the road in
1913. There are possibly some lessons
in them, at least they are real incidents
in the life of the West.

To all my readers I wish a truly
Happy New Year.

She was an old woman, in the quaint
garb of the Mennonite women of the
earlier generation, who have never in
any sense been Canadianized. She spoke
little English, and I, alas, no
A Rose of German, but we had a mutual
Providence bond, love of a garden. Up
and down the walks we went
and looked at fine vegetables, heavily
laden currant bushes and raspberry
canes, and with many gestures eked out
a means of communication. There was
an air of mystery about my hostess as
we penetrated further into that wonder-
ful garden. Presently we came to a
little arbor, and there "sheltered from
every wind, except the soft," was a rose
tree in full bloom. The real "Rose of
Providence" blooming in all the prodigal
luxuriance of its native clime. My
hostess touched the petals tenderly and
then, in spite of protest, cut one perfect
rose and handed it to me, with the air
of a queen. It was truly a royal gift.
She made me understand the many at-
tempts that had ended in failure. She
showed me how year after year the
shoots had grown more hardy. This
was the second year it had bloomed.
Love of the beautiful had triumphed
over the cold and frost of the great
north land. This quiet, patient soul had
given to her neighborhood a thing of sur-
passing beauty and fragrance. Tears
were hot under my eyes as we shook
hands, and, though she could not under-
stand, I involuntarily repeated "The
wilderness and the solitary place shall
be glad for them, and the desert shall
rejoice and blossom as the rose." How
many of us who are native-born have
given Canada anything so beautiful or
so fragrant as a "Rose of Providence?"

A crisp April morning and the level
rays of the sun turning the great chunks
of broken ice in Thunder Bay into
masses of moving opals. "The Sleeping
Giant" was wrapped for the
An Easy
nonce in a crimson robe. It
Fortune
was the opening of naviga-
tion, 1913, and the good tug
"Edward Fiske," with the moving pic-
ture apparatus aboard, called at Dock
No. 5 for the newspaper woman. As

early as 6.30 the first steamer was
away, ploughing a course amid the great
blocks of ice; another had started but
could not get under way, and the tug
"James Whalen" was puffing and snort-
ing to her rescue. The moving picture
folks were anxious to get everything
and the Fiske chased hither and thither
at their behests. The operator was a
Frenchman of true Gallic intensity, and
shouted and gesticulated like a madman
whenever we came in range of one of
the great grain boats. The scene was
glorious, the light and color wonderful.
The great white gulls sailed and dipped
and for a time I was oblivious to all
but the wonder of the picture. Pre-
sently I noticed the Frenchman when
not winding his picture was figuring
rapidly with a very stubby pencil on a
very dirty note book. Thinking these
figures had something to do with the
pictures, I asked what he was doing.
"Madame," he exclaimed, waving the
note book, "I figure the colossal fortune
I make, had I but this ice in New York
in July—oh, the sad waste of it, thou-
sands of tons, such so beautiful ice."

It was a golden September Sunday
morning at Indian Head. I had arranged
with the livery barn the night before for
a team and driver, and when notified
that my team was ready, was
The Call surprised to find in the driv-
of the er's seat an extremely spruce
Land little man, with enormous
driving gauntlets and a pro-
nounced Lancashire accent. He was an
accomplished driver, and complimenting
him on his horses and method of driving
them, I gradually got his story. He was
a cotton spinner, had got as high as he
could get, and had his certificates as a
"master spinner." I wish it were pos-
sible to reproduce the Lancashire dialect,
but that is beyond my powers.

He had come out a matter of eight
years ago. He was doing all right in the
Old Country, getting a good wage, but
the Missus, she were always sick. They
had lost two kiddies, and the doctor said
"she mun have a change," so they talked
it over and decided they would try Can-
ada. The Missus, she was a good cook.
He had applied at the Immigration
Office in Winnipeg and told them that he
wanted to go on some one's farm and
learn how to do farm work, and the
Missus, she would be willing to go and
cook. They had sent him up to a farm
Strassburg way. No, he hadn't taken
the Missus with him, he wasn't going to
take her till he found out what like
place it was. It was two bachelor
brothers. He stayed a week and showed
that he was willing to work. The house
was pretty comfortable, but aye, it were
dirty. The brothers said they would
keep him if he would send for his wife;
would give them their food and lodgings
and thirty-five dollars a month for the
two, for a year. I privately wondered
how much the attraction of a woman
who could cook had weighed in the
balance.

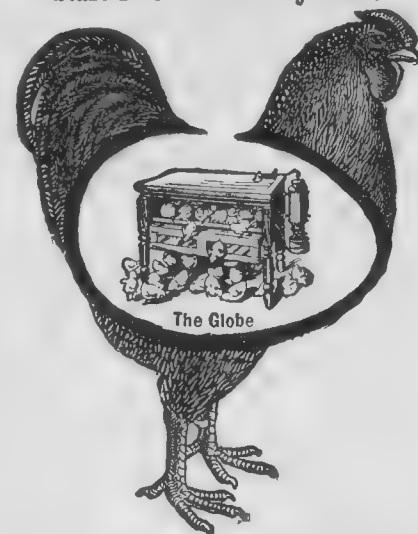
They got along famously. He stayed
with the brothers a year and a half, and
did so well that he had been offered the
management of a nearby farm at a
greatly increased salary, both for him-
self and his wife.

The next step had been land of their
own, and the Missus no longer worked
for others. There were a couple of
kiddies now, Canadian born, fine strap-
pers they were too. Last winter, the
Missus thought she'd like to go home
and see her mother, so he rented his own
farm for a year and had gone home for
Christmas and stayed until the end of
March. Yes, it had cost, with the pass-
age money, traveling around a bit,
clothes and things they had bought, nigh
onto a thousand dollars, but it was
worth it. He would never go in winter
again (it seemed a foregone conclusion
that he would go again). He could not
spend a winter over there; the next time
they went it would be in June.

He had a bit of a knack with horses,
and as his farm was rented for the year

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usual.

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one bottle of Save-The-Horse on a bone
spavin a few years ago and completely cured
it. If you guarantee to cure—, etc., etc., let
me hear from you at once. Yours truly,
H. M. Estey.

Windner, N.S., October 17, 1913.
Troy Chemical Co., Toronto, Ont. I am
writing after a long time to thank you for
curing my horse, Dan, of ringbone, with
swelling of the tendon. He has not been
lame for a year and is all right.
Yours truly, R. H. Canavan.

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W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 138 Lyman Bldg.,
Montreal, Canada.

he had taken a job with the livery barn for the time being, using one of his own teams, but he was going back on his land in a week.

He was absolutely and perfectly satisfied with his venture; wouldn't go back to live in the Old Country under any circumstances. By the time the kiddies were ready there'd be money to send them to college. They would have the best.

I asked if he ever had anything to do with land or horses before. No, he had been born in Manchester, but his mother's people were on the land, and when he was a little chap he had gone sometimes to see his granny, who lived in a little cottage on a big farm, and there he had been allowed to help the plow-boys to harness and unharness the big horses, and had always thought he would like to "muck about on the land, it seemed so clean like." He had achieved his heart's desire and in his case at least, it had not brought lean-ness into his soul.

It does not need much vision to fore-tell that the "kiddies" of men and women such as these will rank high in the life and progress of their generation.

* * *

While driving north of Swift Current in 1910, we had been fortunate in secur-ing luncheon at a little roadside house, with a beautiful garden on one side and a tiny blacksmith and

repair shop on the other. Prosperity and Progress with a Capital "P" and a diminutive gen-eral store occupied one

room of the house and in the remaining three rooms the owner — a fine young German—his wife and a bonnie baby, made their home. The wife cooked and served the luncheon, making a most delectable salad, of all kinds of good things gathered fresh from the garden. The refreshment of a meal well cooked and well served, together with the un-usual beauty of the garden, made a last-ing impression, so that when motoring on crop inspection in the same district with the Secretary of the Swift Current Board of Trade in August of this year, it was a natural suggestion that we make this point for luncheon. The chauffeur looked shocked, and declared that he knew the place, "but they never sold meals now." The day was hot and dusty, and I was hungry, so I volun-teered to do the asking. When we ar-rived I inwardly repented my own temerity, but determined not to give in. The tiny blacksmith shop had grown in-to quite a large motor tractor repair and machine shop. The general store and post office were housed in a separate building; the house proper was enlarged; the garden was more beautiful than ever, and rows of thrifty young trees were beginning to make a shelter belt around house and garden. On all sides swept splendid fields of ripening grain.

Taking my courage in both hands, as it were, I entered the store, and as the proprietor stepped out of the post office section, proffered my request, reminding him of my former visit. He was as kind and genial as ever. Said he: "We don't give meals any more, but the maids shall get you one." Two fine rose-cheeked German girls got us a comfortable meal very quickly. A peek into the kitchen revealed a gasoline range and a fireless cooker.

There was no sign of the wife, and my curiosity was at bursting point. Just as we were sitting down to the table she came down stairs. She was dressed in a smartly tailored suit of blue linen, a snug blue motor bonnet partially covered her flaxen braids, and over her arm she carried a grey silk motor coat. She was daintily shod and was drawing on a very smart pair of gauntlets. Her greeting was entirely cordial, and free from self-consciousness. She hoped the maids had made us comfortable, and was sorry she had to go into Moose Jaw to shop. A fine car drew up at the door, she stepped in, took the wheel and whirled off along the prairie road, the very embodiment of "Prosperity" and "Progress" with a capital "P."

* * *

He sat at the opposite side of a table for four, fat, fussy and still with a lin-gering military air about him and a

"Grand Army" button in the lapel of his coat. He first attracted my attention by the pro-fusion of food ordered for his breakfast: ham and eggs, toast, sausage, griddle-cakes, fol-lowed one another in rapid succession. Just as he had called for a second order of griddle-cakes, a widow and daughter were shown to the vacant seats at the same table. The widow on the right of the old soldier and the daughter on my left. The mother was fat and forty or more without being the least fair. The daughter slender with a fair complexion and pretty coloring, was sufficiently like the mother to make one tremble for her future.

The dining car conductor came along and asked the old gentleman after his wife, upon which he immediately burst into tears, mopping his face vigorously with his table napkin. The conductor drew back rather dismayed, and the old man turned to the widow and apologized for being overcome. The last time he travelled that way his "dear partner" had been with him. She passed away a few months before. The conductor had meant well, but he had spoiled his breakfast. The widow was most sym-pathetic; she too had lost a "dead part-ner" within the last year. He had been an army man and had lost a limb in the service of his country. It presently de-veloped that the limb was his right arm. Mutual reminiscences of a most grue-some and harrowing kind followed, which included every detail of the last illness of both of the "dear partners," and tears mingled with the food of both of the bereaved.

I was extremely sorry for the daugh-ter, and carefully avoiding looking at her for fear of adding to what, I felt must be her intense mortification, as the conversation was carried on in high pitched tones. Finally I stole a side glance at her and found that, with a practically unmoved countenance, she was partaking of a hearty breakfast, composed of wheat-cakes swimming in maple syrup, with an accompaniment of "Little Pig" sausage. My sympathy was entirely wasted.

* * *

This sign which appeared in large let-ters of blue and gold over one of the stairways at the International Live Stock Show in Chicago; and it seemed to be a very attractive sign,

The Weaver's Loom for the stairs were always crowded with people going up or coming down. At the head of the stairs was a

large room, lighted from over-head, and in the centre on a raised platform were very primitive looms, and these were operated by women of a type wholly new, to Western Canadians at least. They were women from the remote mountain homes of Georgia and Ten-nessee, and until they started on this journey, one of them at least, had never seen a railway and to all three elec-tricity was a wholly new experience. They were weaving rag carpets, blan-kets and wool hangings, which corres-pond very closely to those which are woven by the habitants of Quebec.

The oldest woman of the three plied her shuttle and her corn-cob pipe with equal vigor. She was taciturn and seemed in no way disturbed by the novelty of her surroundings. It was a picture which might have been taken from "The Great Smoky Mountain," "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" or "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Somehow, with all their beauty and vividness, these books never came home to me with real force until I saw these women.

The dame of the corn-cob pipe was, I imagine, pretty close to eighty. She had no cap on her thick grey hair. When she stood for a moment to adjust something about her loom, she seemed to be nearly six feet high, spare, tanned to an almost Indian brownness, but with an air of alertness and vigor that many a woman half her age would be very glad to possess. She confided to me that "us folks thought it was a queer do, but he, pointing to the superintendent, "pays us well." I think, as a matter of fact, she surveyed the curious crowd with a feel-ing very closely resembling contempt. She was doing what she had always done, and if this curious crowd had never



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seen it before, it was because they were ignorant. She did not seem in the slightest degree interested in any other part of the show, and when I told her I came from Canada, she said "seems to me I've heard of that-away-place before," but she asked me no questions about it. She was the embodiment of content. I could not help wondering whether her tales when she returned home would stir the younger generation to move.

The exhibit was put on by the American Wool Growers' Association and was used to contrast the primitive methods with those now in vogue in the wool business. All around the room were cases containing wool from every part of the world where sheep were raised. Every grade of wool, and wool under every process of development, from the most crude to the finest finished product. I fancy few of the thousands of visitors saw anything in the room but the weaver's looms, with their unceasing flying shuttles, or got away from the fascination of the rapidly developing pattern. After all it was an epitome of life.

A Touch o' Green

A touch o' green in the city street,
A touch o' green where the fences meet;
A touch o' green by the wayside there
In city alley or thoroughfare;
A touch o' green—it will help so much,
That yard o' bloom, with its country touch!

A touch o' green and the roaring street
Fades off in a garden cool and sweet,
Where the blossoms bend and the bright
day beams

Till the touch o' green brings a touch o' dreams;
A touch o' green—it will go so far
Where the dead brick walls and the
fences are!

A touch o' green, and the heart will know
The childhood spell of the long ago,
Brought through the dust of the steam-
baked town

Like visions of fairyland drifting down;
A touch o' green—it will make you leap
Like a sudden call in a dreamless sleep!

A touch o' green in the old backyard,
And life grows easy that seemed so hard;
And other eyes than your own are there
Its bloom and beauty and joy to share;

A touch o' green—it will pay so much,
That yard o' bloom, with its country
touch!

—Baltimore Sun.

When Things go Wrong

Make up your mind that things will go wrong now and then. There are days when fires do not burn. The furnace has been overhauled, the range is in order, the flues are apparently safe, and there is plenty of fuel, yet the wind is in the east the atmosphere is fog-laden, and the house is chilly. There are days when the grocer delivers your order at a neighbor's down the street and you are delayed and the housekeeping is out of gear because of his mistake. Other days come when you have made special efforts for the entertainment of an expected visitor. You have set aside the table with the finest napery, taken down the best dishes, made lemon pie and plum cake. About the time when you are putting on your bonnet or your hat according to your age and taste, and looking out to see whether you need overshoes or may don your best wrap, a boy dashes in with a telegram. Your visitor is detained and will not arrive until the day after tomorrow. Who cannot mentally make out a list of these trivial disappointments and trifling embarrassments that for the moment rob life of flavor and send a shadow to the face? Ah, friend, it is when little things go wrong that you must not show the white feather. It is when there are tiny bits of discouragement that you must gird on your armor, be brave, and wear a smiling face. Little trials are in the day's work, and we are very foolish if we suffer them to cloud the day, both because doing this lessens our energy and because, too, it shows ingratitude to the dear Father above who gives us so many things to be

glad for, and who sends the great sorrows at such wide intervals. Those who bear little trials cheerily will meet great ones victoriously.—Christian Herald.

My Sweetheart

She is neither short nor tall,
Rather, what I think you'd call
Just the size;
And her hands and feet are—well,
I'll say ditto, and not tell
Any lies.

Though her eyes are soft and blue,
They have not the brilliant hue
Of the sky;
Yet when in their depths I look,
Like a picture in a book,
There am I.

Not so very small her nose is;
Neither are her cheeks, like roses,
Red and white:
And my muse does not embolden
Me to call her brown hair golden,
Though I might.

Just a village maiden she—
Many ladies that you see
Rank above her;
Men have seldom called her pretty;
I have never thought her witty;
But I love her.

—D. C. Hasbrouck.

The Boy's Allowance

Last summer at the seashore a young mother was surprised to find on her drug bill charges for sodawater. Investigation brought out the fact that her son of ten years had treated his friends, and having no money, had the item charged. His explanation was:

"You see, if I'd known I was going to need money I could have asked for it, but I was out with the boys and they bought candy and then we were thirsty and they said it was up to me to get soda. I didn't want to seem mean, so I just had it charged."

The father, looking all around the subject, said, "If the boy had an allowance this would not happen." Thereafter he has a small amount given him each week, and, to use his own expression, "it was up to him" to decide how to use it and not ask for more during the week.

Children Should Sleep Alone

It is not good for children to sleep with grown people—particularly old people. Neither rests well, and the child especially suffers. He wakens irritable and fretful, grows daily more nervous and anaemic. Several instances have come to our notice lately which give evidence that this is an altogether too frequent condition. In one family of five all sleep together in one bedroom with but one window. The father sleeps with a little girl of seven, the mother with a boy of ten who is so restless that the father refuses to sleep with him, and a smaller child in a crib between them. These children are positively suffering—being denied air and space. They might a thousand times better sleep on a blanket on the ground outside when there's no danger of freezing. This would at least give them a chance of growing into sturdy maturity which they have not now.

Thinking for Oneself

Kant, the philosopher, reveled in studying the varying results from the influence of one human being upon another. In summing up some of his experiences he wrote:

"One of the most egregious blunders of large numbers of the human race is to endeavor to think for others, to substitute their minds, their experiences, for those of another, to produce the automatic and therefore the unreasoning thinker.

"If we are ever to have a millenium it must come through those who intelligently think for themselves. No scientist, no parent, no lover, can ever successfully create reasoning faculties in another by having that other reason as they do."

Henry Ward Beecher said one morning to his Plymouth congregation:

"I am not asking you to look at life, the world-wide struggle of humanity, the evil and the good of existence, through the glasses which I use. Those glasses are measured, adjusted, to the pupil of my mental eye, not to yours. You must make your own lenses, create your own vision.

"I am only pleading that what I have told you my vision perceives may induce you to make for yourself the finest operating glasses possible."

Mother and Son

By Eugene C. Dolson

Through years of his life, from the time of a child,
She had molded his mind by her discipline mild;
And the training which far in the past she began,
Her guidance to manhood, has made him a man.

She has taught him in matters of honor his part,
Her influence gentle is deep in his heart;
He holds to a code of nobility high,
And justice to others he will not deny.

'Tis a trait of his nature her trust to requite;
He is firm in his faith, and he stands for the right—
Though proofs of her worth there be many a one,
The surest of these is her chivalrous son.

Not Surprising

A lady told her maid to tell a gentleman who would call by appointment, that she had been called away unexpectedly. She then said to her sister, "Go home and call me over the telephone to your house; then we will go for a drive." This woman wept bitterly afterwards because her little daughter absented herself from her music lesson and entangled herself in a perfect network of lies in consequence.

Engineering Class Receive Diplomas

The engineering class in the Omar School of Trades and Arts were presented with diplomas recently. This class were graduates of the course comprising automobile driving, repairing, oil-pull tractor, and covering instruction on the use of gas engines in connection with modern farming.

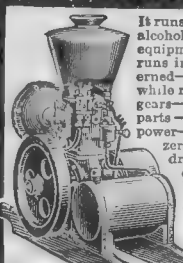
Mr. T. H. Hemphill, of the Omar School of Trades and Arts, states that practically all the students were from various parts of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and that many were interested in machinery and engines used in farm work.

Mr. F. C. Bank, chief instructor, was presented by the students with an address and a solid gold locket.

Thomas Lawson, A.M. of O.S., presented diplomas to the following students: D. W. Munro, Wawanesa, Man.; Lorne Barker, Cypress River, Man.; Augustus Campbell, Boston, Mass.; John Ingram, Pilot Mound, Man.; Arthur Austin, Wawanesa, Man.; D. Watson, Oxbow, Sask.; Frank Lamb, Stonewall, Man.; G. F. Andrews, Winnipeg; J. Butler, Boston, Mass.; R. E. Chestnut, Belfast, Ireland; Peter Hargrave, Winnipeg; Geo. H. Knox, Midlothian, Scotland; L. G. Blackett, Selkirk; J. Grahame, Baldu, Man.; W. Klink, Bismark, S.D.; W. Saunders, Guelph, Ont.; W. Robb, Aberdeen, Scotland; A. Beliveau, St. Boniface; W. Thompson, Gunor, Man.; P. Connie, Arbour, Man.; W. Donnelly, Winnipeg; L. G. Howell, Indian Head, Sask.; S. H. Oliver, Kenora; J. M. Kemp, Saltcoats, Sask.; H. Tingley, Melita; S. H. Hall-dorson, Gimli; H. Oakland, Morris, Man.; H. Landrey, Grenfell, Sask.; A. W. McInnis, Portage la Prairie; R. D. Whitman, Emerson; W. Kitt and W. Walker, Brandon; J. P. Harder, Altona; R. W. Crow, Argyll, Man.; and Fred Alcock, Watrous, Sask.

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The Speculations of John Steele

THE station-master said nonchalantly that he had nothing to do with it, and from out the telegraph office he brought a stout wooden chair which he set down in the dark strip of shade that ran along the pine platform under the eaves of the station. The back of this chair being tilted against the building, the station-master sat down in it, put his heels on the wooden round, took from his pocket a jack-knife, and began to whittle a stick, an occupation which the momentary pausing of the express seemed to have interrupted.

There was nothing of the glass of fashion or the mould of form about the station-master. He was dressed in weather-worn trousers, held to his thin frame by a pair of suspenders, quite evidently home made, which came over his shoulders, and underneath this was a coarse woollen shirt, open at the throat because the button had gone. Yet in spite of appearances, he was a capable young man who could work a telegraph key at reasonable speed, was well up in the business pertaining to Slocum Junction, and had definite opinions regarding the manner in which the affairs of the nation should be carried on.

No one knew better than he that the Greased Lightning Express would never have halted for an instant at Slocum Junction unless it was to put off a person of some importance. But that important person had begun to give his opinion of the locality in language that was painful and free the moment he realized the situation, and the station-master signified his resentment by sitting down and assuming a careless attitude which expressed his contempt for the stranger plainer than any words. For all he knew, the obstreperous person who had stepped from the express might be his chief; but the station-master made no concession to that possibility.

Opposite him, in the blazing sunlight, stood a dapper young man grasping a neat handbag. He might have posed as a tailor's model, and he offered a striking contrast to the unkempt station-master. He cast an almost despairing look at the vanishing express, now a mere dot on the horizon, with a trail of smoke, as if it were a comet that had run aground. Then he turned an exasperated face upon the complacent station-master.

"You are not responsible for the situation, eh? You don't seem to care much, either."

"Well, to tell the truth, stranger, I don't."

"You mean to tell me there's no train for two hours and a half on the branch line?"

"There isn't any branch line."

"No branch line? Why, there it is before my eyes! There's a locomotive, of a kind, and some passenger cars and a baggage car that evidently dates from the time of the deluge. Noah used that train!" cried the angry stranger.

"Well, if Noah was here he wouldn't use it for two hours and a half," said the station-master complacently.

"I don't understand what you mean. Is there, or is there not, a train in two hours and a half?"

"Of course there is."

"You said a minute ago there wasn't."

"I didn't say anything of the kind. You were talking about branch lines: I say there is no branch line. That's all."

"Then what's the meaning of those two lines of rust running to the right?"

"There's five or six thousand people," droned the station-master, "who'd like to know what that is. Leastways, they used to want to know, but lately they've given up all curiosity on the subject. They're the shareholders, who put up good money to have that road made. We call it the Farmers' Road, and it isn't a branch, but as independent as the main line."

"Or as yourself," hazarded the young man.

"Well, it's independent, anyhow," continued the station-master; "and I've nothing to do with it."

"Haven't the cursed fools who own it the sense to make it connect with anything on the main line?"

"Of course, we're all fools unless we come from Chicago."

"I didn't say that."

"No, I did. If your dome of thought was in working order I shouldn't need to explain these things. You stepped off the express just now owning the whole country, populated with fools, according to you. I've been station-master here for eighteen months, and I never saw that express stop before. Now, I'm not such a fool but I know that a man who steps off the Greased Lightning is one of two things: he is either a big bug with pull enough on the railway company to get them to stop the Greased

Lightning for him, or else he's a tramp who can't pay his fare and so is put off."

"Oh, you've sized me up, have you?"

"Well, which am I?"

"When you stepped off I thought you were the millionaire, but when you opened your mouth I saw you were the tramp."

"Say, old man, that's all right! I suppose there's no place in this God-forsaken hole where on a hot day like this a man can get a cooling drink."

"Stranger, you're continually jumping at conclusions, and landing at the wrong spot. Allow me to tell you"—and here the station-master lowered his voice a bit—"that you don't raise no blush to my cheeks by anything you can say, but there's a lady in the waiting room."

"Why didn't you tell me that before?"

"Well, you've been kind of monopolizing the conversation, and I haven't had much of a chance to speak up to now."

"Of course, of course," said Jack hurriedly. "Well, station-master, I apologize; and now, if you will kindly tell me what the Farmers' Road does connect with I'll be very much obliged."

"The Farmers' Road runs two trains a day," said the station-master sententiously. "The first train comes in here at nine o'clock in the morning, connecting with the local going east. It then returns to Bunkerville and reaches here in the afternoon at three o'clock to connect with the local going west. That there little train doesn't know there are any flyers on our line; all it knows is that the eastern local comes in somewhere about nine o'clock in the morning, and the western local arrives anywhere



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between three and five in the afternoon. So the Chicago man can't step jauntily off the express he has managed to stop, and expect to get a train to Bunkerville whenever he chooses."

"Admirably stated," said Jack Steele; "and if you will condescend further to enlighten a beclouded intellect, would you mind explaining what the deuce the little train is doing here at this hour? If I follow your argument it should have returned to Bunkerville after the nine o'clock local came in, and should not have arrived here until just before three o'clock."

"Your befogged brain is waking up," said the station-master encouragingly. "The phenomenon to which you have called attention happens once or twice a week. If you cast your eye to the other end of the platform you will see piled there an accumulation of miscellaneous freight. The Farmers' Road has just dumped that upon us, and to do so has taken a special trip. That stuff will go east on Number Eight, which is a freight train that will stop here some time in the afternoon when it sees the signal set against it."

"I comprehend," said Jack, "and if I have followed your argument as unerringly as the farmers' train follows the Farmers' Road, his nibs the engineer must take the train back to Bunkerville so that he may return here on his regular trip to meet the three o'clock western local. If I am right, what is to prevent him from going now, taking me with him, and giving me an opportunity at Bunkerville to transact my business and catch the regular train back?"

"The reasons are as follows: His nibs, as you call him, is engineer, conductor, brakeman and freight-handler. When he came in he had to chuck that freight

from his car to the platform where you see it. That takes time, even if the day were not so oppressively hot as it is. So, instead of keeping up his fire under his boiler, and burning useless coal, he banks the furnace as soon as he arrives. If he returned to Bunkerville they would give him something to do there: here he is out of reach; besides, he would have to draw his fires, and start anew about two o'clock, and that he doesn't want to do. He has therefore curled himself up in the passenger car, put a newspaper over his face to keep off the flies, and has gone to sleep. When the time comes he will stir up his fire, go to Bunkerville, and then be ready to take the return trip on the one expenditure of coal. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, thank you, I do; and this has given me an idea."

"That's a good thing, and I can easily guess what your idea is. But, before putting it into operation, I should like to mitigate a slight you have put on Slocum Junction. You made a sarcastic remark about cool drinks. Now I beg to inform you that the nine o'clock local from the west slides off on this here platform every morning a great big, square, cold chunk of ice. If you have anything in your hip pocket or in that natty little valise which mitigates the rigor of cold water there's no reason why you shouldn't have a refreshing drink."

"Station-master," said Jack, laughing, "you ought to be superintendent of this road instead of junction boss. You're the wisest man I've met in two years."

Saying this, he sprang the catch of the handbag, and drew forth a bulky wicker-covered, silver-topped flask.

"Now," he said, "I propose we adjourn to the telegraph office and investigate that wooden pail."

The station-master led the way with an alacrity that he had not heretofore exhibited. The result of the conference was cheerful and refreshing.

"Now," said the station-master, drawing the back of his hand across his lips, "what you want is a special train to Bunkerville. A man from the city would get that by telegraphing to the superintendent at the terminus, and paying twenty dollars. A man from the country who had some sense would go to Joe the engineer and persuade him he ought to wake up and return to Bunkerville at once."

"How much would be required to influence Joe?"

"Oh, a couple of dollars would be wealth."

"Very well, I'll go out and place 'em."

"You are forgetting your flask," said the station-master, as Mr. Steele snapped shut his valise.

"No, I'm not. That flask and its contents belong to you, as a reward for being patient and instructive when a darned fool let loose from the city happened your way."

And this showed Jack Steele to be a reader of his fellow-man, for while the engineer might accept the two dollars, the independent station-master certainly would not have done so. The glib official, however, seemed to have no particular words for this occasion, so he changed the subject and said:

"If you persuade Joe to go I wish you'd remember the lady in the waiting-room. She's a Miss Dorothy Slocum, and a powerful nice girl, that teaches school in Bunkerville. Fact is, this junction was named after her father. Used to be the principal man around these parts, but he lost his money and died, and now his girl's got to teach school."

"All right. You tell her there's a special leaving in a few minutes and that she's very welcome to ride upon it."

With that Jack Steele went out into the furnace of the sun across the dusty road, and entered the baggage car.

"Hello, Joe!" cried Steele, as he entered the car. "Don't you yearn for home and friends?"

The man was sprawling on two seats with a newspaper over his head as the station-master had predicted.

"Hello!" he echoed, sitting up and shaking away the sheet of paper. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, except that if the spirit should move you to get over to Bunkerville with this ancient combination five dollars will be transferred from my pocket into yours."

"Nough said!" cried Joe, rising to his feet. "It'll take me about twenty minutes to get the pot boiling again. You don't happen to have the five about you, I suppose? I haven't seen one for a couple of years."

"Here you are," replied Steele, drawing a crisp bill from his purse.

The engineer thrust it into the pocket of his greasy overall.

"I'll toot the whistle when I'm ready," he said.

This financial operation accomplished, John Steele returned to the station. The station-master was standing by the door of the waiting-room conversing pleasantly with some one within. Steele pushed past him, and was amazed to see so pretty a girl sitting on the bench that ran around the bare walls of the uninviting room.

"Will you introduce me?" said the city man, handing his card to the station-master.

"Miss Slocum," said the latter, "this is Mr. John Steele, of Chicago."

"Miss Slocum," said Steele, "I desire to apologize to you. I'm afraid that when I found myself stranded on the platform outside I used language which can hardly be justified, even in the circumstances. But I had no idea at the time that there was a lady within miles of us."

"I was much interested in my book," replied the girl with a smile, "and was not paying attention to what was going on outside."

She held up her book, between whose leaves her forefinger was placed.

"Well, Miss Slocum, it must have been a pretty interesting book, and I am

deeply grateful to it for acting as a non-conductor between my impulsive observations and your hearing. Nothing excuses intemperate language. Still, if anything could exculpate a man I should think it would be the exasperating conduct of this Farmers' Railroad, as they call it."

"Indeed," said Miss Dorothy archly, "the book had really no right to interfere, because I am one of the owners of the railway, and so perhaps it was my duty to listen to complaints of a passenger. Not that I have anything to do with the management of the line—I have to pay my fare just like the rest."

"I should be delighted to have you accept a ride on your own road as free as if you carried a superintendent's pass."

"The station-master has just told me you were kind enough to offer a poor vagrant a lift to Bunkerville. I wished to buy a ticket, but this haughty official of the main line so despises our poor little road that he will not sell me one."

"Indeed," said the station-master, "I haven't the power, nor the tickets. They don't intrust me with any business so tremendous. Joe starts his rickety engine going, then leaves it to jog along as it likes and comes through the cars to collect the fares. They have no tickets, and perhaps that's why the road has never paid a dividend."

"Oh, you mustn't say that," protested the girl. "Poor Joe has not got rich out of his occupation, any more than the shareholders have made money on their shares. If you will permit me to pay my fare to Joe, Mr. Steele, I shall be only too happy to take this early opportunity of getting to Bunkerville."

"I couldn't think of it, Miss Slocum. In fact, I must prohibit any communication between Joe and yourself, fearing you, as an owner of the road, may learn by what corrupt practices I induced Joe to make the trip."

The girl laughed, but, before she could reply, a wheezy "toot-toot" outside announced that Joe had already got steam up.

"I'll carry your valise across," said the obliging station-master, while Miss Dorothy picked up her lighter belongings and accompanied Mr. John Steele to the shabby little passenger car. Joe was leaning out of the cab with a grin on his smeared face, which was there probably because of the five-dollar bill in his trousers pocket. The station-master placed the valise in the baggage car, and raised his tattered hat as the little train started gingerly out for the open country.

At first the girl seemed somewhat shy and embarrassed to find herself the only passenger except this gallant young business man, but he tactfully put her at her ease by pretending much interest in the history of the road, with which he soon learned she was somewhat unfortunately familiar.

"Yes," she said, "its construction was the greatest financial disaster that ever occurred in this section of the country. My father was one of its chief promoters. When the Wheat Belt Line, by which you came here from Chicago, was surveyed through this part of the state those interested in this neighborhood expected that it would run through Bunkerville, which would then become a large town. The railway people demanded a large money bonus, which Bunker County refused, because Bunkerville was in the direct line and they thought the railway must come through there whether a bonus was paid or not. In fact, the first survey passed just north of Bunkerville. But our poor little village was not so important as its inhabitants imagined, and the next line surveyed was twenty miles away. For once the farmers were too shrewd. They thought, as they put it, that the new line was a bluff, and did not realize their mistake until too late. My father had been in favor of granting the bonus, but he was outvoted. Perhaps that is why the railway people called their station Slocum instead of Bunkerville, which was twenty miles distant. The next nearest railway line was forty-five miles away, and two years after the Wheat Belt Line began operations it was proposed to organize a local company to construct a railway from Slocum, through Bunkerville, to Jamestown, on the other line. Bonuses

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were granted all along the route, and besides this the State Legislature gave a subsidy; and furthermore passed a bill to prevent competition, prohibiting any railway to parallel the Farmers' Road for sixty miles on either side."

"Does that law still stand on the statute-books?"

"I think so. It has never been repealed to my knowledge."

"Well, I should doubt its being constitutional. Why, that ties up more than 7,000 square miles of the State into a hard knot, and prevents it from having railway communication."

"In a measure it does," said the girl. "You may run as many lines as you like north and south, but not east and west."

"It's a wonder the Wheat Belt Line didn't contest that law," said Steele.

"Well, I've been told that this law is entirely in the interests of the Wheat Belt Line, although the farmers didn't think so when they voted for the bill. You see, the Wheat Belt Line was already in operation east and west, and could not be affected by that act, and, of course, the same bill which prevented competition to the Farmers' Road also in a measure protected the Wheat Belt Line through the same district."

"By Jove!" said Steele, his eyes glistering, "this is a proposition which contains some peculiar points. Well, go on. What happened?"

"Oh, disaster happened! In spite of the legislation and bonuses the road was a complete failure, and ruined all who were deeply interested in it. The farmers subscribed stock to the amount of something like \$100,000, but this money, with the sum of the legislative grant and the bonuses, was all swallowed up in building the first twenty miles, and in getting the rolling stock and equipment, such as it is. The line was never pushed through to Jamestown, and there was litigation about some of the bonuses that had been paid, and, all in all, it was a most disastrous business. The shares can now be bought for five cents on the dollar, or less."

"How much of it do you possess, Miss Slocum?"

"I have a thousand shares, and my father told me not to part with them, because, some day they would be valuable."

For a few moments there was silence in the car, and the girl, glancing up at her companion, found his ardent gaze fixed upon her with an intensity that was embarrassing. She flushed slightly and turned her head to look out of the window at the familiar scenery they were passing. It would have surprised the young man could he have read the thoughts that occupied the mind of this extremely pretty and charmingly modest girl who sat opposite him. Here is practically what she said to herself:

"I am tired of this deadly dull village in which I live, and here at last is a way out. I read in his eyes the beginning of admiration. Through this lucky meeting I shall attain the city if I but play my cards rightly."

And it would have astonished the girl if she had known what was in the man's mind. The ardent gaze was not for her, as she had supposed. Although he appeared to be looking directly at her, he was in reality almost ignorant of her presence, and saw unfolded before him a scene far beyond her: the whole range of the Eastern States.

The power that enabled him to stop the fast express at Slocum Junction gave a hint of Steele's position in the railway world to the station-master, but it conveyed no meaning to the girl. It was his business to be intimately acquainted with the railway situation in North-western America, and that involved the knowledge of what was going on in the Eastern States. He knew that the Rockervelt system was making for somewhere near this point, and that ultimately it would have to cross the State, in spite of the opposition it must meet from the Wheat Belt Line. Whoever possessed the farmers' bankrupt road held the right-of-way across the State so far as a belt of 120 miles was concerned.

At that moment Jack Steele determined to carry across the path of the conqueror. If Napoleon accepted battle Jack was under no delusion as to the result. The name of Steele would dis-

appear from the roll of rising young men in Chicago, and he would have to begin at the bottom of the ladder again. However, he knew that Napoleon's eye was fixed on the Pacific Coast, and that he never wasted time in a fight if a reasonable expenditure of money would cause the enemy to withdraw. Steele calculated that he could control the road for something under \$3,000, which would give him the majority of the stock at the price the girl had named. That was a mere bagatelle. Then he would withdraw from Rockervelt's front for anything between \$300,000 and \$500,000.

A sigh from the girl brought him to a realization of his neglect of social duties, and the brilliant vision of loot faded from his eyes. The train had come to a stop and Dorothy Slocum was holding out her hand shyly to bid good-by.

When she had gone the traveler asked Joe where Mr. Hazlett, the lawyer, had his office, and being directed he was speedily in the presence of the chief legal functionary that Bunkerville possessed. Steele had a considerable amount of money lent upon Bunkerville business property, and his lawyer had written him that as times were backward there was some difficulty in getting the debtors to meet the requirements of the mortgages. If the property - as foreclosed and sold Hazlett did not think it would produce the money that had been borrowed upon it, and so Steele had informed him that he would drop off at Bunkerville on his way West, and see his security for himself.

The lawyer had been expecting him on the regular train, and so was not at the little station to meet him. If Hazlett had expected a visit from a hard old skinflint, resolved on having his pound of financial flesh, he must have been somewhat surprised to greet a smiling young fellow who seemed to be thinking of anything but the property in question.

"We will just walk down the street," said the lawyer, "and I'll show you the buildings."

"All right," said Steele, "if it doesn't take too long, for I must catch the three o'clock local at Slocum Junction."

During their walk together Steele paid but the scantiest interest to the edifices pointed out to him, and the lawyer soon found he was not even listening to the particulars he so circumstantially gave.

"Do you know anything about the Farmers' Railroad?" was the question Steele shot at him, in the midst of a score of reasons why it was better not to foreclose.

"I know all about it," said the lawyer. "I have done the legal business of the road from its commencement."

"Have you a list of the shareholders?"

"I have a partial list, but shares have changed hands a good deal, and sometimes no notification has been given me, which is contrary to law."

"What is the total number of shares?"

"A hundred thousand."

"Could 50,000 and an odd share be bought?"

"Do you mean to get control of the road? Yes, I suppose that could be done if you weren't in a hurry, and it was gone about quietly."

"What would it cost?"

"Anywhere between three and five thousand dollars, all depending, as I said, on the thing being done circumspectly."

"Well, I have in my mind exactly the man to do the trick with discretion, and his name is Hazlett. I will lodge in the bank here \$5,000 in your name, and I depend on you to get me at least one share over the 50,000, although to be on the safe side you may purchase at least 1,000 in excess. Send the shares to me in Chicago as fast as you get them."

"Very well, Mr. Steele; I shall do the best I can."

Within a few days, shares in the Farmers' Railroad began to drop in on Steele in bulky packages, which he duly noted and placed in a safe deposit. Presently the packages became smaller and smaller, but as the total had already reached 49,630, Steele was not alarmed until he received the following letter from Hazlett:

Dear Mr. Steele:

About two weeks ago I became suspicious that somebody else was buying the shares of the Farmers' Road. I came across at that time several who

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had sold, although they did not know to whom, and a few days ago a young man called upon me to know if I had any shares for sale. I told him I had none, and, as I showed very little interest in the matter, I got some information, and find that a man named Dunham, of New York, is the buyer, and apparently he has agents all over the country trying to purchase shares. I would have telegraphed this information to you were it not for the fact that our telegraph office is a little leaky, and also because I had the game in my own hands.

A young woman in this town, a teacher, Dorothy Slocum by name, possesses 1,000 shares, which I felt certain I could purchase for a reasonable figure. I began at ten cents, but she refused, and finally raised to fifty cents and then a dollar. Higher than that I could not take the responsibility of going without direct authority from you. To my amazement, to-day she had informed me that she has been offered \$10,000 for her stock. I have got her promise that she will not sell for a week. She telegraphed her decision to Dunham, and has received an answer from him saying he is on his way to see her. I learn from Miss Slocum that she is acquainted with you, and I surmise, without being certain, that you personally will prove the successful negotiator if you are on the spot.

This letter should reach you in time to enable you to get here at least as soon as Dunham, and I advise prompt action on your part if we are to secure that thousand shares.

Yours most sincerely,

James P. Hazlett.

In reply, Lawyer Hazlett received a telegram:

Will reach Slocum Junction at twelve tomorrow. Arrange special train on the Farmers' Road to Bunkerville to be at junction. Steele.

The moment Dunham's name caught Jack Steele's eye in the lawyer's letter, he knew he had to deal with the most unscrupulous man in the railway business, which is saying much. Dunham was in the employ of the Rockervelt system, and as far as money was concerned could outbid him a thousand to one.

When the Greased Lightning Express stopped at Slocum Junction on this occasion John Steele had ample time to reach the platform, because the express detached itself from a private car before it pursued its journey farther west.

"Aha!" said Jack to himself; "Dunham travels in style."

The station-master greeted Steele with the cordiality of an old friend:

"Here is a letter which Lawyer Hazlett sent out to be handed to you as soon as you arrived."

Steele tore open the envelope and read:

I'm sorry about the special train, but Dunham had telegraphed from New York ordering it before your wire came.

I have arranged, however, that Joe will return at once for you as soon as he has landed Dunham in Bunkerville. This will make no difference in the negotiations; Miss Slocum has promised to be away from home when Dunham calls, and will see you first.

James P. Hazlett.

Jack Steele gave no expression of the annoyance he felt at missing the special. He distrusted the lawyer's optimism, and like a flash resolved to be in Bunkerville as soon as his antagonist, Dunham had stepped down from his private car, asked the station-master where the special was to be found, and quickly ordered his car to be placed on a side track. When he had entered the Bunkerville train, and Joe had started up his wheezy engine, Steele darted from the shadow of the station, caught the last car, and sat down on the rear steps outside, well concealed from the sight of any one unless that person stood by the end window.

All went well until they were about five miles from Bunkerville, when Steele thought he recognized a lady's figure on the highway ahead, and, forgetting that he might expose himself to the sharp eyes of Dunham, he rose to his feet, clutched the stanchions, and leaned forward. An instant later the rear door was thrown open, a foot was planted energetically in the small of Steele's back, and that young man went hurtling over the embankment, head over heels. There were no half measures about a man like Dunham.

Steele sat up, bruised and dazed, not knowing whether he was hurt seriously, or had escaped practically unscathed. It seemed to him as he fell through the air that he heard a woman scream. When he was somewhat stupidly debating whether this was real or imaginary his doubts were solved by a voice he recognized:

"Oh, Mr. Steele! Are you hurt? What a brutal thing for that villain to have done!"

"Why, Miss Dorothy, you of all persons; and here was I trying to sneak into Bunkerville to see you first! I thought you were teaching school?"

"Not on Saturdays, Mr. Steele," said the girl, laughing. "I see, after all, you are not very much hurt."

"I'm all right, I think. Fortunately, Joe doesn't run sixty miles an hour. Dorothy, I want you to marry me and come to Chicago."

Again the girl laughed.

"Dear me," she said, "I thought you had come to buy my stock. I couldn't think of taking advantage of a proposal that had been literally shaken out of a man. I'm afraid your mind is wandering a bit."

"My mind was never clearer in my life. What is your answer, Dorothy?"

She sat down beside him, still laughing a little. The rivulet was at their feet, the railway embankment behind them, the highway, shrouded by trees, in front.

Meanwhile the cub above was quiet, and as I saw that there was no imminent likelihood of being eaten alive I recovered somewhat from my panic.

At the foot of the tree the old bear walked to and fro, pausing now and again to eye us malevolently.

The cub which had escaped came out of the brush and joined the mother, and this set the one in the tree to crying again.

There was scarce a breath of air moving now, but both Tibi and I were too busy watching the outraged mother at the foot of the tree to notice the bank of jet-black clouds which was sweeping upward toward the zenith, until in a trice the sun was blotted out, and a fear-some yellow twilight took its place.

On all sides we could hear the crash of great trees falling, although the wind had not yet reached them. I had noted the same thing before other storms, and it sent a cold chill through me as I remembered the half-rotten condition of the tree we were in.

The cub above us evidently feared the approaching storm, for he redoubled his cries, and this aroused the mother that I feared she would climb the tree.

Indeed she came and upraised herself as though to climb a number of times, but on each occasion she changed her mind and resumed her beat around the foot of the pine.

Off to the west there was a dull rumbling roar of thunder and a jagged flash of lightning.

"Big storm come. Tree fall," said the Indian. "Must get um down."

Then I heard a sullen, steady roar as of surf in the distance and far gripped me.

The wind was coming.

Now the frightened whining of the cub above us took on a new note, and every sign of indecision left the beast below. She upreared against the trunk and began to climb.

At the same time the cub above began to come down the tree growling and hissing angrily.

We were between two fires, or rather, two bears.

I drew my knife and prepared to do my best against the mother while Tibi flourished his club and threatened the smaller bear.

About fifteen feet the old bear climbed, then hesitated a moment, whining uneasily, and to our surprise backed rapidly down again.

The roar of the storm was close at hand now, and a scant half mile away we could see the tree tops tossing in the gale.

Awed by a common peril, the Indian, the bear and myself flattened ourselves against the tree trunk and waited in silence.

There was a sharp crackling sound, and almost imperceptibly the tree leaned outward.

Crack—snap—bang—complained the rending wood, and with fast gathering velocity the pine fell directly into the storm just as the full force of the tornado struck us.

I must have been rendered unconscious by the fall, for I do not remember striking on the ground, and when I opened my eyes the soft spatter of rain in my face recalled me to my surroundings.

Dizzily I turned my head to where something was moving in the tree top. I scrambled to my knees and looked. It was Tibi.

"I guess we no have bear for supper," was his only comment.

Fortunately no bones were broken, and in an hour we were none the worse for the adventure. Luckily for us the full force of the wind had caught the tree as it was falling, and, acting like a parachute, let us down with nothing more than a hard bump.

Absorbine, the Antiseptic Liniment

Liniments may come and liniments may go but Absorbine continues on year after year producing results that keep its old friends and make new ones. The history of Absorbine is inspiring. It teaches a lesson of the survival of the fittest and that success comes to those who build for the future by giving full value and square dealing.

Twenty years ago Absorbine was comparatively unknown—now it is without question the leading quality liniment and is used and endorsed by horsemen in this as well as foreign countries.

It is a preparation that appeals especially to owners and trainers of high-grade stock because it is a mild and safe preparation to use. It can't possibly do harm nor will it blister or remove the hair. An animal may be treated with Absorbine and worked at the same time with no staining or disagreeable odor to advertise the fact.

On the face of it Absorbine is rather expensive. In point of fact it is cheap for two very good reasons: It produces actual results and that is what a purchaser aims to buy when he buys a liniment. And it is concentrated. A \$2.00 bottle of Absorbine diluted in accordance with the formula on label makes three gallons of liniment of ordinary strength but with superior qualities. This diluted Absorbine is popular on the grand circuit for a leg race—it keeps a horse in the race sound and ready the next day to do his best.

The manufacturer of Absorbine, W. F. Young, P. D. F., 138 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass., issues an interesting little booklet on the care of horses, which he will mail to anyone interested, free upon request.

What Deep Breathing Does

This is what deep breathing does for a woman:

It starts the blood to circulating rapidly throughout the whole body, which means new life, the purifying and tearing away of diseased conditions and the sending of a supply of fresh, life-giving blood to every part.

It strengthens the lungs, giving them power to throw off diseased conditions and making them proof against the reception of germs and other harmful influences, lessening the tendency to colds and coughs and more serious bronchial and pulmonary troubles.

It expands the chest, gives the figure proper poise, makes the woman who practises it hold herself properly and carry herself in a strong, free, buoyant manner, rather than slouch along with contracted chest and "hang dog" look.

It fills the body with new life, with fresh, pure oxygen, provided, of course, it is done in the open air or in rooms well ventilated.

All this deep breathing does in a general way. These are some of the special things it does:

It sends the red blood coursing through the body and gives firm, rosy cheeks and red lips.

It gives abounding health which makes bright eyes and a happy expression.

It cures a cold if taken in the first stages and one takes ten or twenty deep, full breaths of fresh air, either out of doors or standing at an open window. The breath must be drawn in very slowly and deeply, held a second, then exhaled slowly until every vestige of air is emptied out of the lungs. The slower the breath is inhaled and exhaled, the better.

It cures the blues. Deep breathers are usually optimists. Depression is said to come, often, from breathing in a close, unventilated room. People with narrow, contracted chests, with limited breathing capacity, are usually those who are afflicted with nervousness, depression and melancholy. Deep breathing and a brisk walk in the open air form a positive cure for the blues.

It cures nervousness. People who have been afflicted with stage fright just before engaging in any public entertainment have been entirely relieved of this distressing condition by simply taking a few long, deep breaths, inhaling and exhaling slowly and rhythmically, just before going on the stage and doing their part.

In a case of fright or nervousness, the breathing is always short, quick, hurried, irregular. If one will remember to stop and breathe deeply, it will be found to be a wonderful source of power in overcoming one's feelings of fear or nervousness.

All this, and much more, deep breathing does. Is it not worth while? Should not everyone cultivate it? Is there any reason for people going around with contracted, hollow chests, limited breathing capacity, slouching gait, afflicted with "nerves" and "blues," when the remedy is so simple, so within the reach of everyone?

Enthusiasm is the vitalizing spark; without it a man is a mere automaton; with it his work becomes a pleasure, his whole world brighter and better.—Henry R. Harrower, M. D.

You wouldn't think of cutting your grain with a Reaper, yet your wife to-day is probably doing the washing with a Washer just as much a relic of the past as the old Reaper is.

Make life pleasant for the women folks by buying a Canada Power Washing Outfit, consisting of Canada Power Washer with Wringer, Belt and our new one H. P. Engine, all complete for only

\$52.50



The biggest labor-saving device ever invented.

The Canada Power Washer has a reversible ball-bearing Wringer, five-year guarantee rolls. Will wash and wring at the same time. All gears are enclosed, no chains to tear the clothes, size of washer tub, inside measurements 12 inches deep by 22 3/4 inches diameter. Will wash clothes in a few minutes for the largest families. Price of washer only \$22.50.

The Gasoline Engine supplied with this outfit is our new one H.P., guaranteed in every respect, and is built on most approved lines. It will run a Pump Jack just as well. We can supply a reliable Double-gear Pump Jack for \$7.00 extra.

We Let You Test This Outfit for 30 Days before you need keep it. Send us your order to-day and be convinced that the Canada Power Washing Outfit is one of the best values and labor savers ever made.

C. S. Judson Co., Limited, 181 Market Street
WINNIPEG, Canada

How One Man Cured Himself

In the health department of the Chicago Tribune there was printed some months ago a very interesting letter of personal experience and practical health advice. The author of the letter was informed by his physician that he had Bright's disease and could not live six months. This diagnosis was confirmed by several other physicians. Twenty years have passed and the author of the letter is still living and enjoying health. Here is his advice, the result of personal experience, as printed in the Chicago Tribune:

"Do not drink milk, cream, tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, beer, whiskey, wine, hard cider, soda water, mineral water, or any fancy drink sold at a drug store or over a bar. Avoid all hard waters and waters impregnated with minerals and alkalies. Drink nothing but soft water. Eat all kinds of grains, such as wheat, oats (oatmeal), corn (cornmeal mush, corn bread), rice, barley, rye, flaxseed, boiled whole wheat, whole wheat mush, parched whole wheat mixed with flaxseed and ground. Whole wheat bread should be eaten at every meal. Whole wheat can be purchased at all seed stores and at most of the feed stores.

"You can make your own whole wheat meal or flour by grinding whole wheat in your coffee mill, after having thoroughly washed the wheat and letting it dry. This whole wheat meal makes excellent gems or bread. When prepared like oatmeal mush it makes an excellent and inexpensive breakfast food and is beneficial to those who are troubled with constipation.

"Avoid all forms of animal foods, such as milk, butter, eggs, grease, oysters, meats, fats, glands, thymus, liver, sausage, cheese, gelatin, fish, calves' foot, jelly and similar dishes.

"Avoid sugar and all sweets. If you must have some sweets, experiment with pure maple syrup as a substitute for sugar. Bananas should be avoided by most persons.

"Avoid the use of pepper, salt, mustard, pickles, essential oils, spices, ice cream, flavoring extracts, catsup and all condiments; also all rich and indigestible pastries and cake. Avoid the use of tobacco in every form.

"Drink a glass of lemonade once or twice a week. When the kidneys are sluggish, drink corn water, which is made by boiling one cupful of common field corn in two or three quarts of water for five or six hours.

"An absolute fast for one, two or three days will correct these sick spells by giving nature a chance to throw off the accumulated poison in the system.

"Eat three regular meals per day. Do not overeat. Eat at the same hour every day. Do not eat between meals. Do not eat late suppers. Eat slowly and masti-

cate your food thoroughly. Do not drink more water than your natural thirst demands."

In addition to this, he advises frequent baths, sleeping with open windows and outdoor exercise. This regime would help to keep almost anyone in good health and would prove a specific for many other troubles besides the one named.

Body and Mind

"Every volition and thought of man is inscribed on his brain," says Swedenborg. "Thus a man writes his life in his physique, and thus the angels discover his autobiography in his structure."

We can establish health by thinking the healthy thought, by holding in the mind the constant suggestion of harmony, of vigor, of strength, power, holding the health model, and never allowing ourselves to harbor the weak model, the sick model, the disease model.

Much of the unhappiness, the inefficiency and the wretched, slipshod work, much of the crime of the world, are due to impaired cell life from vicious, unscientific thinking.

It is now well known that a man can think himself into sickness, that he can aggravate the symptoms of disease to an alarming extent by discordant thought.

On the other hand, he can think himself into health by holding persistently the health ideal, the robust, vigorous health thought; by declaring and knowing that health, not disease, is the everlasting fact. Because there is only one power in the universe, there can be only one Creator, and that Creator is perfect, and could not create imperfection; hence disease or physical discord is not a reality in the sense that it is an entity, that it is a real thing. It is an absence of physical harmony, an absence of health.

How to use Tea and Coffee

We all know that the use of tea and coffee is a habit. In many cases the habit is injurious. Dr. J. H. Kellogg claims that even a single cup of coffee contains a goodly amount of uric acid, and that the regular use of coffee leads to impaired digestion and other disorders. Now it is comparatively easy to so modify the tea and coffee habit that it will not be injurious to even the most delicate. Instead of drinking your coffee or tea of ordinary strength, just take a teaspoonful or two to a cup of hot water and use or omit cream and sugar as usual. This gives the desired flavor, and one can soon learn to like it just as well. It is all a matter of habit. Our taste can be, and ought to be, educated to appreciate milder flavors.

Chopin's Sublime Melody Set to Words

The Beautiful Second Movement of Chopin's Funeral March

With Words, "Oh, the Goal of the World is Joy": By Edna Dean Proctor

Andante sostenuto.

1. Oh, the goal of the world is Joy—
2. No star too late or lone or dim

very softly and legato.

lento.

poco ritard.

Joy di-vine that is born of love! Sor-rows are wings that safe con-vey The soul to its no-ble
To hold its way with the cen-tral sun; No voice too faint to swell the hymn By the Fa-ther's throne when the

dim. *a tempo, poco animando.*

realms a-bove. There are days that darken and die in gloom; Till the heart is heav-y with
years are done. The a-ges of God that are mould-ing fair Each life for the glo-ry that

dim. *a tempo*

poco cres. *dim.*

grief and wrong, Yet still in the shad-ow some rose will bloom, And still thro' the wail there runs a
is to be; Nor the woes of earth nor the pow'rs of air Can stay from the palms and the crys-tal

poco cres. *dim.*

poco rit. *a tempo.*

song; For loss and an-guish are on-ly the beat Of the wild March rains that bring the sheaves,
seal For oh, the goal of the world is Joy—x Joy di-vine that is born of love!

rit. *p e tranquillo.*

And a wind of Heav'n will woo our feet To the vales of peace in the har-vest eves.
Sor-rows are wings that safe con-vey The soul to its no-ble realms a-bove.

The Moon is Discredited

Has the moon "that tips with silver all the fruit tree tops" any real influence, benign or malign, on vegetation? In rural districts there is a very general idea (says "Farm and Field") that the rays of the moon in its different phases exert a distinct power, sometimes for good and sometimes for evil, on the germination of seeds as well as in the growth and ripening of plants and crops.

The germination of seeds is dependent on several factors—temperature of the soil, moisture, warmth of the sun, showers, etc., and it is not impossible, indeed, it is probable, that moonlight may also have a share among these different factors. Seeds sown during the first quarter of the moon, "that shimmering wave of tender-rays just planted in the sky," get a greater share of moonlight than seeds put into the soil during the waning of the moon, and light, we all know, is a great stimulant in the growth of plants.

It is, however, difficult to prove. A French scientist conducted for a couple of years experiments to see whether there was any real foundation for the popular belief. He experimented with onions, beetroot, carrots, cabbages, and radishes, and he sowed the seed at times of the new moon, first quarter, full moon and last quarter. The results were published in detail, and the differences in the results are so insignificant that they do not indicate any influence that can be attributed to the different phases of the moon. The differences are not greater than would naturally be accounted for by such factors as showers, insects, etc.

It may be, therefore, concluded that the moon does not exert any influence on the germination of seeds, although we may still hold the opinion that bright moonlight nights co-operate in the ripening of the crops.

Danger from Bulls

Reports of an unusual number of serious accidents from bulls were noted last season. Some of these have told of death and horrible mutilation of the farmers who had these encounters, and few but have been attended with great suffering and danger to life and limb.

But there is another feature of these accidents, if so they may be called, that is worth noticing. A good many times there has been some provocation on the part of the men injured, and in almost every instance actual carelessness. Men are not as humane as they should be sometimes in the treatment of their stock. They often attack their bulls with pitchforks or some other cruel instrument out in the open, sometimes alone and thus place themselves in the position of being the attacking party.

This is a dangerous proceeding. Every man should be the master of his bull, but he should not be his enemy. Animals know more than we give them credit for. They know when one is mean and harsh with them. If treated right, the most of them will show a good disposition in return.

Every bull should have a ring in his nose when under a year of age. The moment the animal shows signs of being ugly he should be kept in a place where he can do no damage. He should always be kindly treated—never yelled at, pounded or otherwise maltreated. Dehorning is often resorted to, but is objected to by many and is never a really sure guarantee of safety. Bulls will strike terrible blows with the naked head. Only a day or two ago I heard of a man who came near being killed by a bull that had been dehorned.

It is never safe to trifle with an animal of this kind. Boys are often the means of making bulls ugly by putting down their heads and butting with them when calves. This should never be permitted for a single instant.

With a stick and a snap in the bullring we may always handle creatures of this kind, and rather than run the risk of being hurt or perhaps killed we might better keep the bull all the time in a good strong stanchion or stall.

And by all means always be kind.

He—Don't you know her? She lives in your square.

She—Perhaps so; but she is not in my circle.—Toronto World.

Young People

A Night on the Sea Shore

By Bessie Manning

"Nobody else's mother would have let us," announced Madge, her face all red with the exertion of cramming a sack full of hay; "but then our mother was always a darling brick."

"And Gladys is fifteen, of course," said Daisy. "And awfully sensible. Oh, isn't it scrumptious to be really going to camp out at last? Do you know, Madge, I quite wish Ella were coming with us."

"Ella!" cried Madge scornfully. "Poof! She's a silly little goody-goody. She'd be afraid."

"Why?" asked Daisy.

"Oh, because her uncle said she never did anything naughty," said Madge, her lip curling. "And Gladys asked her once to come and bathe with us, but that nurse person she calls Dixon said, 'No thank you, it is too dangerous.'"

When Madge and Daisy had gone, a little figure slipped out from behind one of the big haycocks. Poor Ella! she had not meant to overhear. She lived at her uncle's, where there were no other children, and ever since the four Donaldson girls had come to stay at the farm next door Ella had longed to play with them.

"They called me a goody-goody and a silly," she muttered, the tears filling her eyes. "It's because Uncle told their mother that I never did anything naughty. They're going to camp out to-night. Oh, they are lucky! I wonder——" and she drew in her breath suddenly, "if I were to do something frightfully brave and frightfully naughty, if they would have me to play with them then?" And Ella began to walk home with her mind full of thoughts.

Down on the shore four very excited young people were making their beds on the ground inside the tent. American leather first, then dry hay, rugs on top and a pillow case stuffed with hay for each bed. It was beautifully cosy.

"Give us a biscuit, Glad, before you put the lamp out," said Madge, pulling her rugs round her. "Oh, what a day it has been!"

"I've been writing about it in my diary," piped out little Nora. As she was the baby of the party Gladys had helped her with her bed, and she had been sitting on it for some time scribbling in a small pocket-book.

"Let's look," said Madge, taking the book from her. "'Camping out, July 21st,'" she read. "'We have been at it all day.' Oh, I say, Nora—spelling!"

"Give it to me, you rude thing!" cried Nora. "You shan't read it any more."

"Won't you read it to us, Nora?" said Gladys, putting her arm round her little sister. "We shan't see the spelling then."

"You must be quiet then, and Madge isn't to laugh," pouted Nora. "Well then: 'Camping out—July 21st. We have been at it all day.'" A smothered sound from the direction of Madge's bed caused her to look up suspiciously, but Daisy had covered Madge's face with hay, and Nora went on. "We have pitched our tent on the sea-shaw. We did so because Gladys likes to hear the sea, and in the morning Daisy will write some poetry about the moon."

"I shan't," called out Daisy, very loudly and indignantly, and getting very red in the face.

"Well, you always do write poetry" retorted Nora. "In the morning, she went on, 'John, the farmer's boy—'"

"You needn't have put that in," remarked Madge; "anybody knows who John is."

"If you interump me again I shan't read," said Nora. This announcement was greeted with shouts of laughter from Madge and Daisy, in which Nora herself finally joined.

"John, the farmer's boy," continued Nora, "helped us to pitch our tent on a flat, grassy place, where there were a lot of stones. These, he said, could be cleared away; but when the tent was on and we began to clear the stones we found ants' nests underneath."

"So we pitched our tent in another place."

"We have got a stayble lamp here, a biscuit box which has biscuits in, also eggs. We have forgotten any butter to butter the eggs; this is a pity as I don't like boiled eggs. We have also a penknife. Daisy is now engaged in brushing Madge's hair, but I don't mean to do any brushing or washing for wonce in a way."

This last sentence sent her three sisters into such fits of laughter that Nora shut up her pocket-book in disgust. Then Gladys put out the "stayble lamp" and the four children lay quite still for a minute or two.

"I dare anybody to run to the stream and back now," said Daisy, but nobody answered her.

Madge and Nora were soon fast asleep. Daisy kept on groaning that there were great lumps in her bed, and that she was sure she could feel ants biting her. After a while she fell into a doze; but Gladys lay awake wondering whether there was any truth in a story she had heard about a strange old man who lived in one of the caves, when suddenly she heard something which made her sit bolt upright and grow stiff from head to foot. It was a splash, as though something had fallen into some water, and then a cry of terror. Gladys listened, almost too frightened to breathe. There wasn't a sound. Yes, there was. A sort of scrambling and rustling and—yes, now she could hear them quite plainly, footsteps. They were coming towards the tent.

"Daisy," she whispered hoarsely; then louder, "Daisy," and she stretched her arm out across Nora and clutched at Daisy's shoulder.

"What's the matter?" asked Daisy sleepily.

"It's footsteps," gasped Gladys, clutching her tighter. "Listen! Oh!"

The opening of the tent had suddenly parted and a dark figure stood between them and the moon.

Then Gladys got up from her bed.

"If you dare to come in," she called out in a choking voice, "I shall fight you. I am armed," and she gripped the penknife which she had put under her pillow in case of emergency.

For a moment there was dead silence, then a little voice said timidly:

"I wasn't going to hurt you. I had just brought you down some butter."

And there in the opening stood little Ella, a basket in one hand, and all her poor little body dripping with water and shivering violently.

In a moment Gladys had her arms round her, and was tugging off her wet things and calling to the others to wake up and get out the biscuits, because Ella had come all the way down in the darkness and had just fallen into the stream.

"Whatever made you do it, Ella?" asked Madge afterwards, when Ella had got down between Nora and Gladys, and was being rubbed by both of them to keep her from shivering.

"You did!" said Ella. "I wanted to do something frightfully naughty, because I heard you calling me a goody-goody. And when I got into the house John's mother was telling Dixon you'd forgotten your butter. So I waited till everybody was asleep, and then I took some of ours and brought it down to you. I shan't eat any to-morrow, so it will be all right."

"Weren't you awfully frightened by yourself?" asked Daisy. "None of us would have dared."

"I was almost too frightened to do it," said Ella. "And, oh!"—she went on—"Uncle will be frightened, too. I must go back now," and she couldn't help giving a little sob.

"You shan't go back," cried Gladys; "or if you do, we shall all go with you," and she hugged Ella tightly. "What time does your Uncle get up in the morning?"

"Not till eight o'clock, neither do I," answered Ella.

"Well then, we'll be up there by that time," said Gladys, "and they won't have missed you."

But before Ella lay down again, Madge crawled over Daisy and Nora, and spoke to her. "I'm sorry I called you a goody-goody," she said. "You're braver than any of us." And then she shook Ella by the hand, because Madge always did things in a funny, boyish way.

GOOD NEWS FOR CANADIANS

Health Specialist SPROULE

The Great Catarrh Specialist Explains

His Method of Treatment



THE GREAT ENGLISH SPECIALIST

Graduate in Medicine and Surgery of Dublin University, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service

Has Cured All Forms of Catarrh

Twenty-five years ago a young but highly honored surgeon in the British Royal Mail Naval Service astonished his friends by suddenly leaving, and entering on private practice. That surgeon was the now famous Catarrh Specialist Sproule. His keen brain had early seen in the then new disease, Catarrh, a menace to the life and happiness of the civilized world. While other physicians were neglecting it as unimportant, Specialist Sproule studied its nature and the means of cure. He labored in office, hospital, and laboratory. He mastered the subject.

As Specialist Sproule had foreseen, Catarrh spread with frightful rapidity. Thirty years ago Catarrh was almost unknown. Now no age or sex is exempt from it. No climate or locality is a cure for it. It is in many cases the forerunner of Consumption. Vital statistics show that deaths from Consumption in this country have increased in the last five years in startling fashion. Altogether too many of these cases have been traced back to Catarrh as their starting point.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule, the first to make Catarrh a specialty, has perfected a scientific, constitutional treatment which has cured hundreds and hundreds of cases of Catarrh. Many hundreds of Canadian people, throughout the provinces, bless the day they saw his advertisement ten or fifteen years ago.

The widely advertised so-called "Catarrh cures" often do more harm than good, by driving the Catarrh germs deeper into the system. Painful stomach disorders and even more serious troubles have thus originated.

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane and is curable only through the blood, and by remedies prepared for each case. Medicine that will cure one will often harm another. Specialist Sproule's method drives every germ out of the body. It clears the head, stops the hawking and spitting, sweetens the breath, strengthens the eyes, restores the hearing. It purifies and enriches the blood. It invigorates and tones up the entire system. It gives new life, energy, and ambition. The hardships of life seem easier to bear. Work becomes a pleasure. The man feels as if made over.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule's name is revered as that of a benefactor in thousands of homes. If you have any symptoms of Catarrh, the Specialist earnestly invites you to write him and tell him all about it. It will cost you nothing. He will give you the most valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

He will diagnose your case without charge and tell you just what to do. Do not delay. In such cases every moment is precious. Do not neglect yourself. Above all do not give yourself wrong treatment. The results may be serious.

CATARRH of the HEAD and THROAT

The most prevalent form of Catarrh results from neglected colds.

- 1 Do you spit up slime?
- 2 Are your eyes watery?
- 3 Does your nose feel full?
- 4 Does your nose discharge?
- 5 Do you sneeze a good deal?
- 6 Do crusts form in the nose?
- 7 Do you have pain across the eyes?
- 8 Does your breath smell offensive?
- 9 Is your hearing beginning to fail?
- 10 Are you losing your sense of smell?
- 11 Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?
- 12 Are there buzzing noises in your ears?
- 13 Do you have pains across the front of your forehead?
- 14 Do you feel dropping in back part of throat?

If you have some of the above symptoms your disease is Catarrh of the head and throat.

Answer the above questions, yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out and send to

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE,
117 TRADE BUILDING, BOSTON
Be sure and write today.

DISEASES of BRONCHIAL TUBES

When Catarrh of the head and throat is left unchecked it extends down the windpipe into the bronchial tubes, and may in time attack the lungs and develop into Catarrhal Consumption.

- 1 Do you take cold easily?
- 2 Is your breathing too quick?
- 3 Do you raise frothy material?
- 4 Is your voice hoarse and husky?
- 5 Have you a dry, hacking cough?
- 6 Do you feel worn out on rising?
- 7 Do you feel all stuffed up inside?
- 8 Are you gradually losing strength?
- 9 Have you a disgust for fatty foods?
- 10 Have you a sense of weight on chest?
- 11 Have you a scratchy feeling in throat?
- 12 Do you cough worse night and morning?
- 13 Do you get short of breath when walking?

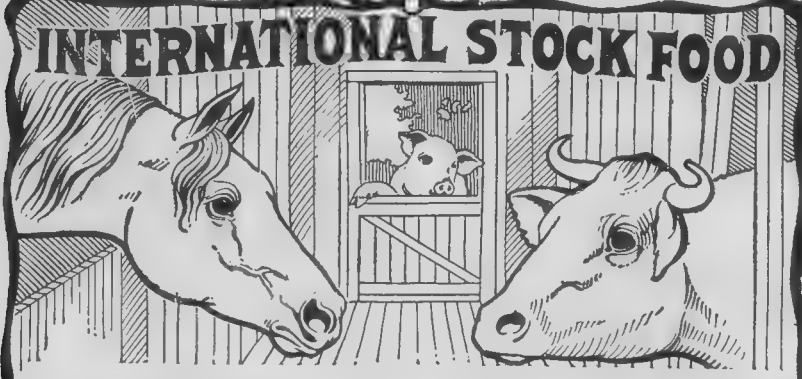
If you have some of these symptoms you have Catarrh of the bronchial tubes.

Name

Address

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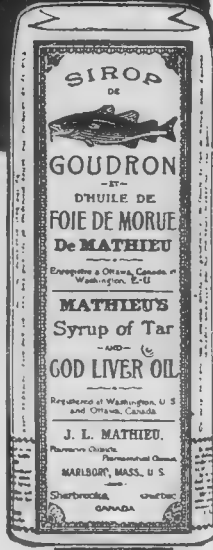


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It was such a queer breakfast in the morning. Ella never forgot it. It took a tremendous time to get the fire lighted, and when the eggs were done, Ella had hers out of the saucepan, and the others each had a corner of the lid of the biscuit tin.

It was a quarter to nine by the time they got up to the house. Ella's uncle had just come down to breakfast.

"Uncle," said Ella, the minute she got into the dining-room, "I have done something frightfully naughty. I have been down to the shore in the middle of the night, and I have only just come up again."

Her uncle looked at her in perplexity. He had heard nothing of her disappearance.

"My dear child," he began, but suddenly Ella flew to him and buried her face on his shoulder. "Oh, Uncle," she sobbed out, "don't ever say I never do anything naughty again."

Then Madge stepped forward and explained. "Ella is a brick, Mr. Craven," she said. "She heard me calling her afraid, and so she determined to bring down some butter to us at the tent in the middle of the night. She says it was naughty, but I think it was an heroic deed, worthy of a knight of old. You see her honor was at stake."

"And may she come and play with us every day now?" cried Gladys.

Her uncle didn't speak for some time, and Ella began to think he must be very angry with her.

"Have I been too frightfully naughty, Uncle?" she whispered.

with variegated garments, and pipe away the souls of little children; or he may become a phantom, doomed to hunt till the Judgment Day as a punishment for some untold sin.

On Cornish coasts listeners still hear the cries of the tortured Tregear, laboring at his endless task; in Devon the same cries are those of De Tracey, the murderer of Becket, whose curse the Church has not yet seen fit to raise. In the Highlands of Scotland the cries are those of kelpies or water fiends; in Finland there is the strange harp of Wainamoinen. This harp, like that of Orpheus, can charm things animate and inanimate. In our own land strains of fairy music used to be heard on summer nights; perhaps our peasants, taught by advanced educationalists, no longer hear these things. Did not such a strain beguile Kilmeny away from her home? Country folk used to hear chimes of buried bells rising from the earth or coming from the sea, in spots where churches had been swallowed; doubtless the sounds continue, but the imagination that so interpreted them may have gone. The world is no less romantic, no less mysterious, than it was formerly, but we do not see that in it which was once seen, or hear that which was heard. The change is in ourselves. Yet the old ideas of primitive superstition cling to us, disown them as we will. We cannot quite shake off the ghost of savage man. There are still depths in us not amenable to modern credulities or incredulities; and it is at night time, in lonely

Cheer Up!

WHEN de snowstorm's threatenin'
Don't you be afraid;
Spring will come as usual,
Smilin', undismayed;
When de rose is bloomin'
You won' mind it a bit.
I's seen a lot o' winter,
An' I ain' froze yit.

"I am afraid we have all three been rather naughty, Ella," said Mr. Craven, taking hold of Madge's hand as he spoke. "Madge and you and I. But, Madge, I don't think Ella's deed was heroic. There is something much braver than not being afraid in the dark. It is the bravery of doing right, and not being afraid of what other people think of us."

"She may play with them as much as she likes," Mr. Craven said afterwards to the Donaldsons' mother, "and bathe too. Only I think we'll draw the line at sleeping in the tent."

Unaccountable Noises

Extract from an article in the London Standard entitled, "The Wind in Folklore."

There are still strange and seemingly unaccountable noises to be heard by those who listen in lonely places at night. Even in cities the sounds of night are often mysterious; in quiet hamlets, open stretches of moorland, solitary farmsteads, they are doubly so. Every woodland is like a magic harp, responsive to the least touch of the wind. Sounds heard on the seashore or near are sometimes explainable in other ways. The sea is combating the pent-up air of caves, or perhaps some fragment of beach is falling with strangled cry into the water. So, it is said, the pent waters of freezing lakes will give forth an unearthly crying. Little wonder that superstitious fancy has given to all these things a definite interpretation, and that from the times of primitive myth and saga to our own, the voices of night time have perplexed and troubled listening human souls. Oriental mythologies have personified the winds and breezes, and Western folklore does much the same. The bushmen say, "The wind was formerly a person; he became a bird." As we have seen, he may become a piper

and desolate spots, that such depths find voice. The strange cry of a night bird, the weird sigh of the wind, are still almost as personal to us as they were to our forefathers.

How to be Happy

Are you almost disgusted with life, little man?

I'll tell you a wonderful trick That will bring you contentment if anything can:

Do something for somebody quick.

Are you awfully tired with play, Weary, discouraged, and sick?

I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world—

Do something for somebody quick.

Though it rains like the rain of the flood, little man,

And the clouds are forbidding and thick, You can make the sun shine in your soul, little man—

Do something for somebody quick.

Though the stars are like brass overhead, little girl,

And the walks like a well-heated brick, And our earthly affairs in a terrible whirl—

Do something for somebody quick.

The bookkeeper came out looking mysterious and called for the office boy.

"What have you been doing?"

"Nuthin'."

"The boss wants to see you right away."

I guess it's the bounce for yours."

"Nix," declared the office boy. "I know what he wants."

"What does he want?"

"He wants to know what new players have been signed,"—Washington Herald.

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Attractive Embroideries

Readers will please note that Prices Quoted are for Linens Stamped for Embroidery Only

FOLLOWING the series of Birthday Pillows we have been illustrating, the February design shows an effective arrangement of tulips tinted in gay colorings of yellows, reds, etc., giving a most seasonable suggestion of spring. The embroidery is easily worked, as the flowers only require tipping, long and short, using the shades of silk matching the tinting. The lettering is outlined with fine black silk, while the word "February" is embroidered solidly in shades of brown. These birthday cushions have become very popular, and our readers have shown great interest in the series of designs.

The lengthening days of spring seem to inspire one with the thought that the house requires freshening up, and nothing will add more attractively to the furnishings than a few hand embroidered articles. The day pillow slips have come into general favor, as they slip on so easily and in many cases have quite replaced the old-fashioned shams. These new pillow cases have open ends, and two varieties are pictured here, one showing the ends stamped to be embroidered with scalloped edges, while the second comes already finished with a hemstitched border all round. The pillow is slipped in from the back. The former may be had stamped on either tubular cotton or linen, while the hemstitched ones are made from linen only.

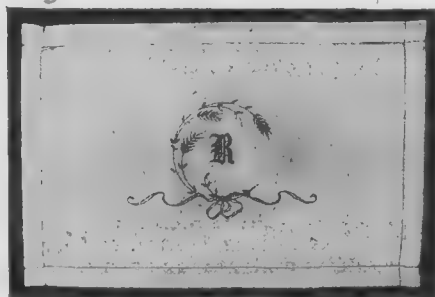


No. 6402. February.
Tulip front and back 60 cents.
Lace to edge 75 cents.
Silk to embroider 75 cents.
Fringe for ends (if preferred).... 60 cents.

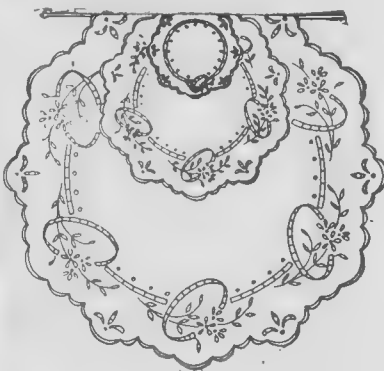


No. 8007
Slip over pillow case linen \$1.10 each.
Slip over pillow case, tabular cotton .60 each.
Cotton to embroider25 each.

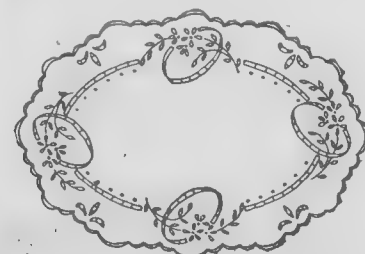
Matched Sets for the dining table, consisting of centres in any of the sizes quoted, doilies, oval trays, tea cosies and serviettes, may all be had stamped with attractive designs, one of which we illustrate. The design shows a combination of solid and eyelet embroidery, and may be worked effectively in white. The all-white embroideries have the attractiveness all their own, as they suit the decorations of any table.



No. 1522.
Hemstitched slip over pillow case, size of opening 36 x 45 \$1.25 each.
Cotton to embroider25 each.

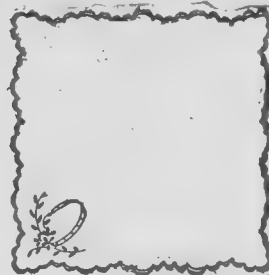


No. 6150. Luncheon Set.
Centre, 6 inch. \$.04
Centre, 9 inch.08
Centre, 12 inch.12
Centre, 27 inch.55
Centre, 36 inch. 1.10
Centre, 45 inch. 1.50



No. 6150 Ovals.

Size 11 x 14 \$.12
Size 15 x 2025



No. 6150.
Serviette, 15 inch. 18 cents.

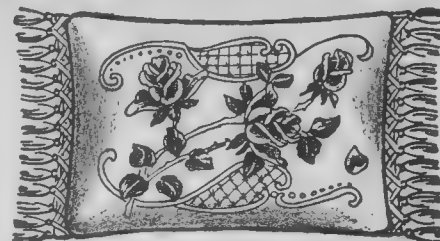
The method of working such a set, as the one pictured here, is generally understood and does not need further description than to say that any embroidery, no matter how simple, must be carefully and evenly worked, otherwise the beauty is lost; edges must be carefully padded before the scalloping is done, so that the edges may not fray or become shabby.

Any information regarding the embroidering of articles shown in our Art Needlework Column will be cheerfully furnished on receipt of a stamped envelope addressed to the W.H.M. Fashion Dept.



No. 6150.

Cosy, 20 x 30 \$.65



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One Pillow Back.

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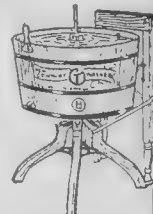
Is worn by every housewife who uses one of these washers. The reason is quickly found for the New Century makes washing easy. It removes the hard rubbing and does the work more thoroughly than any other way.

The New Century Hand Washer works quickly and easily. It gushes the water through the fabric, leaving it sweet and clean in a few minutes. It cannot injure the finest garment you possess.

The product of twenty-five years experience in making washers, the New Century is without an equal. Patented features make it the leading hand washer.

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Cutter's Blackleg Pill injector..... 1.50
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Every package dated, unused pills returnable for free exchange for fresh after date on package. Do not use old vaccine, or of uncertain age (ours or any other) as it affords less protection than fresh.

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Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

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Mrs. Florence Cullum
363 Beverley Street Winnipeg

Articles illustrated in this column will be found on sale at all the up-to-date Art Needlework Departments of the city stores, but if they cannot be obtained in this manner, they will be sent post paid on receipt of the prices quoted.

When ordering kindly mention the design, number and article, thus avoiding any possibility of mistake. Allow at least a week from the time the order is received for filling.

Baby Wants a Corner

Florence Hull Winterburn

The common experience is that baby and his belongings spread all over the house. The little baby is, in truth, a sort of octopus, with arms that embrace every quarter. But despite these aggressions—for which he is himself not to blame—he has no hold upon any locality, but is moved hither and thither, dislodged without notice, and hunted from pillar to post as if his small presence and his small properties were inflections to be shaken off whenever chance offers. And if at one year he is considered a nuisance, at two he is an interloper, without permanent privilege or the least tenure of possession upon any spot in the house.

This is true of the majority; there are exceptionally favored individuals, young princes of the blood, born into command of a miniature kingdom. But the baby belonging to the average household, none too large for the wants of the father and mother and perhaps the big brother and sister, has no settled locality, and must wage a sort of guerilla warfare on his inhospitable relations in behalf of his dolls, his wagons, his blocks and his books.

No one knows (who has not been a baby) how bleak the world is to a baby who has no little home of his own; no tiny realm within the larger one, toward which his heart can turn with a thrill of pride and thankfulness such as older people feel in their own domain. Baby wants a nook that he can call all his own, a corner of which he is lord and proprietor, that he can picture in his mind when absent from it, as sure to be just in the condition he left it. What pleasant memories and thoughts cluster about such a spot we outsiders can scarcely guess. We are not wont to give him credit for much sentiment. But we have seen a certain little toddler who was made the happy lord of such a corner, large enough to hold a low table and chair, and a box of toys, rush in from his morning walk, and before bonnet or mittens could be removed, peer into his drawer and search for every pencil and other possession, to see that everything was undisturbed.

And another mite, a girl of three, who was provided when on a visit with some toys, made herself a miniature bedroom in a corner of the parlor, and could only be prevailed upon to leave when the assurance was given that she should find the things in the same place when she came again. On the way home she asked her mother twice, "Mamma, will my bureau be there when I go back?"

Surely in all but the poorest households a niche can be spared for the baby. Let him have his low chair and tiny table, with a shelf for his toys, and regard his tenant right as sacred. Do we want our children to be honest and fair in their dealings? Then let us give them a chance to acquire just views early. What can a mother expect who tells her child sternly, as a mother was overheard saying to her little girl the other day: "It makes no difference what you want!" And there was a scornful accent on the pronoun which must have aroused a thrill of jitter resentment in that young heart, humiliated so unnecessarily.

It does make a difference what the child wants, all the difference in the world; for suppressed desires do not die, they only lie hid till the time comes when they can obtain satisfaction. It is our duty to try and lead our child to want the right things. And to this end we ought to gratify his natural and innocent preferences. He comes to us a guest, ready to be sweet and kind and gracious in the measure of our being so to him. Let us welcome him and make

him, as we aim to make our older visitors—at home.—"From the Child's Standpoint," by permission of The Baker, Taylor Co., Publishers.

The Fear of Death

Goethe wrote, "The thought of death leaves me in perfect peace, for I have a firm conviction that our spirit is a being of indestructible nature; it works on from eternity to eternity; it is like the sun which, though it seems to set to our earthly eyes, does not really set, but shines on perpetually."

To the Master death was simply the passage home, the entrance into the Father's house; to the chief of His servants it was the life here that was the state of exile, and to be absent from the body was to be present with the Lord. In the catacombs at Rome the Christians of the first three centuries recorded their thoughts of death in symbols of gladness and hope and triumph. It is this spirit that the Christian faith has lost, and which it must seek to recover if it is to be a message of glad tidings.

Our funeral customs are pagan, and intensify the natural horror of death. In contrast with Eastern nations, who array themselves in white on the occasion of death, our ceremonial is clothed in blackness and gloom. Even the Psalms which are read at the burial service are despondent and gloomy, and suggest no immortal hopes. All the incidents combine to concentrate attention upon the physical remains as the one important fact.

Contrast this mode of thought with the more spiritual views of the Japanese, who regard their departed friends as still with them in their homes. The physical death appears to them to be only the setting free of the spirit, and is so expressed in their familiar speech. A touching incident during their war with Russia illustrates this point of view. On the body of a fallen soldier their was found a letter from a comrade in Port Arthur giving instructions for the disposal of his affairs if he should not return home. How significant is the expression which is used: Not "If I am killed at Port Arthur," but "If I become a spirit" there.

But there is possibly a yet higher conception of man's nature which both East and West have still to learn. It is when we affirm the spiritual life as the paramount fact in the present. Instead of looking forward to becoming a spirit at death, each person should seek to know that he is a spirit now. The true formula is not "I have a soul," but "I am a soul, possessing a body." We need not go quite the length of Epictetus and say, "I am a soul, dragging about a corpse." The body is not to be treated with contempt and neglect, for it is the living agent and instrument of the soul's activity. But only to those who subdue the lusts of the flesh and live in the immortal part of their nature can there arise clear and certain knowledge of the eternal life.

To speak of committing our loved ones to the grave is the language of Materialism. The true self, that which rises again, is never buried. To the good man death is resurrection; it is escape from the lower condition into the higher. And, following the universal law of development, when the higher is reached the lower is cast aside as an encumbrance. The bird that sings in the air does not resume the shell that was once its prison-house; and when man's physical body has done its work it also is cast aside for ever, and a higher organization is unfolded from within.

"As when one layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
'These will I wear today';
So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh."

Sir Edwin Arnold's translation
of Bhagavad Gita.

It is difficult to get self-confidence and an empty purse to travel together.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Mrs. Thomas Melville, Saltcoats, Sask., writes:—"I thought it my duty to write and tell you how much your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. My heart was so bad I could not sleep, eat, nor walk about the house. I could not do my housework at all, what my husband could not do had to go undone. I had two small children depending on me besides three men to cook for, and it worried me to not be able to do anything. My husband had taken some of your pills, some years ago, and insisted on me trying them, so I started, and before I had taken them two weeks I was considerably better, and before I had taken two boxes I was doing my own work again. Anyone suffering from heart or nerve trouble of any kind should just give your pills a trial. If anyone cares to write to me I will gladly give them all the information I know concerning your wonderful medicine."

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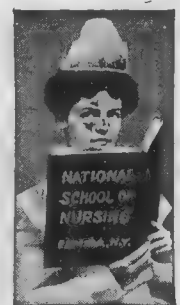
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BRANDON

MAN

Scotch Column

Safe in Winnipeg. A nine-year-old boy from Elgin in Morayshire this past summer made his way all alone to Winnipeg. Well done, Morayshire.

Reform Bills. The best of all reform bills is that which each citizen "passes" in his own breast — where it is pretty sure to meet with strenuous "opposition."—Carlyle.

In America. Next to a Scottish birth, a Scottish pedigree is often a matter of boasting, even back into the regions of the Covenanting or Chevalier times.—John Tod, Lasswade.

Statistics. In Scotland: Ministers, 5,105; lady preachers, 2; lawyers, 4,218; 1 lady lawyer (Aberdeen); doctors, 3,094; teachers (male), 8,010; (female), 18,778; total population, 4,760,904.

There are "Seven." In the Island of Lewis are seven brothers and sisters, old enough, under the recent arrangements, to receive "Old Age" pensions. They are all "crofters," and have all grown-up families.—Scotch Paper.

Men's Mouths. Several Scottish authors speak about men's mouths. One tells of a "man with a wide mouth, only one side of which he seemed to make use of!" And Robert Louis Stevenson speaks of "the loose flexible mouth that goes with wit."

Hugh Miller. Of this grand old Scottish author, his wife says: "Of personal ambition, other than to write something the world would not willingly let die, he had not a single grain."

A Short Act. One of the shortest "Acts" ever passed by any parliament was one in the reign of James the First of Scotland: "No man shall enter any place where there is hay with a candle, unless it be in a lantern."

Gaelic Poetry. Love in its general acceptance, and love and loyalty to race and country—are claimed by Gaelic writers as characteristic of modern Gaelic poetry. Gaelic songs are very numerous; but all (in our Lowland estimation) too long; often of twenty or twenty-five stanzas.

For me—the blude i' my bosom lap,
Wi' a' schule-bairn's joy turned law,
to play—
When I lookit again on the lane hill tap,
And the glen where I spent life's
early day;
And never sae fair did the auld hills
seem,
I' the years langsyne, as they did this
day,
When I cross't at the heid o' the Wan-
lock stream,
Wi' the bird i' the lift, and the blume
on the braes.

—Robert Reid (Montreal).

And when the troubled tears shall start, to think of all the
past,
My mouth shall haste to kiss them off, and chase thy sorrows
fast;
And thou shalt walk in soft white light, with kings and priests
abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God!
From "The Devil's Dream," Thomas Aird.

Carnegie. The people of Dunfermline, Mr. Andrew Carnegie's birthplace, are erecting a handsome statue in his honor.

"Thrang." There is a prejudice in Scotland against the word "busy." "The Deil's a busy Bishop in his ain Diocel!" says a Scots proverb.

"Peebles for Pleasure!" This saying arose from a citizen of Peebles, by some strange chance, visiting Paris. Asked about it, when he returned, he said: "Paris, a' things considered, is a wonderful place; but, still, gie me Peebles for pleasure!"

Greater Glasgow. With the additions of 1912, Glasgow now comprises 27,124 acres and 1,029,234 inhabitants, and is, without serious competition, the "second city" in the British Empire. The chief magistrate, the Lord Provost, is now authorized to assume the title of "Right Honorable."

Washington. The site selected for the city of Washington was suggested to the first President by George Walker, the son of a farmer at Sheardale, Clackmannanshire, Scotland. He was a land surveyor, and his practised eye saw the advantages which the site possessed for the erection of a great city.

Scots Proverbs

Lock your door, that you may keep
your neighbors honest.
The blind man's peck should be weel
measured.
Wide will wear, but tight will tear.
Them that winna work maun want.
Ill-won gear winna enrich the third
heir.
I'm as auld as you are auncient.

Heather Burning. The heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep might have the advantage of the young herbage. This custom—execrated by sportsmen—occasionally produces the most beautiful appearance at night. The charge of a warrior, in the fine ballad of "Hardyknute," is said to be "Like a fire to heather set."

Doctor Maclure's Funeral. "But wae's me" — and Jamie broke down utterly behind a fir tree, so tender a thing is a cynic's heart—"that fouk'll take a man's best wark a' his days, without a word, and no dae him honor till he dees! Oh, if they had only gither't like this only aince when he was livin' and lat him see he hedna labored in vain! His reward hes come ower late, ower late!" — Ian Maclaren.

The Whaup (the curlew)

What thochts o' the lang gray moorlan'
Start up when I hear that cry!
The times we lay on the heathery brae
At the well, langsyne gane dry;—
And aye as we spak o' the ferlies
That happened aforetime there,
The whaup's lane cry as the win cam by,
Like a wild thing tint i' the air!
—Robert Reid.

The Bairns

Monday's bairn is fair of face;
Tuesday's bairn is fu' o' grace;
Wednesday's bairn's a child of woe;
Thursday's bairn has far to go;
Friday's bairn's loving and giving;
Saturday's bairn works hard for his
living;
But the bairn that is born on the
Sabbath day
Is lucky and bonny, and wise and gay!
—Old Saw.

Weak Heart



Many people suffer from weak hearts. They may experience shortness of breath on exertion, pain over the heart, or dizzy feelings, oppressed breathing after meals or their eyes become blurred, the heart is not sufficiently strong to pump blood to the extremities, and they have cold hands and feet, or poor appetite because of weakened blood supply to the stomach. A heart tonic and alterative should be taken which has no bad after-effect. Such is

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About the Farm

Celery Must Be Stored Dry

J. Vernon Sheap, Michigan

Having properly matured and prepared a crop of celery for storage, certain definite principles must be adhered to in storing it if our efforts are to meet with success. Some of the important principles applying to successful storage of celery are the methods of handling and the maintenance of proper conditions of temperature and moisture.

The celery should be in good condition, not too heavily trimmed. The tops and upper parts of the plant should be dry if possible. Bright, dry days should be selected for storing when convenient, but I realize that when celery is to be stored we generally have to take the days as they come and get our crop protected as soon as possible. However, many growers shake out their crop on dry days and replace in the pit in a dry condition when they find it necessary to store wet material.

No matter what method of cutting or plowing out the crop is used, the roots must not be cut too short, as they must continue to feed the plant with moisture. Get the celery to the pits and set up before the roots dry out. All loose, crooked leaves should be pulled off and the surplus earth shaken from the roots before pitting.

Simple Storage for Short Period

Early maturing varieties are often kept in perfect condition for 10 weeks or even longer, piled in small piles and covered with straw and earth. However, in keeping celery in this manner no debris should go into the pile, and the celery should be closely trimmed and above all, perfectly dry. If it must be put in on a wet day, it should be re-

moved on the first dry day, shaken out and dried, and again covered. It should be piled or corded in straight piles, or it will come out crooked and in poor condition. Celery thrown into heaps in any manner and covered thus cannot be expected to come out in first-class condition. A few inches of earth over a light covering of straw is usually all that is necessary in northern latitudes.

The method most extensively used by celery growers and one which usually gives very satisfactory results is as follows: Dig trenches 10 to 12 inches wide and deep enough that when plants are placed upright in them the tops will just about reach the surface of the ground. The celery plants are then firmly packed in this position. No earth is placed about the roots. Boards are nailed together V-shaped and placed over the trenches to shed the rain and prevent the sun and wind from wilting the celery. The big secret in keeping celery is to keep the tops dry.

Manure is placed in piles along the trenches. As cold weather approaches a little is placed over the boards and packed along the edges. As the weather becomes colder more manure is added. Four inches of manure is usually sufficient. Some growers throw earth instead of manure over the boards, but it is likely to sift on to the celery and cause it to become dirty and spotted.

The dirt floor of the house should have a covering of 3 or 4 inches of loose earth in which to pack the roots of the celery. It is desirable to have the storehouse subdivided lengthwise into beds 6 to 8 feet wide by means of 6-inch boards raised 3 to 4 inches from the ground and fastened to stakes. In such a storehouse ventilation is given by opening the doors and a ventilator which can be opened or closed should be added.

If the celery sweats give more ventilation. If pit gets too cold a coal stove may be set up and kept going for a few days. In such a house a temperature of 32 degrees should be maintained.

Selling the Old Hens

More old hens are sold in August and September than all the other months put together. It is a time when a satisfactory clearance can be made, and although prices are not always good in some quarters, yet a man who is wide-awake, understands the various markets, and does not mind putting up with a little extra work, can always do well with his old birds, while another man who wants to get rid immediately has often to sacrifice them at a low figure. Just now the poultry yard will be probably full to overflowing with various kinds of stock, big quantities of sturdy cockerels are still on hand, and with the old hens dropping into moult, most of the pullets have not satisfactory accommodations, and are considerably short of room. It will be a good plan to get rid of the cockerels and hens as soon as possible just to give the young pullets a chance to grow at a rapid rate, to put on the adult plumage, and grow their laying tails under conditions that are absolutely ideal, where there is not the least sign of overcrowding.

It seems a pity that so many people have little idea just when their old hens should be sold. For a long time I have advocated keeping nothing but pullets if the yearling birds can be cleared at a reasonable figure, but nothing older than two years should be allowed on any utility poultry farm. It is impossible to tell by appearance when birds actually cease laying and even after examination of the vent bones there is always a possibility that one or two hens will be sold for killing which would possibly have laid a few more eggs, but this risk is worth taking. It is not a good plan to wait until one or two hundred birds have commenced to moult. A lot of food is then wasted, and this is why a poultry keeper who wants to do the very best out of his stock must leave nothing to chance. He must go round to the houses at night and handle the birds individually, and if they have been ringed he will be able to tell at a glance the age of them, and in a few years, if his poultry have been a success in the past, he will have worked up a system which will make a huge difference to the balance sheet.

Select Cows for Production

The sleek-looking cow is not always a good dairy animal. I am acquainted with one farmer who bought a number of cows from his neighbors. The sellers thought they were disposing of some of their scrubs. The cows did look rather poor and bony in comparison with some of their sisters. Nevertheless, in a yearly production contest they led over 1,100 herds. It is not always the boniest looking cow in the herd that is making the smallest profits. Sometimes it is the fattest and smoothest looking animal in the lot. The only way to know the value of a good cow is to weigh and test her milk. Other methods will enable us to form opinions and pass judgment, but they are not always correct.

We always find five certain characteristics present in a good cow. They are: Constitution, capacity, nervous temperament or disposition, a large blood circulatory system flowing in the right direction and a large and well-formed mammary system. A cow must have strength or constitution because she is a hard-working animal. She gives milk 10 or 12 months every year, produces a calf, digests large quantities of food, and sometimes lives under an environment that is unfavorable.

Large Digestive Capacity Needed

A cow must have the capacity to consume and digest large quantities of food. About 60 per cent of the feed goes to maintain the body. Some cows are so weak in capacity they can use little more food than that necessary to sustain the body. Remember that a cow can make absolutely no milk except from the feed she eats.



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I do not want cows with a lazy disposition. A dairy cow should have a bright prominent eye. The neck should be thin. The shoulders should be oblique. The shoulder points or withers should be thin and free from an excess of fatty covering. We should be able to feel the bones on the cow's back with ease.

In beef cattle the circulatory system is such that the feeding nutrients are carried to the rump, back, loins and ribs, where they are deposited in the form of high-priced meats. This is the wrong type of cow to milk. Notice the mammary vein extending forward from the udder. This vein should be large, long and tortuous. It indicates the amount of blood that has been passing to the udder, and gives us an inkling of the amount of feeding nutrients carried down there.

The udder is the place where the milk is made. It must be an efficient organ. The udder should extend far forward in front and attach well up behind. The quarters should be even. Long, pointed udders are objectionable; more susceptible to disease and are more liable to be injured. When the udder is milked out it should be such that it will collapse like a dishrag. Meaty udders are undesirable. They are filled up with fatty and connective tissues—the wrong kind to produce milk. The texture should be soft and pliable. Cows must be strong in all of the essential points. If they are deficient in any one of these characteristics they will be poor producers.

Profitable Pork From Fall Pigs

Hugh Webster, Oklahoma

Last June we sold on the Chicago market 46 head of hogs at an approximate profit of \$580, or \$12.50 a head. These were winter grown hogs, farrowed the middle of September and cared for under suitable conditions until turned off as nine-months-old shotes. They weighed on the average 200 pounds and brought the long price of \$9.35 per 100 pounds. On a neighboring farm a similar bunch of hogs was being raised. Though started under favorable conditions they came out in the spring as lean, stunted shotes which required practically the remainder of the summer to fatten for market.

We attribute our success to our methods. We had good stock as a foundation, the line-up being eight first-class Poland-China sows and a registered male. These sows were bred June 1 for fall litters. By the last of September all of our eight sows had farrowed, presenting a fine bunch of pigs to start operations on. The sows received no special care during the summer, following the cattle and roughing it, but by September 1 we had them all in and were feeding them rich slop feeds of shorts, buttermilk and tankage, together with soaked oats. We fed the oats in the morning a pailful at a time, and before slopping. The slop was fed twice a day, three-fourths of a barrel at each feed. It was made of one bushel basket of shorts, one-half pail of tankage, one-third barrel of buttermilk and water. The milk came from a nearby creamery, costing us 1 cent per gallon. It proved to be a great supplementary feed.

Now in regard to shelter, and we consider this as an important reason for our raising a thrifty bunch of hogs, we have a centralized hog house. It is built in a side hill with southern exposure. It is 20 x 100 feet in size and has two stories, the upper story being used for feed, straw, etc. Below are adjustable pens, with a central aisle, stove and feed cooker. Here during the entire winter we kept the pigs, allowing them access to outdoors, but always having a place of shelter and warmth. The pigs from the first were well bedded and thrived well in these sunshiny pens. Square-bodied, well-boned little fellows, it was a pleasure to see them grow.

What the Pigs were Fed

The first three weeks the pigs depended largely on the sows for feed. Then as they began to eat from the troughs, we made a creep where they might eat at will. Here we fed them a thin buttermilk slop and a little shelled corn. We never gave them more than they could eat. When six weeks old we weaned them, having previously

castrated the male pigs. By three months the bunch of 55 pigs were eating a barrel of slop each day, together with a half bushel of shelled corn. They were weighing close to 50 pounds each and were a husky bunch of pigs.

With the sows out of the way, the pigs were given complete possession of the hog house. It was always kept warm and well bedded and when December snows were drifting against the doors, they were in the house comfortable and growing. Our neighbor's pigs were scattered out in individual hog houses and though he tried to keep them well bedded, the pigs were scrawny and chilled, a third of them dying off.

For the next three months the pigs were fed two barrels of slop per day and five ears of corn apiece. The slop was made of one-fourth sack of shorts to about 40 gallons of buttermilk. To this was added hot water, thus making a steaming feed. We did our feeding at one end of the house where were arranged permanent troughs and a feeding floor. The corn was fed after slopping. We did not water the pigs, the slop taking its place. After feeding, the doors were opened and the pigs driven out to exercise or lie in the sun on the south side of the barn. We kept tankage in a trough in easy access to the pigs and put a half pailful in each barrel of feed.

The pigs grew rapidly. The slop and tankage aided in growth while the corn kept up a degree of fat. By the first of March the shotes weighed on the average 140 pounds. They were a uniform bunch and growthy. The weather was moderate and they were out most of the time. We had to get them out of the house in order to make room for the early March litters that were coming on. At the same time the gilts that we wanted to keep were separated, leaving the bunch of 46 shotes to be fitted for the early market. These were put in a small lot with an open shed. From this time on we fed the corn to them, keeping tankage on hand. By the time they were on full feed we were giving the bunch of 46 about a bushel to each five head. They had all they could eat and grew fast. As the warm weather of spring came on a wealth of fat covered them. They fattened easily and quickly.

Make a Fine Profit

We shipped the 46 head on June 17, receiving choice prices and a total sum for the lot of \$1,247.52. The expenses incident to shipping, yardage, commission, etc., amounted to about \$50. Although no accurate account was kept of the feed put into them, we estimated that 950 bushels of corn had been fed, which

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J. A. Grant

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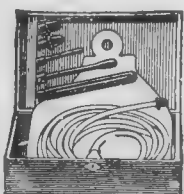
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at 50 cents was worth \$475. Something over two tons of shorts at \$26 per ton equals \$60. The buttermilk bill amounted to \$72.50, and tankage \$10, making a total expense of about \$667.50. This from the receipts of \$1,247.50 left a total profit of \$580. In addition to this we still had nine fine gilts that we had reserved for breeding. Our neighbor's hogs were still unfitted when we shipped ours. He kept them to follow the cattle during the summer, finally selling them as year-old hogs weighing little more than ours and on a lower market.

We attributed the success of our hogs, first to good stock, then to good shelter, during the winter together, with a warm slop feed, and finally, all the corn they would eat. At no time were they stunted. They grew from birth to time of sale.

Oiling Harness

I will give my way of oiling harness, which I know from experience is good and very quickly done. Take warm water and wash all parts of harness thoroughly and wipe dry. Now take a large iron kettle, fill $\frac{3}{4}$ full of water and pour in one gallon of good harness oil and heat to a milk warm temperature or a little more. Take each piece separately down one side of kettle and up the other very slowly, using a small hook for the one end. Let them dry a few minutes and give second dip. This

Gapes is a disease that shows itself in chicks between six and eight weeks of age and not generally after four months old.

When pullets are too fat too much animal heat is apt to be created, which is likely to throw them in moult out of the season.

To disinfect, clean the coops and then wash thoroughly with water containing five ounces of sulphuric acid to one gallon. Spade up the runs and scatter carbolic or lime freely about the house.

The Sitting Hen

E.T.B. writes in "Farm and Home" as follows:—

While a hen is sitting she should be taken off the nest for food and water each day. This work should be done in the morning, and the hens may either be tethered by the leg to posts stuck in the ground, or they may be put into small wire runs for exhibition pens. When lifting a hen from her nest, place the hand beneath her wings and legs, and lift her straight off, so that she picks up no eggs with her. Wheat, oats, and maize are the best grains for sitting hens, and a plentiful supply should be put down, together with a pan of water and a little grit and green food. Hens may be allowed to remain off the nests about ten minutes during the first week, 15 minutes during the second, and 20 minutes during the third, and on being returned to the nests they should



Starting work on Swimming Pool, Athletic Park, Winnipeg.

amount is sufficient for two sets of work and two of single buggy harness. If any is left it can be skimmed off and kept for next time.—C. L. Jackson, Rockbridge, Ohio.

To Keep Your Fowls Healthy

Exercise is the best tonic. Never feed sour or tainted food. Cleanliness is next to godliness. High perches cause humble feet. Keep the drinking fountain clean. Clean up the droppings every morning. Kerosene the roosts once a week for lice.

Feather-pulling is a vice caused by overcrowding and idleness.

Burn a pound of sulphur in each pen once a month to disinfect.

The moment sickness is noticed separate the victim from the well ones!

Before giving liquid medicine to a fowl see that the nostrils are clear.

The majority of cases of "cholera" are nothing more than indigestion and lice.

Quinine dissolved in water is an excellent wash for swelled head in roup.

Keep a piece of asafoetida in the drinking fountain as a preventative of gapes.

An ointment made of equal parts of kerosene and melted lard will cure scaly legs.

For lice rub the heads of the chicks with a sponge that has been moistened with kerosene.

A tablespoonful of kerosene in a quart of drinking water is a good remedy for cold in the head.

Put four drops of tincture of aconite in half a pint of drinking water if there are signs of colds by sneezing.

be allowed to step in of their own accord, as they are more likely to struggle and break the eggs if placed upon the nests by the attendant. When they have settled down once more, however, it is advisable to go round and see if they are covering the eggs properly, as one often finds certain birds mysteriously lacking in the instinct for getting their eggs all under the wings. If an egg is broken or the nest otherwise fouled, all eggs that are affected should be washed in warm water just before the hen is put back upon the nest, and at the same time the nesting material should be changed.

A soldier belonging to a brigade in command of a General who believed in a celibate army asked permission to marry, as he had two good-conduct badges and money in the savings bank.

"Well, go away," said the General, "and if you come back to me a year from today in the same frame of mind you shall marry. I'll keep the vacancy."

On the anniversary the soldier repeated his request.

"But do you really, after a year, want to marry?" inquired the General in a surprised tone.

"Yes, sir; very much."

"Sergeant-Major, take his name down. Yes; you may marry. I never believed there was so much constancy in man or woman. Right face; quick march!"

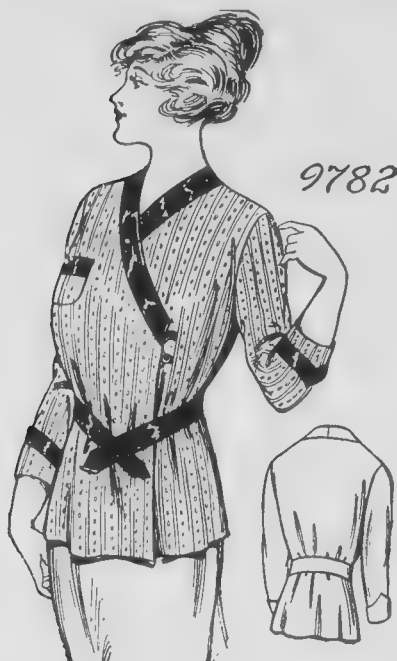
As the man left the room, turning his head, he said; "Thank you, sir; but it isn't the same woman."

No one need endure the agony of corns with Holloway's Corn Cure at hand to remove them.

Fashions and Patterns



The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c.
Order by number stating size wanted
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



9782. Lady's dressing or home sack.
A simple, comfortable garment.

Blue and white striped flannellette with trimming of blue was employed to

make this design. The sleeve is finished with a pointed cuff. The fronts are crossed and the closing is at the side. The pattern is also good for lawn, percale, crepe, flannel or silk. It is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material for a 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9774—9750. A chic and unique costume.

Composed of lady's coat 9774, and lady's skirt 9750. Black velvet with facings of white bengaline was used for the coat, and checked cheviot in black and white for the skirt. The back of the coat shows a new style feature, while the skirt is draped in the popular "barrel" effect. The coat pattern is cut in five sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 4 yards of 27-inch material for the coat, and $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 44-inch material for the skirt, for a medium size.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. for each pattern in silver or stamps.

9774

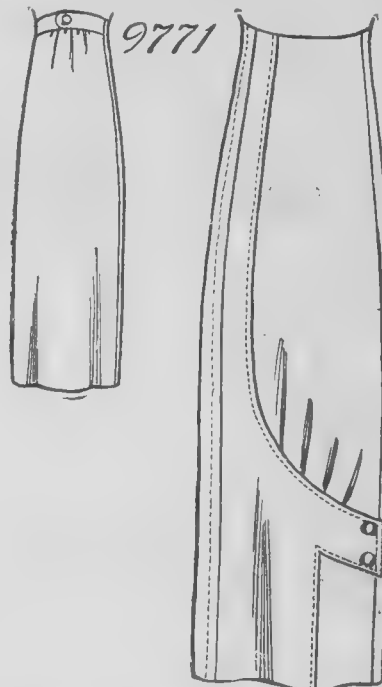


9750

9771. A new and stylish model. Lady's skirt (in raised or normal waistline.)

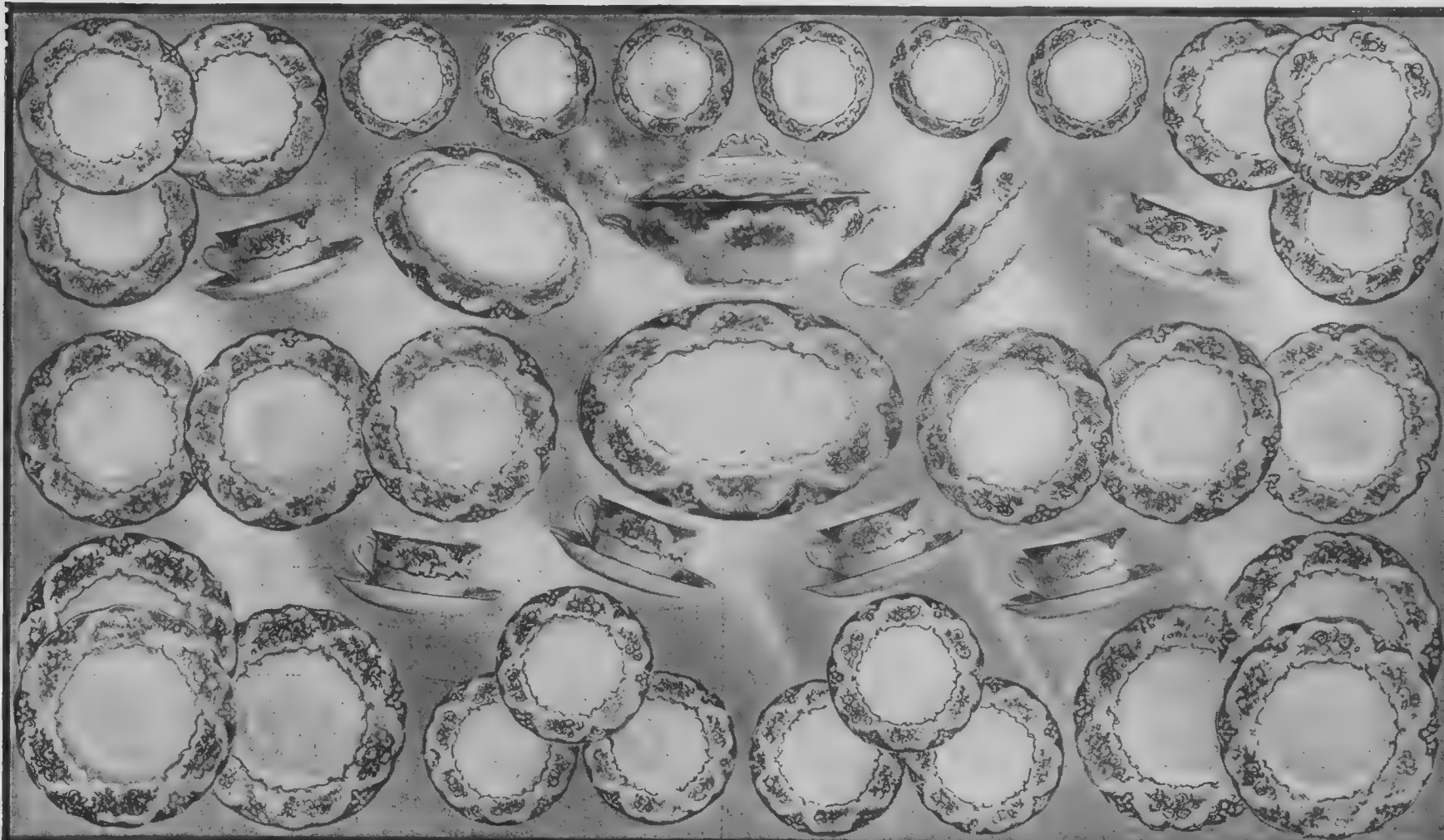
Brown broad cloth was used for this model. It is also suitable for eponge, serge, velvet, prunella, satin, charmeuse, or voile. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

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9771

Here is a Great Opportunity for Every Reader of The Western Home Monthly. Avail yourself of it TODAY.



The above illustration only begins to do justice to this handsome combination Tea and Dinner Set, which we have decided to give away Free to our readers.

The combination Dinner and Tea Set consists of 47 pieces and is made of the best English Semi Porcelain. The design is one of the most popular patterns we have ever seen. The floral and scroll decoration is printed under the glaze in a rich flow

color, soft and velvety in tone. A neat, embossed design follows the edge of every piece. All handles and edges are traced with gold. Each set is guaranteed by The Western Home Monthly and by Messrs. Robinson & Co., the well-known Pioneer Winnipeg merchants. All that you have to do in order to get this set is to send us seven new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly at one dollar apiece. Surely a magnificent reward for such a little labor! For any further particulars write—

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, CANADA

COULD NOT STRAIGHTEN UP For Lame Back.

Women are coming to understand that weak, lame, and aching backs from which they suffer are due to wrong action of the kidneys.

The kidneys are overtaxed—given more work that they can do, and when the back aches and pains it is almost impossible to do her housework, for every move and turn means pain.

On the first sign of any weakness in the back Doan's Kidney Pills should be taken, and thus do away with any suffering from kidney trouble.

Mrs. A. J. Lalonde, Kingston, Ont., writes:—"I am writing to tell you what a wonderful cure Doan's Kidney Pills did for me. I was suffering with a lame back, and for about seven days could hardly straighten up for the pain. I had used quite a few of other kinds of pills, and received no relief. Just then my sister came and told me about Doan's Kidney Pills, and what they had done for her, so I decided to try them. I used three boxes, and I am completely cured, and I do not hesitate to recommend them."

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If ordering direct specify "Doan's."

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PATENT PATCH

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million uses. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c. POSTPAID. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 3 Collingwood, Ont.

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No need to suffer bunion torture another day. Dr. Scholl's BUNION RIGHT removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives INSTANT RELIEF and a FINAL CURE. Guaranteed or money back. 50c each. Write for Dr. Scholl's great book on "Bunions."

The W. Scholl Mfg. Co.,
214 King St. E., Toronto

EPPO

Here you see the latest idea in Underskirts—a garment made in only one size, yet it fits all waists from 20 to 28 inches.

This skirt closes down the left side with snaps—once closed the skirt adjusts itself and distributes the fulness evenly—giving a perfect fit without any alteration or adjusting.

Ask to see the EPPO SKIRT in Blackeye Silk Moire and Egyptian Taffeta (both guaranteed).

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BEST STORES"

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PATENTED
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VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.

are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Percalé, gingham, chambray, lawn alpaca or cambric are all suitable for the making. The fulness of the back is confined by a belt that may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



9777. A practical, convenient garment. Lady's apron with or without facings and pocket.

Flannel, flannelette, cambric, muslin, nainsook, dimity, crepe, or silk are all appropriate for this design. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 6 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.



9761. A simple, practical design. Lady's night dress with flat trimming or rolling collar.

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9760 Ladies' Work Apron, Sleeve Protector and Cap.

The three useful articles comprising this set were made of percale. Excellent fit is given to the apron by the seams in the front that extend from the shoulders to the lower edge, and by darts at the sides. The straps are arranged over the shoulders fastening to the belt in the back. Two large pockets are a useful feature, although they may be omitted. The sleeve protectors extend from the wrist to the elbow, and are full enough to accommodate the dress sleeve underneath. The pattern for the dusting cap may also be utilized for a bathing cap, using oiled silk for the making. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. For the medium size apron and sleeve protectors, 4 3/4 yards of 36 inch material will be required and 3/4 yard for the cap.

Gingham, sateen, butcher's linen, chambray and holland can be used for the making.

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9767. Lady's shirt waist. A simple shirt waist in tailored style.

ENGLISH HAND LACE
MADE BY THE VILLAGERS IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

No. 100.
PRICE—
20 per yard.

The workers have a beautiful collection of Collars, Hankies, Ties, Fronts, Sets, Yokes, Stocks, Plastrons, Jabots, &c., from 30, 50, 75 up. Berthes, Five o'clock D'Oyleys, &c., and everything that can be made in Lace. Yard Lace and insertion from 10, 20, 25 up to \$2.50 per yd.

Booklet entitled "An Interesting Home Industry," illustrating over 100 designs of Pillow Lace, post free to any part of world. The lace-makers are very glad of any orders however small.

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WINNIPEG**

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Shiloh 25c

The family remedy for Coughs and Colds "Shiloh costs so little and does so much!"

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Stitching in contrasting color forms a unique finish on front and cuffs. The design shows the popular long shoulder, and may be finished with deep straight cuff, or the added pointed cuff. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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9768. Girl's Russian dress. A good style for school and general wear.

Blue serge was used for this model. It is also suitable for panama, corduroy, Bedford cord, galatea, or gingham. The collar and cuffs may be embroidery or contrasting material. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material for a 12 year size.

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9783. Girl's dress. A dainty model suitable for many occasions.

Pink crepe de chine with Irish lace for trimming was used for this design. blue cashmere with velvet ribbon, or "val" lace would also be effective. The pattern is also suitable for lawn, dimity, nainsook, swiss, mull, crepe, silk, gingham or percale, while pretty in the lingerie and soft materials for party or other dress occasions, it will develop

nicely for school or general wear. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3¾ yards of 44-inch material for an 8 year size.

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9786-9780. A Charming Gown for Calling, Evening or other Occasions.

Light blue Canton crepe, with trimming of Persian embroidery, is here shown. The skirt is draped high in front, and finished at the back with a deep hem tuck. The waist is made with a drop shoulder yoke, and has shaped revers that outline a vest of chiffon, and meet a rounded collar. The Waist Pattern 9786 is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The Skirt Pattern 9780 is cut in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 5¼ yards of 44 inch material for a 33 inch size.

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The Master of All the Workmen

When the Master of all the workmen shall summon us one by one to render a true accounting of the way that our tasks were done and what we have each accomplished, we surely will find it true that then He will blame or praise us for that which we strove to do. When the toil of the day is over and we wearily homeward wend, our efforts seem poor and feeble, and profitless to an end; our labor seems almost wasted, with little achievement blest, but the Master of all the workmen can judge of our work the best. To some hath the Master granted to labor at mighty things—to win to the place of princes, to stand in the courts of kings. But these are the few He chooseth for the work to be done by few, and not for such tasks He needs us but the tasks we are set to do. The Master He knows our labor, and the place where our labor lies; He judges our work most justly, for the Master is kind and wise; He knows of our faults and failures, but He knows of our feeble skill, of our pitiful want of wisdom, of our lack of a steadfast will; and ever His angels bear us from over the voiceless deep a message of benediction as worn with our toil we sleep, which heartens us for our toiling and fills us with strength anew: "The Master will judge men's labor by the things that they strive to do."

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will be given to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to this Aladdin in every way (details of offer given in our circular). Would we dare make such a challenge to the world if there was the slightest doubt as to the merits of the Aladdin? We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer customers. Write quick for our 10 Day Absolutely Free Trial Proposition, Agents' Wholesale Prices, and learn how to get ONE FREE.

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AGENTS WANTED

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Anaemia Remedied

whole system with renewed vigor and vitality. That is why every wineglassful of "Wincarnis" makes you stronger and healthier than you were before. If you suffer from Anaemia, Sleeplessness, Brain-fag, Weakness, Debility, Exhaustion, Lowered Vitality, Nervous Disorders, or if you are merely "run-down" or "out-of-sorts," we urge you to commence taking "Wincarnis" today. Remember that "Wincarnis" has an

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We will send any of the four above named books by mail postpaid, also the Western Home Monthly for one year, upon receipt of only one dollar. If your subscription has not yet expired, you can send your renewal now and receive the books at once, and your subscription will be extended on one year from date of expiration. Address: Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

The Home Doctor

Headache, Its Cause and Treatment

By Leon Patrick, M. D.

Of all the baneful maladies that afflict mankind, headache is perhaps the most common. As a rule, the suffering is not severe enough to cause the individual to go to bed, but it usually incapacitates him or her to considerable degree and for some time.

A headache, per se, is not a disease, but a symptom which may accompany any functional or organic disturbance from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet—it may be directly due to brain disease, or it may be the result of cold, wet feet. If the correct cause in acute cases is located and remedied, the ache soon subsides. If people would consider a headache as a warning of some internal disturbance, and would seek a remedy accordingly, it would prove a great blessing, since it would be instrumental in preventing more serious suffering. In man's haste to "get relief" he resorts to any and every conceivable measure, never stopping to realize that the headache is an effect and not

abdomen with a circulatory motion from right to left and back again is another effective remedy.

As to the enema, its power for good in the relief and cure of headaches cannot be overestimated. By emptying the contents of the colon it does away with further absorption of putrefactive fermentations, decreases intra-abdominal pressure and increases in a marked degree the circulation of the blood through the mesentery and the portal veins.

Overeating is not so often a factor in causation of headaches as wrong eating; yet by clogging the passages with food that is not eliminated, nervous headaches follow as surely as night follows day.

Wrong eating may be wrong in kinds of food taken, combinations, time or manner ingested, any one of which is sufficient to disturb function and create pain. The right way includes good food, well cooked and properly combined, tastefully served, and eaten slowly in the presence of congenial company.

Impure air is another potent factor in producing headache and illness. Who is there that has not experienced the



Conservatory in Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg.

Above illustration gives a very good idea of what the proposed conservatory, being erected in Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg, will be like when completed. The dome-shaped portion will be in shape for 1914. There will be a slight difference in the front to that shown in the cut, and the upper portion on top of the large dome will not appear in the Winnipeg structure. The oblong portions to the right and left of the centre section will be constructed in the years to come. Plans for the equipment of the first section are now being considered, and if "first thoughts" are carried out it will prove a decided attraction to this already well-patronized park of the metropolis.

a cause. Headache powders may kill the pain, but they do not remove its cause.

I cannot hope to name all the causes of headache, and it is not necessary. Suffice it to say that all headaches depend for their evolution on a constitutional derangement, a predisposition and one or more exciting causes. The constitutional derangement is brought on by fermentation taking place in the stomach and bowels, and this can be induced by anything and everything that interferes with the nutritive, or metabolic poise.

Nervousness, constipation, lack of exercise, sleeplessness, indigestion, improper clothing, eye-strain, overeating, emotional outbursts, impure air, anxiety, overwork, too much heat, a "cold in the head," deficient circulation, and insufficient light are among the exciting causes of headache.

Nervousness is primarily the result of a diathetic nutritive disorder, or direct saturation of the tissues with toxic substance, which frequently results in a headache. Some of the mental causes are worry and anxiety, sorrow, intense pleasure, jealousy, hate, etc.

When constipation is a cause of nervousness that results in headache, the constipation must be overcome if we are to effect a cure. This may be done by the use of the enema, judicious exercise and proper feeding.

Less starchy food, more green vegetables, cream, oil, nuts, and salads will be of use in removing constipation. Apples, prunes, raisins, etc., are also good.

Exercises that will discourage constipation and increase peristalsis must not be taken too soon after eating nor should they overtax the body by being too violent or of too long duration. Headaches caused from congestion are invariably relieved by physical exertion in the open air. Kneading the bare

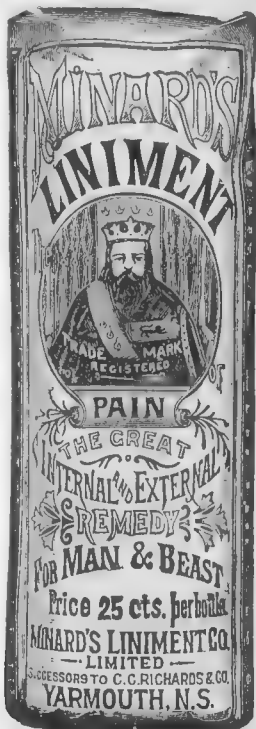
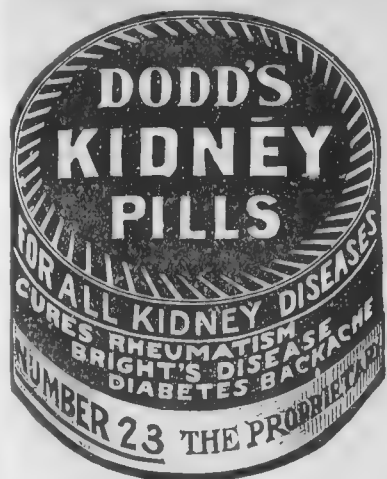
discomfort and stupor resulting from impure air? Attend any public meeting, or go into the average home and the observing man or woman will not fail to note the vitiated condition of the atmosphere. Without pure fresh air the blood is not properly purified and the poisons which should be given off, such as carbon dioxide are retained to circulate throughout the system and poison wherever they go. To have proper ventilation the air in a room must be kept in circulation by at least two apertures into the open, in proportion of nine square feet for every thousand cubic feet of contents. Keyhole ventilation will not do.

Headache is often supposed to be a hereditary disease transmitted to all the children of the family; but this is a false idea. Headache is an acquired condition and we do not inherit it. What we do inherit is something more subtle. We inherit our environment and the bad habits of living which are antecedent to headache. But right living will overcome all inherited weaknesses and make it impossible to have headache.

The best treatment for headache is preventive. But for the benefit of those who have not yet learned how to avoid it a brief outline of treatment follows:

First, these patients should learn that the enema is the best and quickest method of cleansing the inner man. It is surer than any chemical purgative and leaves no harmful reaction. Take it in the knee-chest position, so that the water will gravitate easily, and fill the remotest part of the large intestine. The water should be comfortably warm and some two quarts should be used, and the longer it is retained (say ten to fifteen minutes), the better.

Second, if any undigested food material remains in the stomach vomiting should be induced by gulping down a pint of salty warm water followed by



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gagging yourself with the finger. If the sufferer can vomit, great relief will be experienced.

After the foregoing has been done, a rest of at least twenty-four hours should be indulged in. For some days the diet should be light but nourishing, with green vegetables, fruit, salads, etc., with an occasional drink of lemonade (hot or cold), or even plain hot water. Do not take any food into the stomach for at least twenty-four hours after the emptying process. Moreover, eat very sparingly of meat, eggs, beans, peas, etc., for a few days.

For nervous headache, massage gently for a time, then apply cloths wrung out of hot water over the top of the head, over the eyes, while the patient lies on his back with the head well raised, in a quiet, dark, well ventilated room. As soon as drowsiness is noted, retard the motion of the massage, change the hot cloths less frequently, and steal away when the breath becomes deep and regular. Keep the house still until the patient awakens; then keep him or her still.

Persistence in these methods will modify the frequency and severity of these attacks, and often results in a complete cure.

Now please do not embarrass me by asking if drugs have any place in the treatment of headaches, for my answer would be a most emphatic no. It is

Tonsillitis

One of the most annoying diseases of childhood is tonsillitis. It manifests itself locally in the throat, but it is the result of constitutional disturbances.

No child develops tonsillitis without intestinal disturbances. There has been over-eating or the eating of the wrong combinations of food, or too many sweets and pastry. Overeating of rich cakes and pies with liberal allowances of candy is a splendid preparation for tonsillitis. It is one of the diseases that come after holiday observances and special feasting days.

If mothers would make a special study of the exact value of foods with their proper combinations, we would hear very little about their troubles with sick children. A general use of intelligent hygienic measures will prevent the development of diseases and make children so robust that the well-known infectious diseases will not attack them, because the germs will be thrown off.

One child will take tonsillitis from another, but the child has to be in condition to take it. An intestinal canal crowded with impurities from improper feeding makes it impossible for the child that comes in contact with a tonsillitis patient to escape the disease. If this child is robust, with a clean intestinal tract and a healthy circulation of blood,



A corner of the Chinese Burying Ground, Winnipeg

impossible to cure headache with drugs, for they do not remove the cause. In the words of the late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, "medicine is only palliative for back of disease lies the cause, and this cause no drug can reach." People will often recover from a headache in spite of drugs, but a recovery is not a cure, remember that.

Practically all the headache powders on the market consist of some form of Caffein, Acetanilid, Antipyrin or Phenacetin—the last three of which are preparations derived from coal tar. Moreover, all four drugs are listed in the pharmacopeia as poisons. This will explain, in a measure, the great frequency of fatalities from the use of headache powders.

According to Farmers' Bulletin, No. 377, which contains a summary of an investigation made by the Division of Drugs, Washington, D. C., to determine the harmfulness of headache mixtures, there was (in one year) a total of 1,669 poisoning accidents, with fifty-five deaths, reported from the use of these drugs, taken largely for the relief of minor trouble, such as headache.

Aside from the specific toxic action of headache remedies, they create nervous disorders through their power of stimulating reflex irritations, and in the end they render the condition chronic. The fact is, they bring relief only at the expense of the heart and stomach and no intelligent man or woman can hope, or expect to cure a deranged constitution by using drugs that will impair the digestive and nutritive functions of their body.

Feed right, breathe right, clothe right, and give your body the proper exercise and rest and I will guarantee that you will grow health and be immune to headache. Try it.

he may not take the disease, or he may have only a slight indisposition.

Children should have meat, fish or eggs once a day, all starchy foods, bread, potatoes, etc., should be used moderately. Plenty of fruit and plenty of fresh, green vegetables with fresh salads, plenty of soups not too rich, and simple desserts with quantities of pure milk make up a good diet for a child. The cereals which require long cooking can be added to this diet for the early morning meal. No rich pastries, pies, preserved fruits, and very little candy should be permitted. No candy should be given to children between meals.

Tonsillitis usually begins like a cold, with sore throat and some inflammation of the membrane of the nostrils. A little fever, headache and lassitude soon appear. The first thing to give is a physic, a dose of syrup of rhubarb. A good rubbing of the throat will draw the blood to the surface. A cold compress changed now and then will many times prevent development of the disease. If progress is made until white spots show in the throat, a gargle of peroxide of hydrogen will destroy the germs and reduce the inflammation. Prompt measures must be taken when the trouble begins. Many times a little cold seems to be responsible for the development of tonsillitis. A hot bath, a physic and a hot drink will break the cold and prevent the development of the throat trouble.

Miller's Worm Powders not only make the infantile system untenable for worms, but by their action on the stomach, liver and bowels they correct such troubles as lack of appetite, biliousness and other internal disorders that the worms create. Children thrive upon them and no matter what condition their worm-infested stomachs may be in, they will show improvement as soon as the treatment begins.

To Suffer From Headaches MAKES LIFE MISERABLE.

It takes a person who has had and is subject to headache to describe the suffering which attends it. The dull throbbing, the intense pain, sometimes in one part of the head, sometimes in another, and then again over the whole head, varying in its severity by the cause which brings it on, purely indicates that there is something amiss with the system. The fact that Burdock Blood Bitters reaches the seat of the trouble is due to its success in relieving and permanently curing the cause of the headache.

Mrs. Andson, 416 15th Ave. East, Calgary, Alta., writes: "For three years I was troubled all the time with sick headaches, and suffered also with constipation, and kept breaking out in pimples and sores on my face. I tried everything till at last a friend told me of Burdock Blood Bitters. I took two bottles, and my skin is as clean and pure as a baby's, and I have never been troubled with the headaches since."

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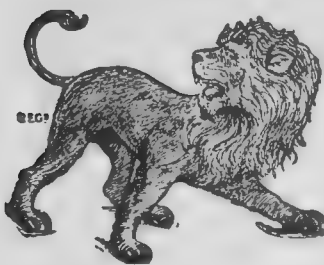
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No man can afford to be reckless, force nature to undue effort ruin his Constitution or violate the laws governing life. This invariably results in disaster or a Complete Nervous Break-down and a

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To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, restore the Powers to advanced age or fit themselves for Marriage. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

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A Bottle of Blush of Roses

The regular price of the bottle of Blush of Roses I send free is 75c. In other words, it is a regular full-sized 75c bottle that I give to any lady absolutely free. The most perfect face preparation and complexion beautifier. Whiten the face as soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. BLUSH OF ROSES is clear as water; no sediment to fill the pores. BLUSH OF ROSES will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Remember this, no matter how dark or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth and beautiful complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine, clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. And why should they hesitate to use the BLUSH OF ROSES? It is clear as water, takes the shine from the face, removes all the impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure and harmless face preparation made. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Price 75c per bottle. Address Mrs. Frances E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

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SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER.



I am a woman.

I know a woman's trials.

I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, and feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my free ten days' trial of a home treatment suited to your needs; with references to Canadian ladies who gladly tell how they have regained health, strength, and happiness by its use. I want to tell you all about this successful method of home treatment for yourself, my reader, for your daughter, your sister, or your mother. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home at trifling cost, and without aid from anyone. Men cannot understand women's sufferings; what we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor; and thousands have proved there is hope even for the hopeless in my method of home treatment. If you suffer from pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensations, falling or displacement of internal organs, bladder irritation with frequent urination, obstinate constipation or piles, pain in the sides regularly

or irregularly, bloating or unnatural enlargements, catarrhal conditions, dyspepsia, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling up the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion, with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or a general feeling that life is not worth living, I invite you to send to-day for my complete ten days' treatment entirely free and postpaid, to prove to yourself that these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at your own home, without the expense of hospital treatment, or the dangers of an operation. Women everywhere are escaping the surgeon's knife by knowing of my simple method of home treatment, and when you are cured, my sister, I shall only ask you to pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for all,—young or old. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures green-sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women, and restores them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. Remember it costs you nothing to give my method of home treatment a complete ten days' trial, and if you wish to continue, it costs only a few cents a week to do so, and it does not interfere with one's daily work. Is health worth asking for? Then accept my generous offer, write for the free treatment suited to your needs, and I will send it in plain wrapper by return mail. To save time you can cut out this offer, mark the places that tell your feelings, and return to me. Write and ask for the free treatment to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 86, WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

Temperance Talk

What Drink Does

Some Wise Words Well Worth Weighing—A Sermon on the Dangers of Indulgence—A Terse Summing Up of Important Truths

It is significant to find journals like the Saturday Evening Post, Collier's Weekly, The Cosmopolitan Magazine, and many others that might be named, devoting a good deal of attention to the temperance question, telling the evils that have followed drink indulgence, and by forcible lessons from actual life inculcating truths that are too often ignored.

In the May issue of the last named journal is an essay entitled, "Can You Afford It?" by Elbert Hubbard, whom nobody would accuse of being fanatical on the temperance question. In this article is some straight talk, probably nothing new to our readers, but still a series of statements well worth perusal, a case strongly presented, an argument for total abstinence, a document worth considering and preserving. Here it is: I hate drunkenness; but I do not hate the drunkard.

Americans seem to be singularly sensitive to the harm that the use of alcoholic drinks inflicts.

Alcohol is a poison; and the stimulation that it produces is one form of its activity. If continued, the exhilaration will break down tissue, and may result in dementia, mania, loss of speech, paralysis, dissolution, disease and death.

There are human bodies which, instead of throwing off alcohol that is taken into the system, seemingly catch and retain it. There are traps in the tissues that hold the toxin; and instead of getting rid of it, these traps set up a fever, a thirst, a vain unrest and a mad desire for more drink.

Nature seems to think that if she can get enough drink into the man the organs of elimination will act. The drink bill of the world is the greatest tax that humanity suffers. But the worst is not in the cost of the stuff originally, but in the loss of power which its use entails.

The chief incentives to indulge in strong drink arise from imperfect nutrition, loss of sleep, and lack of exercise in the open air. These things bring



A pretty spot in Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg

If any man should have our friendship it is the man who has failed to be a friend to himself.

The fact is, the victim of strong drink often has all the virtues—including high intelligence and a tender, sympathetic heart—and yet when the Demon Drink clutches him, his will is paralyzed, and Satan is in the saddle.

A few weeks ago I visited San Quentin prison and talked with a man in the "Death Row" who has since been hanged.

"It was drink—just drink," he told me. "I was crazy. I was jealous, and I shot her. Then I shot myself. She died quickly. I recovered to be sent here. Next week I die. She was a beautiful, honest, loving wife to me, but drink has destroyed my reason."

I said nothing—what could I say! But I realized that the slow, lingering death of a drunkard's wife is no more tragic than the quick taking off by knife or pistol.

The worst about strong drink has never been told. It cannot be told—it escapes the limitations of language.

But I think we err in despising the drunkard. Our hearts should go out to him in pity.

A part of his hallucination often is that he is not a drunkard. "I can quit any time," he says. But he who says that seldom quits until Death stops his mouth with dust.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." So said Solomon a thousand years before Christ.

And the drink problem is upon us to-day, just as terrible, just as tragic, as it was then.

In truth, the danger of drink, to Americans, is more hazardous than to any other people. We have an intensity of "nerves" beyond that of any other nation that has ever existed.

about a condition where worry becomes a habit, and drink follows in a search for relief.

Study your own case and regulate your life so that you will possess a high degree of vitality. Then drink will be to you abhorrent.

Good consecutive work, either mental or physical, and the use of alcohol are incompatible.

I am talking especially to young men— young men who would win their way in the world—and I ask, Can you afford to run the risk of ruin by dallying with this arch-enemy that has laid so many low?

We have been led to think that to drink is manly, and to get in a condition where common sense has fled and the tongue is tangled is funny. But the business world always has the drinking man, no matter how gifted, under suspicion.

The use of strong drink is neither manly nor amusing, and no one who loves you or is interested in your welfare would think so.

And the truth is, any man who deliberately turns his glass down, and declines to drink anything but pure water, when the others order "Scotch," will always have the respect of the others. Not only this, but he will have the respect of himself.

Prize your health; prize your word; prize your reason! Hold fast to the resolve, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," and work, and you will be pointed out as a distinguished person. You will possess poise and power; responsibilities will gravitate to you; wealth will be yours; honor will drift your way; friendship will be your portion, and love will illumine your pathway.

As a vermifuge there is nothing so potent as Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it can be given to the most delicate child without fear of injury to the constitution.

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DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP
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Obstinate coughs and colds yield to the grateful, soothing and healing power of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and for the racking, persistent cough, often present in consumptive cases, it will be found exceedingly beneficial and pleasant to take. The use of it is generally indicated wherever symptoms of throat, or lung troubles appear, but especially so with all persons of a consumptive or catarrhal tendency, as its prompt curative properties speedily remove the danger, and restore the throat and lungs to a sound healthy state if used in time.

Mrs. Edward Patterson, Young's Cove Road, N.B., writes:—"I have had occasion to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and can say that it is certainly a good medicine. About a year ago I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and left them in a very weak state. The cough racked me terribly, and I was in despair until a friend advised me to give Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup a trial. I got a bottle, and before I had it half gone I found relief. I used two bottles, and have never been bothered since. I would not be without it in the house."

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Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W.86 Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

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No additional help or medicine necessary with this, which we send you in confidence. Most doctors if they knew this would probably charge \$3.50 to \$5.00 to write it out for you. No charge for this if you

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When you hear from us and get it you can use it or not as you please. Decide then. But take this small chance for big results that you'll quickly feel and enjoy.

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Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the Correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mutual development, and readers of the Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

A Word of Warning.

Manitoba, Nov. 10, 1913.

Dear Editor—Hello, may I sit down for a few minutes and exchange views with the rest of the folk? For a number of years I have been an eager Monthly reader, and do not need to say, I enjoy it immensely. Some of the correspondence letters are real aids to life, and others are merely auction sale bills. Still I enjoy them all, the lighter ones serving as a sauce to the deeper ones. We hear a great deal of late about the common vices of men, i.e., smoking, chewing, drinking, gambling, and even the poor hired man gets a severe "currying down." But we hear very little about common sins in women. Why don't you get after them, boys? Or have they any? Let's see. Now surely no one is narrow enough to put frizzing, powdering, painting, etc., down on the vice list; screaming at a mouse or some sharp squeak is of course only a dainty feminine distinction; eating chocolates by the pound and chewing gum will score off the tobacco habit from the men's card. Now here is something we all look down on and abhor—a flirting man, but what of the flirting woman? Why we simply wink and pass over her—unless she happens to rob us of a follower, then we make piece meal of her and often, I fancy, wish we wore her shoes—poor deluded creature. Flirting is to a woman just what drink is to a man—the more of it she gets the more she craves for. Few drinking men want to drink but their self will is not strong enough to master the habit—the same with the women who flirt. The habit when contracted in youth becomes part of her, and only the sorest trials can uproot it. Some of you do not believe that I was just about to say "try it for yourselves," but for mercy sake don't, there are far too many at the game now. As in every other life there are different grades, so there are different grades of flirts—those who are satisfied with one or two victims, and those who cannot rest while there is a man about who has not bowed to her. Let us follow briefly one of the latter grade, and learn to avoid her way of life. First, we see her a rather wilful daughter in a comfortable country home with her three brothers for her idols. Her early life was free and was spent outdoors. Then she went to attend High School in a neighboring town where she was among strangers, and longed for fun and friends. The town girls were no attraction to her, and her frank good humored style soon won the school lads to her side, while her wit, daring and attractive face won the "men boarders" at "the house." The free hearted fifteen summer girl only wanted friends, and it was thus she accepted invitations and welcomed partners at a party until at the end of three years she was quite a "belle," and it amused her vastly to see a "new man" fight his way to her only to be teased. Then came pricks of conscience which she stilled by saying "I'm not flirting, I'm not, I didn't try to make any of them come." Teaching was her chosen profession, and she was not long in her first district before

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AND 100 VALUABLE PREMIUMS GIVEN AWAY

Below will be found six sets of mixed or jumbled letters. Can you arrange these six sets of letters in such order that each set will spell the name of a well known vegetable. It is not easy to do, but by patience can be accomplished. Try! By sending a proper arrangement you have an opportunity of winning a cash prize. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses published below. Write these six words plainly and neatly on a slip of paper, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness will be considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time, but as there is **TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS** in cash and one hundred premiums given away it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter.



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We do not ask You to Spend One Cent of Your Money in order to enter this Contest.

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received Two Thousand dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

This Competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, namely, the advertising Managers of the

Montreal Daily Herald and Montreal Daily La Presse, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Below will be found a partial list of the names and addresses of a few persons who have won some of our larger prizes in recent contests. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of any one else, as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.

Names and Addresses of a few Prize-Winners in Recent Contests.

Mrs. Gracie Dechêne, 636 Maisonneuve St., Montreal	\$50.00	Mr. M. C. O'Donnell, 18 St. Joseph St., Toronto, Ont.	40.00
Mr. J. Schuller, 110 Leinster St., Ottawa, Ont.	50.00	Miss Katie Campbell, Newport, P.E.I.	40.00
Mrs. W. A. C. Orr, 508 Cunliffe St., Winnipeg	50.00	Miss Delaney Rahey, 181 University Ave., Toronto	40.00
Miss B. Brodeur, 6 Gillespie St., Sherbrooke	50.00	Mr. Jno. W. London, 485 Ross Ave., Winnipeg, Man.	40.00
Mr. Louis Quintal, Charlevoix, Que.	50.00	Miss J. R. Benjamin, 135 Hughson St., Hamilton	40.00
Mr. Alphonse Groun, Dept. of Sec. of State, Ottawa	50.00	Miss H. C. Powell, P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont.	40.00
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it was evident she knew another profession, and even the young student minister fell before her to be allowed to caress those beautiful curved lips only till others crowded him away—only to get their short day and be forgotten; and it would have been very appropriate had they consoled themselves by singing "I wonder who's kissing her now." But she returned no caresses, and simply took what came her way, and smiled the same on all and tried even to deceive herself. The next year found her in a new district among rather a rough class of people. This was new to her and she held aloof from them all. But her good behavior is not of interest just now, so on we go to the next district with her—where girls were very few and men very plentiful—a flirt's paradise. Here there seemed too a rush among "the fellows" to see who could be first to receive that peculiar smile. Far below her in station though

all of them were she allowed them to press coarse lips to hers and smiled with her head on their shoulders while they poured passionate words in her ear. She didn't love herself, and did not believe they felt what they said, but soon she was to know what an aching heart meant. Her fickle heart went for a few days—in the absence of another lover—to a worthless fellow, and before she realized it she had a pretty fetter on her finger and like an unroped broncho, felt hate, scorn and defiance, for the one who had dared to win her promise. Her dream had a rude awakening and she longed to tear that burning band from her hand less than an hour after it was placed there. Hadn't she received the passionate kisses of the returned lover half an hour after giving her promise. The heart once so free and gay was now dumb and sore for she felt now what a heart can suffer. But she forced her-

self to be brave, and freed herself from the hateful tie which bound her. Did she return to the old game? No, indeed, but even today she is afraid to trust herself and a sad smile tells the story of the struggle this still young girl has gone through, and no one tries harder than she to keep her young girl companions from going the road on which she began. When we know things like this occur so often doesn't it make us want to fight against it? Leave the men to their pipes, girls, and fight against this thing which leads where no pipe will lead. Some say, "Bah, listen to the jilted old maid telling about herself." Or maybe you think I'm a man. Well I am a woman and not even an old maid, and it makes no difference whether it is myself I was talking about or not; but I must get out before I am put out so will conclude with a favorite verse.

"I sat alone with my conscience
In a place where time had ceased
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased.
The ghost of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight
And things I thought were dead things
Were alive with terrible might.
The vision of all my past life,
Was a terrible thing to face
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that silently solemn place."
Highland Jo.

B. C. Information Wanted.

Manitoba, Nov., 1913.

Dear Editor—I have been a reader of your paper for some years, and I think quite a lot of it, but I have not done much reading lately as it has been a busy season for me. I live on a farm, and have done so all my life, but I am leaving the farm soon as I intend going West. I think it will be to British Columbia as I have had a notion of that part for some years—the winters being too long and too cold for me in Manitoba. I would like very much if some of the readers living in B. C. would write and tell me about their district, its climate and conditions as I would like to get work in a town for a while if possible. I have lived alone and batched for some months, but did not like it very well. For one thing I was lonely and also I had a lot of work to do what with inside and outside. I enjoy reading your correspondence page—some of the letters are interesting. I hope some of your B. C. readers will write. I might say I had a pretty fair crop this year, and did not get hailed out as a lot did around here. I must close now, but will write again soon, from
A Canadian.

Teaching Down East.

Moncton, N. B., December, 1913.

Dear Editor—Having been a silent reader of the W. H. M. for over a year, I have become very deeply interested in it, especially in the correspondence columns. The topics taken up are very suggestive at times, and furnish food for reflection, making it very interesting. These letters also convey ideas of how people live out West, and therefore instruct us Eastern people who have faint ideas of Western life. I have not noticed many Eastern correspondents in the list, but I hope I may be welcomed among the Western friends. Now may I say a few words concerning the East? Life is somewhat different down here, and although our province contains many lucrative farming localities, the young people seem to be lured into the cities to work, thinking that many more social attractions are afforded them after their day's work. However, agriculture is being very keenly discussed by the leading men, and it is to be hoped that it will tend to revive the ardor which our forefathers had in laying out our great farms. I belong to the teaching class since five years, and think it is one of the noblest of professions as it requires observation, patience, care, zeal and devotion on the part of the teacher who wants to be really successful. On the teacher rests the great responsibility of moulding the character of the future men and women of the country. I do not see many of my profession writing in your columns, but I hope that I am starting the ball a rolling, and that some of the Western teachers will express their views on teaching in the West. If any correspondent would write I would gladly answer their letters. I remain a friend,
Chubby.

Girls—Get Busy

Killarney, Man., December, 1913.

Dear Editor—I am a subscriber to your valuable paper, so I hope you will find a corner for me in your correspondence column. I am very interested in the new topic on "Marriage." Some people get married just for the sake of

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Dear Sir.—I am perfectly satisfied with your Belt. I did not have to use it very often until I had found relief, and by continuing its use a little longer, I felt able to discontinue its use altogether. Should I need further advice, I will consult you at once.—WM. JEFFREY, Lavenham, Man.

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getting married, and the result is a failure in life and happiness, but marriages founded on true love are never a failure. I am a farmer living with my father and mother, but at this time of the year when there is not much to do on the farm I get very lonesome, so if anyone would find it in their hearts to write to me I would answer all letters. I am very fond of music, I play the violin quite a bit and find it a very great pastime when I get lonesome. I am a total abstainer and do not smoke. My address is with the Editor. Hoping to see my letter in print, and wishing your magazine every success, I will sign myself,

Would not Want to Vote

N. B., November, 1913.

Dear Editor—Will you kindly allow a “down East” girl a small space in your columns. I have recently become a subscriber to your paper, and in reading the letters in the correspondence column I did not see any from this part of N. B. so hope this one may be worthy of a place in the column. I am just a plain country girl—not handsome—but never mind, looks do not count for very much. I can do any kind of farm work, such as feeding pigs, milking cows, making butter, etc. I do not think I shall say very much on the subject of “Votes for Women” as there can be a lot said for and against it. I can only say that if I ever got a husband who is a good, unselfish, honest man I would not want to vote, but would be content to stay at home and do the work while he went to town to vote. I pity those lonely bachelors who are striving to build up a home for themselves in the great West. It must be very discouraging after working hard all day to come home and find no supper ready and no one to speak a kind word to them. They certainly have my sympathy as I know what it means to be downhearted, lonesome and discouraged, and oh, what would we not then give for the sight of a bright cheery face and a kind word. There is nothing to my mind that helps one over the rough places like a kind word of sympathy. Let us not hesitate then to be always ready to do the kind act, and speak a kind and encouraging word, for in so doing we too get encouragement and are helped over many of the rough places. Now I think I had better close lest I weary you all with my talk, so I will sign myself,

A Down East Lassie.

A Recruit from Canada.

U. S. A., November, 1913.

Dear Editor—Though not a subscriber to your much praised magazine I once more ask for admittance into the ranks of the correspondence folks. I have a copy of the W. H. M. which was sent me by a friend in Alberta, the province of which I was a happy inhabitant for five years. During this time I managed to secure your magazine regularly, either directly by subscription or indirectly from news-stands. Now for dear Auld Lang Syne I make another effort to keep in touch with Canada by securing a few correspondents. Unlike many young men of the correspondence realm I am not a lonely bachelor on a homestead in the Northwest, but am living in a country town on the Western coast of the United States; however my thoughts often wander back to the plains of Western Canada, the land from which I departed two years ago. I shall not tarry by giving a personal description which anyone may have by writing to me, and I'm sure I shall put forth my best effort to make it interesting for my correspondents. Please write will you not? Thanking the Editor for approved interest in these columns and former favors I remain, waiting to see who will be first to write to this young chap.

A Repentant Deserter.

Two Irish Maidens.

Ireland, October, 1913.

Dear Editor—We are two Ulster sisters, keenly interested in your helpful paper, which we hail with delight when forwarded from Saskatchewan by our farmer brother, who is a subscriber. We usually turn to your correspondence column first, and would be so pleased if

FREE ADVICE About Your Health And Strength

TO MY READERS—

Whether or not you lack an abundant vigor, here is a free offer which will surely interest you, and through which you may easily profit from now on to the end of a ripe, healthy, advanced age. I have compiled a little treatise for self help (book form) which I am pleased to send absolutely free by mail in a perfectly plain, sealed envelope to any man anywhere who writes for it. Over a million copies have already been thus distributed to those who wrote for them from all over the world. There is no obligation whatsoever involved in this offer, nothing which you are required to pay for in any way, either now or in the future. It is just simply an out-and-out free proposal. In this little book of 72 pages, 8,000 words and 30 half-tone photo reproductions. I have endeavored to give a straightforward talk to men, young and elderly, single and married, a concise compendium for self-reference, a perfectly plain discourse upon those important, personal matters relating to vital strength of men, the preservation of virility, its possible self restoration, its legitimate uses and its wanton abuses. Every man should be in possession of this book. One part describes a little drugless mechanical vitalizer which I make and distribute, but whether or not you wish to use one of these vitalizers is for you yourself to determine.

However, aside from anything it contains in reference to my vitalizer, the book should be read by all for its own real worth. Therefore, please use free coupon below.

SANDEN, Author.

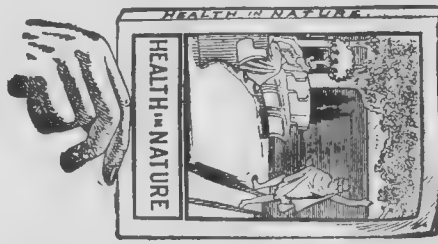
Reader, the whole world is today alive to the importance of a better general understanding of sex hygiene. The much discussed science of eugenics is teaching the great mass of people that strong, healthy, rugged parents beget equally sturdy children.

Manhood, no matter where or in what condition of life we find it, is the single power that most fascinates both men and women. The one who radiates this manly influence, this result of a vigorous, sturdy nerve force, is the one who forges to the front, while weaker people stand aside.

It is my opinion that any man may hope for a complete restoration of his manhood and vigor if he but make up his mind that he WILL conquer himself. Of course I do not include the man of extreme old age or the one who is incurably diseased. Lost vitality is not, according to my theory, an organic disease. It is more

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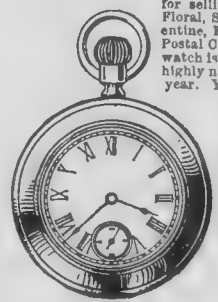
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you could give our letter some of your valuable space. In the August number we were attracted by the epistle of "Rambling Rats and Roaming Lee" and as kindred spirits we should be glad to hear from them, if they haven't been overwhelmed with correspondence as they anticipated. We also, don't believe in publishing our good looks or setting forth our numerous accomplishments. However, we will welcome any correspondents, but do tell those lords of creation to "pass oop" as they say in Rhodesia. If Bachelor Bill isn't too busy we would like to hear from him too. Long may the W. H. M. flourish is the sincere wish of

Stubbs and Chippie.

The Bachelor's Companion.

Grenfell, Sask., November, 1913.

Dear Editor—I cannot say like some of the other members that I turn at once to the correspondence, but yet I enjoy some of the letters very much. This is the first I have written and I hope it will be published. I am sure all you girls feel terribly sorry for those poor lonely bachelors. I don't see why "Mechanical Farmer" should be lonely as he is not "batching it." Perhaps if he used the "bachelor" companion" (otherwise the pipe) he would not be troubled with loneliness so much. He wishes to find someone who is better than himself for his life partner, but I am afraid he never will find one better in his own estimation. No dancing nor card playing for her, I should imagine, just perhaps a little music on Sunday night, some innocent amusement on Monday night, some music on Tuesday and so on throughout the week. I suppose at least that this would be the

programme as her partner is so "mechanical." Very pleasant prospects for her I am sure. Well I must stop or my pen will run away with me.

Miss Prixie.

Send in Your Views.

Sask., Nov. 24th, 1913.

Dear Editor and Readers—Twice have I tried to enter the correspondence column and twice have I failed, but nevertheless I will try again. "Jane Craig's" letter in the November issue has stirred up in me something that I have tried to forget. Why do parents let their sons and daughters blunder along in what they call love? Is it because they don't believe in love? Is there, or is there not, such a thing as love? I have often thought about it, and wondered why parents keep silent on this subject when they knew that sometime sooner or later their children will marry. Yes, marry in ignorance, marry not because they hold love as something sacred and holy but because they want to satisfy their craving desires for things they do not understand. And there are parents who know these things, and still they allow them to go on—perhaps they have a reason. For one of my years I have travelled quite a lot and in all the places I have been, that is all the people's houses I have worked at, I have always watched to see if love reigned, and only once in a while was I satisfied with the result of my watching. I also used to wonder why most of these married people would laugh when "love" or "sweetheart" was mentioned. I can only give one reason, namely, they have failed in the one great thing of life—love. Let us for a moment take the case of a

married couple, starting from the time they meet and are married till they have children old enough to marry. A young man meets with a young lady, they are favorably impressed with each other, he thinking that she is a saint while she thinks that he is perfect, one that could never do a wrong. They are married, everything goes along smoothly until they commence to realize that they are only human, that they have tongues and tempers to control—their respect for one another grows smaller and smaller until instead of working together they work against each other. By this time we will say that they have a daughter old enough to marry. They will watch her grow from girlhood into womanhood, they will see young men come to the house—why do they come? The parents know and what will the mother say? First she will pass some pleasant remark about the young fellows, she will compare one with the other until she has found the one that the girl has taken a fancy to. Then what will she do? Will she tell the girl of the beautiful things of love? Will she show her and tell her how to make their home beautiful with love? How to love that she can stand sorrow and disappointments? No because she and her husband have made a failure of life, and because they want

ject, but before I close I would like to say, if any married person reads this, I would like them to write on this subject, that some of the young people who read this paper may benefit by it. Criticize this readers, tear it to pieces, then write and publish your answers. The truth is harsh, but truth is what I want, so don't be afraid of angering one who would like to do that which is right.

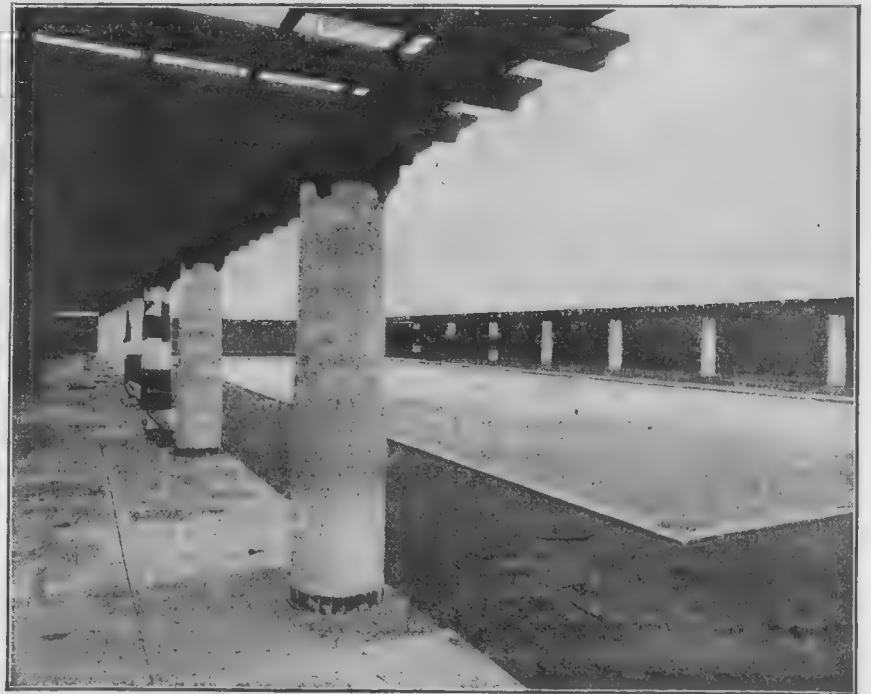
Puzzled.

Ed.—Please send name and address.

Quite a Worker

Dundurn, Sask., Oct. 25th, 1913.

Dear Editor—I have taken The W.H.M. for quite a long time now and like it very much. I think it ever so amusing to read the letters, especially the bachelors'. They have my sympathy away on the prairie. I came from England three years ago, and would not go back to business again there for anything. There are heaps of girls in England that would do far better for themselves in this country than standing behind the counter until they are not wanted any more. I feel so sorry for those girls when I think what I have done for myself by coming out West. But I always had an inclination for farm life, so I suppose that is why I am



New Athletic Park Swimming Pool, Winnipeg

acknowledge truth, the mother will talk of money, she will kill the germs of love in her daughter, she will, in some cases, openly declare that there is no such thing as love, and that married life without wealth is a drudgery. I can recall instances when young people of both sexes have said that love was a delusion, and that anyone that believed in love was crazy. Where do these young people get such an idea? It must be from their homes. It is one thing or the other, there is no love in the homes of these boys and girls, or else if there is it is held back from the children. Of course readers I don't wish any of you to think for one moment that I know all about this because I am only a young fellow just entering my twenties, but I do believe the parents are to blame a whole lot for blunders that their sons and daughters make in marrying. If the parents would acknowledge their own failure, and with words direct the lives of their children in a different way to what their life has been perhaps a lot of heartaches and pain would be avoided. There are quite a few parents who have sons and daughters of the age from fifteen to twenty, who are afraid to speak to them about love, instead they say, "such nonsense, what do school children know of love; Bah! not out of short dresses and thinking of love." But listen, it is these young boys and girls that suffer with the first pangs of love, who have their young hearts throbbing and aching with a feeling they cannot fathom. Is it a wonder if they go wrong when they have no one to guide them and show them the way to control their feelings? But there I have said enough already on this sub-

so contented. I wonder how many of the girls earned extra money during threshing. I earned twenty-eight dollars in eight days, but getting up at four o'clock was the worst part; but I can say with truth I was not late once—the meals were precisely on time. But I may also add I was not compelled to do it, but thought I would like to earn a little extra money. I am going to make my Christmas puddings next week as they are so much better for keeping a few weeks; also my cake. At present I am doing my autumn cleaning. I have creamed the white curtains so that they will not show the dust so quickly, as one cannot wash much in the winter. I am also hoping to make a feather quilt this winter. It is a new idea of mine to use up the feathers. I hope I shall succeed. It will be my first quilt. I wonder how many of the girls like fancy work. I just love it, also reading, but find very little time for either. However, I find time, and make my own clothes, which is very convenient, as dressmakers are few and far between. Now I suppose some of the girls will think I am all work. Don't think that, girls. I love my work, and I love pleasure, too. But have any of you ever realized how much pleasure you can get out of your work? Often after my usual clean-up I look around with great satisfaction. True, I am often very, very tired, but I try hard to get half an hour or 15 minutes' rest before I wash and clean up. I then feel fresh for the evening. I would like to know how many girls are in favor of women's votes. I think it would be a good topic to discuss for the winter months, but perhaps the bachelors would not agree. It would be nice to

KEEPS BABY'S SKIN HEALTHY



Baby Eczema

Mrs. Lois McKay, Tiverton, Digby County, N.S., writes:—"My children were taken with an itching, burning skin disease and tore their flesh until it was sore and their skirts would sometimes be wet with blood. The doctor did not seem to know what ailed them, and could give no relief, so I began using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

"Wherever it was applied it did its work well, and has entirely cured them of this horrible disease. They suffered so they could not sleep at night, and I think if it had lasted much longer I would have gone crazy from the anxiety and loss of sleep. I cannot find words to praise Dr. Chase's Ointment enough for the good it has done my children, and hope other sufferers will try it."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a necessity in any home where there are children. By curing irritation and chafing it prevents torturing skin disease. 60 cents a box, all dealers. Sample box mailed free, if you mention this paper. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

have their opinions as well. I like Jolly Tar's letter. No doubt he could tell us some interesting stories. But there is one fault; he wants the girls to write first. If any of the bachelors would like a few journals my address is with the Editor. Success to all. I will sign myself "Housekeeper."

(Please send name.)

One of the Bachelors

Meota, Sask., 11/10/13.

Sir—Having been a regular subscriber to your most valuable and useful family paper, I should like to say a few words in favor of the poor bachelor home-steaders, to which class I belong. I believe by the general tone of the letters from Eastern Canada from the opposite sex of the younger generation that it is

entirely the farmer's fault, and in the majority of cases he is usually known to go on a good spree when he does go to town, which only goes to show how ignorant are the same young ladies. In the first place, in most cases, he has no money to go to such extremes, and usually not enough to get the necessary provisions. Another reason, he has usually come to make a home for some chosen damsel, and after trying his best for a couple of years he finds himself going backward instead of forward; and then the lady usually ends up by getting engaged to somebody else nearer home, which, of course, usually puts finis to all the poor fellow's aspirations. Of course, by the above, you would say that I was one of those mentioned, but that would be a mistake, as I never was a lady's man, but I know of quite a few

cases round here, and who appear to be happy and married now. Now, I myself am a total abstainer, although I was brought up in one of the worst places—London, England—where drinking was a common sight. But I must say that I see no harm in smoking, more especially in this country where the flies and mosquitoes are so bad; and although I don't dance myself, there is nothing I enjoy so much as a well conducted dance and a nice set of partners for a game of whist, cribbage, or pedro. Although I must truthfully say that where it is held in a town there is usually one or two cases of intoxication, but it would not do to have perfection in this world of ours, so we should take the bad with the good and try and make the best of everything. I see a lot in the Western papers that money is loosening up, but I

think if those same papers would come to the farmers they would get a different version of the matter. I must say that your paper edits a nice assortment of short stories, but I am sure the majority of readers would be delighted to see a nice serial running through the magazine, and I know I for one should appreciate it very much. I have a few more subjects to write upon, but had better conclude and see how this succeeds with the Editor. I will just state that I am an Englishman.

"Weary Willie."

The Oil for the Farmer.—A bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the farm house will save many a journey for the doctor. It is not only good for the children when taken with colds and croup, and for the mature who suffer from pains and aches, but there are directions for its use on sick cattle. There should always be a bottle of it in the house.

A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent On Trial To Prove It

Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced an Appliance for Men, Women and Children That Actually Cures Rupture

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks' Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers. I am,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES A. BRITTON,

60 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Confederate Veteran Cured

Commerce, Ga., R. F. D. No. 11.
Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:—I am glad to tell you that I am now sound and well and can plow or do any heavy work. I can say your Appliance has effected a permanent cure. Before getting your appliance I was in a terrible condition and had given up all hope of ever being any better. If it hadn't been for your Appliance I would never have been cured. I am sixty-



The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience.

If ruptured, write him today at Marshall, Michigan.

eight years old and served three years in Eckle's Artillery, Oglethorpe Co. I hope God will reward you for the good you are doing for suffering humanity.

Yours sincerely,

H. D. BANKS.

Others Failed But the Appliance Cured

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Your Appliance did all you claim for the little boy and more, for it cured him sound and well. We let him wear it for about a year in all, although it cured him 3 months after he had begun to wear it. We had tried several other remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it to you. Yours respectfully,

WM. PATTERSON.

No. 717 S. Main St., Akron, O.

Cured at the Age of 76

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

I began using your Appliance for the cure of rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May, 1905. On November 20, 1905, I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which, considering my age, 76 years, I regard as remarkable.

Very sincerely yours,

High Point, N.C. SAM. A. HOOVER.

Child Cured in Four Months

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Iowa.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your appliance, and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly,

ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send for Brooks
Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Free Information Coupon

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
1705 A State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name

City

R.F.D. State

Household Suggestions.

Meals for Sunday

Breakfast—Oatmeal with cream, browned potatoes, ham and eggs, bread and butter, griddle cakes and syrup, coffee.

Dinner—Chicken fricassee with macaroni, mashed potato, turnip, celery, pickles, warm biscuit, baked Indian pudding, sugar cookies, coffee.

Supper—Escalloped potatoes, cold meat, warm baked apples with cream, sponge cake, coffee or cocoa.

To many oatmeal with cream does not sound exceptionally good, especially for Sunday breakfast, a something a little better than the week-day meals seems to be expected on Sunday, but we have found that oat flakes cooked in a double boiler for twenty-four hours, salted to taste, with a little top milk or cream stirred in just before serving, becomes a delight on a cold morning when served with sugar and cream.

Browned potatoes referred to are cold potatoes sliced thick and delicately browned in drippings, bacon fat or something similar.

Did you ever notice how much further chicken will go if served with plenty of "fixin's"? I find the extra trouble of preparing the side dishes more than repaid by having left-over chicken to utilize the following day.

When preparing the potatoes for dinner it is a simple matter to pare those for supper, and but a few minutes are required to prepare them and the apples for the oven; they then require very little attention in baking and are so much more satisfactory for supper than the usual array of sweets and cold viands. All things taken into consideration, they make really less work and are more economical than the cold lunch that is prepared the day before.

Temperature for Baking by a Thermometer

Several subscribers desire information about baking temperature for bread, cake and pastry.

Bread should be put to rise at a temperature of from 70 deg. to 80 deg., covered with a bread cloth and tin cover to keep the temperature uniform, and exclude the air and thus prevent the top from becoming dry or crusty. When put into the pans in loaves it should stand again covered at the same temperature until double its bulk. Bake it at a temperature of about 375 deg. for the entire time of baking, about forty-five minutes for loaves, twenty-five for large rolls, and from fifteen to twenty minutes for small rolls. The rolls should be put into a hotter oven, from 400 deg. to 450 deg. Pastry requires about the same temperature as bread, a little hotter when baked as patties or without a filling. These all require what we call a "hot oven," from 375 deg. to 450 deg. A "very hot" or "quick oven" such as pan broiling for chickens or game would be from 500 deg. to 600 deg. Cakes of all kinds require a moderate oven, about 300 deg. Thick loaves require a more moderate heat than layer cakes. A very slow oven would be 200 deg. to 250 deg.

Soft Ginger Cookies

One cup molasses, one cup sugar, one and one-half cups lard, one cup boiling water poured over four teaspoons soda, four level teaspoons ginger, and flour enough to mix soft, or about like doughnut dough. Do not knead, but take a piece of dough about the size of a walnut, in the hands, roll into the shape of a ball, and drop each ball of dough as fast as formed, into a saucer of granulated sugar. Flatten each ball of dough by pressing down into the sugar with the outside of the fingers, held close together. The dough will cling to the fingers long enough to be transferred to the well-buttered baking pan, where the cookies should be placed about three inches apart, with the sugared side up. By this process each cookie is of nice shape and thickness, is heavily sugared, and more light and soft

than any kneaded cookie. A couple of pecan nut meats, or a raisin, may be put on each before baking. A little practice will enable one to mold them out very rapidly.

A Good Plain Plum Pudding

Mix in a bowl one cupful of seeded raisins, one cupful of clean currants, half a pound of citron, shredded, one cupful of brown sugar, a quarter of a grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, two cupfuls of chopped nuts—either peanuts, pecans, walnuts or hickory nuts. Sprinkle

Household Suggestions--Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference.

PEA SOUP

One large cup split peas, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 2 onions, 1 oz. dripping, 2 pts. water, pepper and salt.

Soak the peas over night in water; strain them; melt the dripping in a saucepan and stir the peas amongst it for a few minutes; pour on the water, add the vegetables and let all boil quickly till the peas are soft; pass through a sieve; return to the saucepan to heat and season. Serve with small pieces of toasted bread. The dripping supplies the want of fatty matter which is lacking in the peas.

Lentil Soup is made in the same way as Pea Soup.

BELFAST CAKE

1/3 cupful butter	1/2 cupful white flour
1 1/2 cupfuls brown sugar	1 teaspoonful soda
1 egg	1 cupful raisins
1 cupful sour milk	1/2 teaspoonful salt
2 cupfuls Graham flour	1 teaspoonful cinnamon
(sift out bran)	A little nutmeg

Cream butter; add sugar, beaten egg; mix and sift dry ingredients; add alternately with sour milk to first mixture, then add raisins and lastly soda, dissolved in 1 teaspoonful warm water. Bake 40 minutes in moderate oven.

LEMON PIE

Two cupfuls boiling water; dissolve 2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch in water and add to boiling water, stirring until thick; 2 tablespoonfuls butter; 2 cupfuls sugar; yolks of 2 eggs, well beaten; put this all into the starch and when cold add the juice and grated rind of 2 lemons. Use whites of eggs well beaten with sugar for the top.

over this mixture one cupful of flour and one pint of stale breadcrumbs, and mix again. Beat three eggs, without separating, until light. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of baking soda in two tablespoonfuls of warm water; add it to half a cupful of New Orleans molasses; add this to the dry ingredients; add the juice and grated rind of one lemon, and you have it—half a cupful of grape juice. Mix thoroughly, pack into a kettle or mould, stand in a boiler, partly surround with boiling water and boil continuously for ten hours. When done lift the lid, cool the pudding, remove and stand it in a cold place until wanted.

The following receipt is for a cement for broken china, a good one, and it is colorless. Dissolve one-half an ounce of gum acaria in one-half a cupful of boiling water, add plaster of paris sufficient to form a thick paste, and apply with a brush to parts required to be cemented together.

Household Hints

A fine grater is better than a knife for removing the surface of anything that is burned.

Hot water will take out every kind of fruit stain. Pour the water on the discolored parts before washing, and the tablecloth, or whatever it may be, will come back as good as new.

Pans and saucepans that have been burnt should never be filled with soda water, as this, although it removes the burnt portions, also makes the saucepan liable to burn again. Instead of soda water, fill it with salt and water, leave till next day, then bring slowly to the boil. The burnt particles will come off without any difficulty, and there will be no after effects.

Oyster Soup

Here is a good recipe for oyster soup: Allow four oysters to each person, and to each fifty oysters allow two quarts of milk, four tablespoonfuls of butter and four tablespoonfuls of flour. Drain the oysters in a colander, pour over them in the colander a pitcher of cold water. Drain and turn the oysters into a dry, hot kettle. Shake until they reach the boiling point; boil for five minutes. Drain, this time saving the liquor. Blend the butter and flour in a saucepan, add the milk, and stir until it reaches the boiling point. Then add the oyster liquor, bring to a boil, season; add the oysters and serve.

Putting Corks in Bottles

Although we remembered distinctly that those corks had been sunk deep in the necks of the grape juice bottles when we bought them, we found when we came to refill the bottles with home-made grape juice that those same corks would hardly go down to the depth of a short quarter inch. We debated long as to how the trick was done. Then while the man of the house was rigging up a machine to force them in the corks were boiled to sterilize them. Then behold, when one was tried in the mouth of the bottle it slipped in beyond reach. We had not known that boiling the corks made them soft as putty. When cool they hardened again. All that was necessary was to press them into the bottles while hot and then pour a little paraffin over the top. Grape juice sealed in this way will keep for years.

A Snow-Shoe Tramp

Away, away o'er the glittering snow,
Blanketed, moccasined, merry we go,
To the laughing word and the joyous song,
And the clicking of snow-shoes light and strong;

Away to the river, whose frozen tides
The flawless carpet of ermine hides;
O'er feathery billows of drifted snow
That lie like a fleece o'er the depths below,
As free and as light as birds of the air,
We tramp o'er this snow-bound desert, fair.

Past sentinels looming on either shore,
Of cedar and fir and tamarack hoar;
Past openings deep in the ice and snow,
And the stakes that anchor the nets below,
Where the silvery smelt and the haddock
strong
Are the fisherman's gain through the
winter long;
Past wonderful snow-fringed forests of
green
Where the fires of the Micmac camp are
seen;
And barrens of pine, where the moose
and deer
May wander at will in the moonlight clear;
Past scattering homes, whose glimmering
lights
Some message may bear to the wooded
heights,
Where fathers and sons and husbands toil,
To wrest from the forest its wealth of
spoil;
Past all, in their frost-gemmed setting of
white,
And the radiant moonlit charm of night.

To the merry jest and the snatch of song,
And the whispered query, we haste along;
To the laughter of hearts which know no
care,
Save that which an Eros has planted there;
For e'en in the midst of a snow-shoe tramp,
The wandering archer may set his stamp,
And the silver shaft from his ice-bound
string,
Through northern blizzards its way may
win,
As some blanketed Psyche's laughing eyes,
May prove in this moonlight tramp, the
prize.

—Beatrice Harlowe.

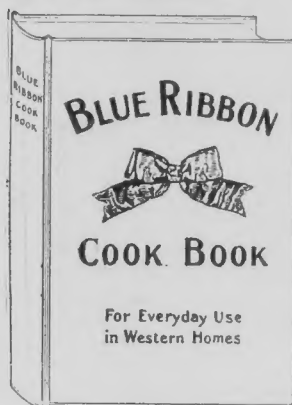
A Pill for Brain Workers.—The man who works with his brains is more liable to derangement of the digestive system than the man who works with his hands, because the one calls upon his nervous energy while the other applies only his muscular strength. Brain fog begets irregularities of the stomach and liver, and the best remedy that can be used is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are specially compounded for such cases and all those who use them can certify to their superior power.

Premiums

For Western Home
Monthly Readers.

Below will be found a list of useful and valuable Premiums any one of which will be sent you postpaid in return for one new subscription to The Western Home Monthly

You Need This Book



OFFER No. 1

After you use it awhile, you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Everything is so simple and clear and practical, it's just like having some wise old cook at your elbow. And with so many dishes to choose from, both old and new, there's no need of cooking the same old things time after time.

Even if you have a fairly good one already, you need the Blue Ribbon Cook Book.

It is specially prepared for everyday use in Western homes, and is practical and up-to-date. For instance, all ingredients are given by measure instead of weight, so you do not need scales.

Not a cheap advertising booklet, but a complete, reliable cook book, strongly bound, clean, white, washable oilcloth. And here's your chance to get it.

OFFER No. 2

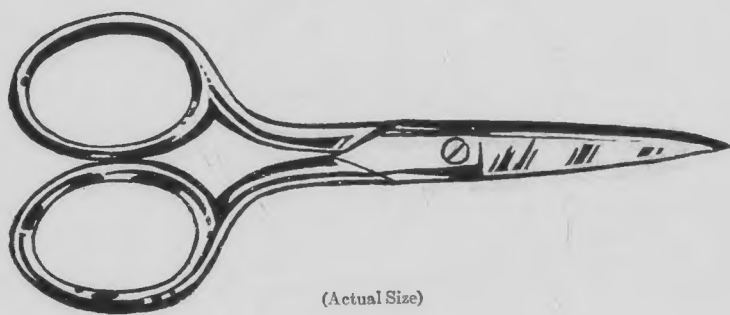
Two Rogers Silver Plated Teaspoons

Extra spoons are always useful and these, besides being useful, are very handsome and guaranteed for twenty-two years. They are manufactured by the famous Rogers firm.



(Half Actual Size)

OFFER No. 3



(Actual Size)

A PREMIUM WORTH WHILE

This Handsome Pair of Scissors Free for One New Subscriber

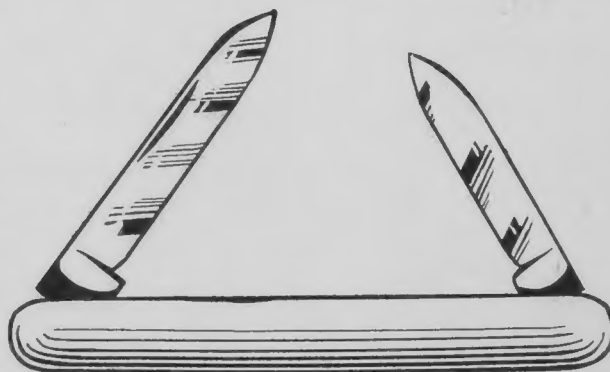
These Scissors are made of the finest Sheffield steel and are useful in a thousand and one ways to every farmer's wife.

The usual retail price of these Scissors is 60 cents, so that you are in reality getting \$1.60 value for \$1.00. A limited number only on these terms, so let us hear from you immediately.

OFFER No. 4

EVERYBODY WANTS THIS

Here is a useful penknife which is at once neat and practical. The blades are made of the finest Sheffield steel and it is only through buying a tremendous quantity that we are able to get them at a price which would enable us to offer them as premiums.



PURITY FLOUR

**"More bread and
better bread"**

Ask your dealer

